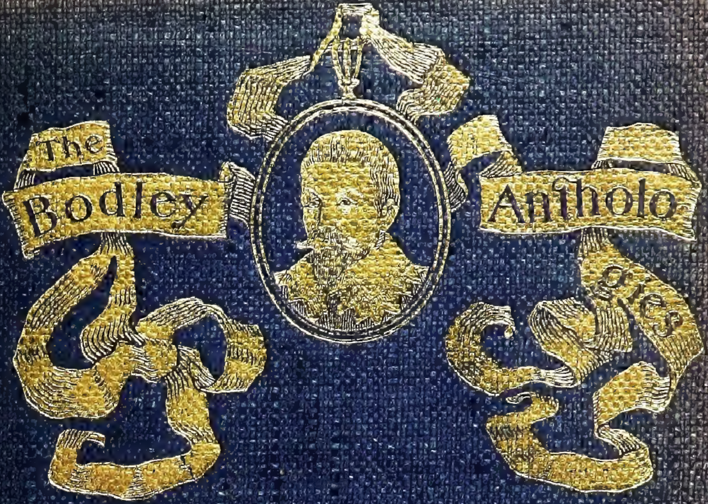


FLORILEGIUM LATINUM

VICTORIAN POETS

The Bodley Head Anthologies

EDITED BY R. H. CASE

FLORILEGIUM LATINUM

VOL. II.

THE BODLEY HEAD ANTHOLOGIES

English Epithalamies
By Robert Case

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By John Buchan

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By John C. Bailey

Florilegium Latinum
(Pre-Victorian Poets)

Florilegium Latinum
(Victorian Poets)
By Rev. F. St. John Thackeray
and Rev. E. D. Stone

Nineteenth-Century Pastorals
By Charles Hill Dick
[*In Preparation*

The Bodley Anthologies



FLORILEGIUM LATINUM

TRANSLATIONS INTO LATIN VERSE

VICTORIAN POETS

Edited by

Francis St. John Thackeray, M.A., F.S.A.

and

Edward Daniel Stone, M.A.

VOL. II.

1902

JOHN LANE The Bodley Head

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PREFACE

It was felt that justice could hardly be done to a representative collection of Translations from English Poetry like the present, if the specimens were confined to a single volume. The first instalment concluded with the period of Wordsworth and Landor. Through the unfailing help of many kind contributors, the second portion now continues the series to the close of the nineteenth century. This is not the place to define with precision what is meant by Poetry of the Victorian Age, or to estimate its distinctive characteristics. Versatility, great diversity of form, multiplicity of styles, expression given to the complex phases of our modern life—these are some of the more obvious features which distinguish the last thirty or forty years of the reign of Queen Victoria. As to the amount of production, it has been said that never has this England of ours been so full of song. It must be admitted that the title "Victorian Poets" should be taken with

some latitude. If strict justice were to be meted out, many vials of the critics would be poured upon the not undeserving head of the Editor, who has ventured to include in the term, American poets of the period, besides Tyndall, Carlyle, and—worst of all—the German Freiligrath. These pieces are, however, but a few out of the total of over two hundred, and it may be pleaded in defence of their admission, that they lend variety to the Collection in the matter of style and metre.

No apology is needed for the large space assigned to Tennyson. The classical tone of so much of his poetry would alone justify this, though at the same time subtly interfused with this classicalism there is frequently a modern element which renders his work peculiarly difficult to render into Latin. It is hoped that this selection from later poets, including many living authors, will be found fairly representative (in spite of omissions which may seem inexcusable), and that the translations here offered will prove that our most recent English poets are no less capable of being presented in a Latin dress than their forerunners of the three preceding centuries.

F. St. J. T.

MAPLEDURHAM VICARAGE,
September 1901.

AD MAECENATEM

O qui fasciculum, Maecenas docte, priorem
laudabas: iterum posceris: alter adest.
neu timeas oro ne tertius adiciatur,
adscribi plures bibliopola vetat.
aetatis nostrae vates antiqua videbis
pulpita Romana pervolitare toga.
namque aluit claros Victoria nostra poetas,
pulsat et Aonias turba diserta fores.
non cuivis intrare datur: non infula Phoebi
quaslibet exornat debita iure comas.
nec tamen exclusi lugent nimis: est ubi sacras
porta sinit voces semiadoperta capi.
est aliquid cantus doctarum audire sororum
vel procul, et timidas sollicitare fides.
forsitan et nostrum Musae memorabile saeclum
esse velint, nostros postera saecla colant.
non solio ut deiecta suo concedat Elissa,
at sibi vix laurus vindicat Anna pares.
ergo agite, o iuvenes, certatim adscendite clivum
floribus implicitum; gramen et aura vocant.
linquite pollutos atra fuligine vicos,
nubes pulvereas strataque plena metu.
turpis amor lucri ducat vexetque potentes,
ignorent, quid sit vivere quidve mori.
duc age, Musa, tuos; latices Heliconis amati
sit bibere, et sacro fonte levare sitim.
sordet honos, sordent et opes prae munere tanto,
castra, forum, vel quod, rex, diadema geris.
haec male sufficiunt animo bona vera petenti,
contento, quidquid datque negatque Pater.
felix, quem proprium Musae dixere ministrum;
nec splendere cupit, nec latuisse pudet.

E. D. S.

DABAM ABINGDONIAE.

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ALLEN, SAMUEL, LL.D., Dublin, M.A., Cambridge—

VII., LIV. . . . . S. A.

ARCHER-HIND, RICHARD DACRE, M.A., Fellow and Senior Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge—

LXXXIX. . . . . . . R. D. A.-H.

BALSTON, EDWARD, D.D., late Head Master of Eton—

LXI. . . . . E. B.

BELLINGHAM BRADY, T. J., LL.D., Dublin—

XVI. . . . . T. J. B. B.

BROADBENT, HENRY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, Assistant Master at Eton—

LXV. . . . . H. B.

BURY, JOHN B., M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Regius Professor of Greek—

XXXIX., CXXVI. . . . . . . J. B. B.

BUTCHER, SAMUEL HENRY, LL.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh—

LVI. . . . . S. H. B.

COLE, JOHN, M.A., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton—

LXXIII., XCVII., CXLIV. . . . . . J. C.

CROSSLEY, THOMAS HASTINGS, M.A., Dublin, formerly Professor of Greek at Queen's College, Belfast—

CXXV. . . . . H. C.

DIMSDALE, MARCUS SOUTHWELL, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge—

LXXXII., CXVIII. . . . . . . M. S. D.

DRAKE, BERNARD, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge—

XXII., XLVII., CLIII. . . . . . B. D.

DURNFORD, WALTER, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, formerly Assistant Master at Eton—

XIX., LV., C. . . . . W. D.

ELLIS, ROBINSON, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Corpus Professor of Latin—

CXXXVII., CLXXXV. . . . . . R. E.

GILSON, R. CARY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham—

LXXXI. . . . . R. C. G.

GODLEY, ALFRED DENIS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford—
XCIII. . . . . A. D. G.

GREEN, WILLIAM CHARLES, M.A., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge—
XIII., XXVIII., XLIX., LIII., LX., LXIII., CCIII. . . . . W. C. G.

GREENE, HERBERT WILSON, M.A., B.C.L., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford—
CXXVII. . . . . . . H. W. G.

HOBHOUSE, E. WALTER, M.A., formerly Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Head Master of Durham School—
CXXI. . . . . W. H.

INGE, WILLIAM RALPH, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton—
XVIII. . . . . W. R. I.

JEBB, SIR RICHARD C., Litt.D., M.P., Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge—
CXC. . . . . R. C. J.

KYNASTON, HERBERT, D.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Head Master of Cheltenham, Professor of Greek at Durham—
XXIV., XLV., CXXII., CCII. . . . . H. K.

LYTTELTON, HON. EDWARD, M.A., Head Master of Haileybury—
CLXXXIV. . . . . E. L.

MACNAGHTEN, HUGH V., M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Eton—
LXIV., LXVII., CLIV. . . . . H. V. M.

MARINDIN, GEORGE EDEN, M.A., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton—

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MASON, H. C. F., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Master at Haileybury—

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MOSS, H. W., M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Head Master of Shrewsbury—

ii., xxix., xxxi. . . . . . H. W. M.

MOSS, J. C. M., M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Harrow—

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MOSS, T., Craven University Scholar, Cambridge, 1866—

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MOULE, CHARLES WALTER, M.A., Fellow and Librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge—

vi., xi., xlvi., cxv., clv., clxxxi. . C. W. M.

RAMSAY, ALLEN BEVILLE, M.A., formerly Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Eton—

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RENDALL, MONTAGUE JOHN, M.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, Second Master of Winchester—

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ROBERTSON, JAMES, M.A., formerly Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Head Master of Haileybury—

III., LXIX., LXXV., LXXXV., CXXVIII., CXLI., CLXXV., CLXXVI. . . . . . . J. R.

STANWELL, CHARLES, M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge—

XXXV., LXX., XCIV., CXLVII. . . . . C. S.

STONE, EDWARD DANIEL, M.A., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton—

I., IX., X., XII., XV., XVII., XXI., XXIII., XXV., XXVI., XXVII., XXX., XXXII., XXXVII., XL., XLI., XLIII., XLIV., XLVIII., L., LII., LIX., LXVIII., LXXII., LXXVI., LXXVII., LXXVIII., LXXXIII., LXXXVI., LXXXVII., LXXXVIII., XC., XCI., XCII., XCV., XCVI., XCVIII., XCIX., CI., CIII., CIV., CVI., CVII., CVIII., CIX., CX., CXI., CXII., CXIV., CXVI., CXIX., CXXIII., CXXIV., CXXIX., CXXX., CXXXI., CXXXIII., CXXXIV., CXXXV., CXXXVI., CXXXVIII., CXXXIX., CXL., CXLIII., CXLV., CXLVIII., CXLIX., CLI., CLII., CLVI., CLVII., CLIX., CLX., CLXI., CLXII., CLXIII., CLXV., CLXVII., CLXVIII., CLXIX., CLXXI., CLXXII., CLXXIV., CLXXVII., CLXXVIII., CLXXIX., CLXXXII., CLXXXIII., CLXXXVI., CLXXXVII., CLXXXVIII., CLXXXIX., CXCII., CXCIII., CXCIV., CXCV, CXCVI., CXCVII., CXCVIII., CC., CCI., CCIV. . . . . . . E. D. S.

THACKERAY, FRANCIS ST. JOHN, M.A., F.S.A., formerly Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Assistant Master at Eton—

V., XXXIII., XXXVI., XXXVIII., LVII., LVIII., LXII., LXXIV., LXXIX., LXXXIV., CXXXII., CL., CLXIV., CLXX., CXCIX. . F. ST. J. T.

TYRRELL, ROBERT YELVERTON, Litt. D., Dublin and Cambridge, D.C.L. Oxford, Fellow of Trinity College, and formerly Professor of Greek at Dublin—

IV., CXLII. . . . . R. Y. T.

UPCOTT, LEWIS E., M.A., F.S.A., formerly Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Master at Marlborough—

CLXVI. . . . . L. E. U.

WARD, ARNOLD SANDWITH, B.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford—

CII., CXVII. . . . . A. S. W.

WARRE, EDMOND, D.D., formerly Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, Head Master of Eton—

LXXI. . . . . E. W.

WARRE-CORNISH, FRANCIS, M.A., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton, Vice-Provost of Eton College—

XLII., CXIII. . . . . F. W.-C.

WELLDON, JAMES E. C., D.D., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Head Master of Harrow, Bishop of Calcutta—

XIV. . . . . J. E. C. W.

FLORILEGIUM LATINUM

I

THE POET IN A GOLDEN CLIME WAS BORN

Old poets foster'd under friendlier skies,
  Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
  At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes;
And you, old popular Horace, you the wise
  Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay,
  And you that wear a wreath of sweeter bay,
Catullus, whose dead songster never dies;
If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere
  That once had roll'd you round and round the Sun,
  You see your Art still shrined in human shelves,
You should be jubilant that you flourish'd here
  Before the Love of Letters, overdone,
Had swampt the sacred poets with themselves.

Tennyson

II

LONGING

Come to me in my dreams, and then
  By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
  The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
  A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
  As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
  Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
  And say: "My love! why sufferest thou?"

M. Arnold.

I

PHOEBO DIGNA LOCUTI

O caelo veterum almiore nati
vates! o bone Vergili sub ortum
Phoebi, sic referunt, decem exarare
versus callidus, aureamque in illos
lucem impendere, quo magis bearet
lectorem nitor; o placens Horati,
nonum iudice quo neque inficeto
premi debuerat poema in annum,
et tu, cui data suavius, Catulle,
fragrat laurea, quo canente vivit
cantor mortuus ille, mortis expers;
si fors desuper hunc videtis orbem,
qui solem medium ambiente gyro
vos olim rapuit, referta libris
vel nunc bibliotheca si renidet
vestris plurima, floruisse quondam
lucro apponite, litterae priusquam
dilectae nimium sacros vorassent
tanquam diluvio suo poetas.

E. D. S.

II

DESIDERIUM.

Visa precor referant mihi te nocturna cubanti;
sic totum potero febre vacare diem:
nam desiderium, cui spes exempta, diurnum
nox vice pensabit terque quaterque sua.

cara, veni, qualis totiens adstare solebas,
rursus ab aetheriis nuntia missa plagis;
adfulsura recens alienis hospita terris,
aequa mihi, multis aequa futura, veni.

aut mihi te, fingens mendacia, reddat imago,
et veram speciem credulus esse rear:
hanc dispone comam, frontem continge labellis,
dic mihi "Quis cruciat te, mea vita, dolor?"

H. W. M.

III

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
  I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling.

III

RIVULUS

Qua latet domus ardeae
natus en ego rivulus
prodeo, et petulans nova
luce per filices feror
  fonte praecipitanti.

pronus, impatiens viae,
perque concava collium et
praeter oppidulum vehor,
ponte nec sine plurimo aut
  plurimo sine vico.

Tityri modo praefluo
culta, nec mora flumini
pergo iungier aestuans:
hinc et hinc homines eant,
  usque deferor idem.

nunc fragosus acutulis
garriens ego cautibus
salto, seu modo vortices
bulliens retraho breves
  increpoque lapillos.

subter ecce novalibus
lapsus est ubi margines
excavem sinuosior,
lingulasque trementibus
  consitas malachetis.

garrula tamen explicor
voce, nec mora flumini
pergo iungier aestuans:
sit dies hominum fugax,
  usque deferor idem.

flosculus gremio est viam
duplicantis identidem
captus unus et alter, aut
improbus fario hic natans,
  umber hic fugitivus.

And here and there a foamy flake,
  Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

Tennyson.

IV

PRESENCE OF MIND

There was once a maiden of Smyrna
Whose grandmother threaten'd to burn her:
  But she snatch'd up the cat,
  And said "Granny, burn that,"
This ingenious young person of Smyrna.

E. Lear.

spuma seu mihi bracteam
sparserit modo, cursibus
dum ruens trepidantibus
glaream super auream
  fila candida duco.

ipse cuncta traho secundo
amne, nec mora flumini
pergo iungier aestuans:
hora sit sua saeculis,
  usque deferor idem.

tecta per coryleta aquis
repo sive per hortulos
devehor placidis, movens,
gemmulae bene caerulae
  quot dicantur Amori.

labor, et vice langueo
dum vagas vagus immoror
laetus inter hirundines,
solis aut iubar implicans
  iactito super alveum.

mox inhospita murmuro
per rubeta; sed almior
luna sideribus comes
plena despicit; herbulas
  osculansque sisymbri,

deinde per silices meos
flexus en ego flumini
pergo iungier aestuans:
hinc et hinc homines eant,
  usque deferor idem.

J. R.

IV

FORTES CREANTUR FORTIBUS ET BONIS

Smyrnaeo coluit Smyrnam virgo aemula vati:
quae, minitante avia saevis comburere flammis,
arrepta fele, "Hanc" ait "hanc, avia alma, cremato."
prudentes adeo neptes tu, Smyrna, creasti!

R. Y. T.

V

And thou wert once a maiden fair,
  A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care—
  Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
  The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one—in chimney corner thou
  Sitt'st shivering on.—

A moment—and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake, perhaps an angel blest,
  In the bright presence of thy Lord.
Oh, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
  But wondrous the reward!

W. M. Thackeray.
(*From the German of La Motte Fouqué.*)

VI

VIRGINIA

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain;
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

Macaulay.

V

O QUID HABES ILLIUS ILLIUS?

Ergo tu roseis tincta ruboribus
olim virginei flos fueras chori;
te, myrto implicita crinibus aureis,
  dum frons candet eburnea
expers tristitiae, sustinuit comes
haerentem lateri sponsus:—anilitas
mutat vae nitidis canitiem comis,
  pallet quae rubuit gena.
nil autumnus agros torreat, an rosis
hortos ver rediens vestiat, interest:
tu deserta foco, tu laris angulo
  torpens frigidula assides.
momento cita mors venerit, altaque
componet requies, unde resurgere
cinctam luce Pater fors sinet, additam
  sancto caelicolum choro.
si calcanda via est heu! gravis omnibus,
luctandumque malis non sine pulvere,
functos excipiet mille laboribus
  non narrabile praemium.

F. St. J. T.

VI

VIRGINIA

Inde animam paulum nulli non surripit horror;
obstupuere, forumque frequens ceu morte silescit:
post paulum exoritur nullo non gutture clamor
tanquam si Volscos videant conscendere murum.
averso pars ore ululantque domumque recurrunt,
pars medicumve cient cursu tolluntve necatam;
bracchiolumve alii attingunt et labra puellae
si vitam reperire queant; raptimve cruoris
scissa veste sua conantur sistere rivum.
frustra, sedula gens, cursu tactuque laboras,
frustra sistendo; neque enim vis certior unquam
illa gravi dextra Volscum conciderat hostem.

C. W. M.

VII

APOLOGY FOR PLEASURE

Glaucopis forsakes her own;
  The angry gods forget us;
But yet the blue streams along
Walk the feet of the silver song;
And the night-bird wakes the moon;
And the bees in the blushing noon
  Haunt the heart of the old Hymettus.
We are fallen, but not forlorn,
  If something is left to cherish;
As Love was the earliest born,
  So Love is the last to perish.
Wreathe then the roses, wreathe;
  The beautiful still is ours;
While the stream shall flow, and the sky shall
  The beautiful still is ours.
Whatever is fair or soft or bright,
In the lap of Day or the arms of Night,
Whispers our soul of Greece—of Greece,
And hushes our care with a voice of peace.
Wreathe then the roses, wreathe;
  They tell me of earlier hours;
And I hear the heart of my country breathe
  From the lips of the stranger's flowers.

Bulwer Lytton.

VIII

TO HIS MOTHER

March 13, 1864.

Music and frankincense of flowers belong
To this sweet festival of all the year:
Take then the latest blossom of my song
And to Love's canticle incline thine ear.
What is it that Love chants? Thy perfect praise.
What is it that Love prays? Worthy to prove.
What is it Love desires? Thy length of days.
What is it that Love asks? Return of Love.
Ah, what requital can Love ask more dear,
Than by Love's priceless self to be repaid?
Thy liberal love increasing year by year
Hath granted more than all my heart hath prayed,
And prodigal as nature, makes me pine
To think how poor my love compared with thine.

Julian Fane.

VII

SPIRAT ADHUC AMOR

Cedit ab urbe sua—tanta est caelestibus ira—
  immemor heu! Pallas cedit ab urbe sua;
at, quae caeruleo praeter pede labitur, unda
  integrat argenteos iam numerosa choros;
iam Lunam Philomela ciet; penetralia Hymetti
  sole rubescentis nota frequentat apis.
sternamur licet, at non spe sternemur adempta
  si quid inexstinctum quod foveamus erit;
non nisi primigenus—sic creditur—est Amor ortus,
  non nisi supremus—crede—peribit Amor.
nectamus roseas, nectat sibi quisque corollas,
  sit mihi de Paphiis nexa corolla rosis;
pulcher adhuc nobis hilari pede volvitur amnis,
  pulcher adhuc nobis fulget uterque polus;
quidquid sive dies clari tenerique bonique,
  seu nox, haec gremio, foverit, ille sinu,
Atthidos inde subit mihi vox, vox Atthidos inde
  me mulcet placidas vaticinata vices.
nectamus roseas, nectat sibi quisque, corollas,
  aetatem redolent quae fuit ante rosae;
scilicet externis natus de floribus, hospes,
  afflatur patriae spiritus ipse meae.

S. A.

VIII

AD MATREM

a.d. III Idus Martias MDCCCLXIV

Nunc decet et cantus et florea sacra profundi
  quolibet hac festo candidiore die:
nec tu sperne meae quae serta novissima musae,
  sed quo carmine amor te colit aure bibas.
quid meditatur amor? quali te laude coronet.
  quid rogat? ut dignus fiat amore tuo.
quidve erat in votis? caelum tu sera revisas.
  quid petit? ut pretium par sit amoris amor.
ecquid enim reddi pretiosius optet amore,
  quem cuivis pretio posthabuisse nefas?
iste tamen crescens in euntes largior annos
  gestit amor votis plura dedisse meis.
cum par naturae sis prodiga, maceror illud,
  quod prae materno sordet amore meus.

H. C. F. M.

IX

NIAGARA.

There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall;
The thunder-riven cloud—the lightning's leap—
The stirring of the chambers of the deep—
Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted dyes—
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—
The tread of armies thick'ning as they come.
The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum—
The brow of beauty, and the form of grace—
The passion and the prowess of our race—
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour—
Th' unresisted sweep of Roman power—
Britannia's trident on the azure sea—
America's young shout of Liberty.
Oh, may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb th' encircling steeps;
And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

The Earl of Carlisle.

X

Think not thy wisdom can illume away
The ancient tanglement of night and day.
Enough, to acknowledge both, and both revere:
They see not clearliest who see all things clear.

W. Watson.

IX

NIAGARA

Si quid decorum si memorabile est,
fas intuenti te mihi fingere,
  o magne torrens, sive rimam
    fulminis et tonitru caduco
nubem revulsam, seu thalamos maris
tumultuosi, seu viridi solum
  certans smaragdo, vel colores
    purpureos radiantis herbae.
exin superni vellera praefluunt
caeli; vel inter murmura cornuum
  crebrosque telorum fragores
    ingreditur legionis ordo.
spectanda frons hic Cypridos et nitor
levis iuventae: spiritus hic viget
  mortalium, innataeque vires:
    Maeonidae resonare carmen
sublime credas: ire Quiritium
cessura nulli signa,—Britanniae
  fluctus gubernari tridente, et
    poscere liberiora iura
natos ovantes Americae:—at precor
insanientes vortice lurido
  certis refrenentur tumultus
    obicibus, rabiemque ponant,
et donec omnis desierit furor
quo motus horres, protenus otio
  et pace communi fruatur
    accola gens utriusque ripae.

E. D. S.

X

Nox commista die est: tua nec sapientia noctem
  luce sua poterit dissociare die.
agnosces ambo et venerabere: clarius illi
  lumen inest, cui non omnia clara patent.

E. D. S.

XI

FROM 'THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS'

Their leader was false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame:
With restless pace and haggard face
  To his last field he came.
Men said he saw strange visions
  Which none beside might see;
And that strange sounds were in his ears
  Which none might hear but he.
A woman fair and stately,
  But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
  Sate spinning by his bed.
And as she plied the distaff,
  In a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses
  And fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she,
  Until the east was grey,
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
  And shrieked, and fled away.

Macaulay.

XII

CHORUS IN ATALANTA

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

Swinburne.

XI

SEXTUS

Sextus iis ductor, cognomine perfidus, ibat,
turpis ob infandum facinus: nunc languidus ora
passibus incertis aciem petit ille supremam.
cernere enim simulacra modis instantia miris
unum fama fuit, mirosque unius ad aures
ferri saepe sonos: nam longas femina noctes,
pulchra quidem matrona sed et ceu mortua pallens,
ad lectum vigilare sedens ac nere relatast:
et, fusum versante manu, summissa per umbram
carmina dulce canens, stirpes celebrare vetusta
laude excellentes et Martia facta priorum:
stamina sic neri, dum primum albesceret Eos,
carmina sic recini; tum pectoris illa cruenti
signa repente aperire ululansque evadere in auras.

C. W. M.

XII

AMOR

Te quam venusto corpore sis, Amor,
quam comis adstes, vidimus, et polum
  lucere pennis, dum columbae
    more volas, pedibusque tranas,
ut ventus, aequor velivolum, et tibi
pro veste tellus versicolor nitet;
  ceu flamma subtilis facessis
    caecus iter rapidum: minister
te risus anteit, pone subit macer
fletu cupido; vir comes hinc tibi
  incedit, hinc virgo satelles,
    lumina cui face coniugali
tingente fervent pallida; praesciis
os nuptiarum fragrat odoribus,
  ut gemma pubescens; sed Orcum
    crede virum comitemque Parcam.

E. D. S.

XIII

But by the yellow Tiber
  Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champaign
  To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
  The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
  Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches
  And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
  That clung to them and smiled;
And sick men borne on litters
  High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
  With reaping-hooks and staves;

And droves of mules and asses,
  Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
  And endless herds of kine;
And endless trains of waggons,
  That creak'd beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
  Choked every roaring gate.

Macaulay.

XIV

VENICE

How light it moves, how softly! Ah!
Could life, as does our gondola
Unvexed with quarrels, aims and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along!
* * * * *
In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
How light we move, how softly! Ah!
Were life but as the gondola!

Clough.

XIII

NOS DULCIA LINQUIMUS ARVA

Interea flavum Tiberim tremere omnia circum,
  praecipiti Romam confugiente manu :
undique lata sui linquentes rura coloni
  passim stipatas impediere vias.
heu ! miserum visu : dumque haec miseranda videntur,
  longa perit bis nox, bis perit aegra dies.
en ! gravidae matres, baculoque innixa senectus,
  flentiaque arridens matris ad ora puer ;
aegri sella venit servilibus alta lacertis ;
  cum falce agricolae, sole perusta cohors.
tum mulique asinique utres et vina ferentes,
  tum sine fine pecus, tum sine fine boves,—
tum sine fine rotae, sacci, frumenta, supellex,
  omnis ut immisso pondere porta gemat.

W. C. G.

XIV

VENETIAE

En ! quam cita per aequor et leni via
  phaselus ille labitur.
a ! vita si sic inter humanos metus
  expers doloris curreret !
nec quid mali curaret insciens opum
  morumque pervicacium,—
si sic per undas iret haud segni via
  immota semper ac silens,
cui non placeret usque de novo die
  ad vesperam sic devehi,
cui non tueri segniter vicina aquae
  palatia aut citas rates,
sic per fenestram noscere incertas domos,
  sonante remo molliter ?
quam leniter meamus ! a ! si vita sic
  velut phaselus curreret !

J. E. C. W.

XV

FROM 'THE VISION OF SIN'

Fill the cup, and fill the can:
  Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
  Every moment one is born.

Drink, and let the parties rave:
  They are fill'd with idle spleen;
Rising, falling, like a wave,
  For they know not what they mean.

He that roars for liberty
  Faster binds a tyrant's power;
And the tyrant's cruel glee
  Forces on the freër hour.

Fill the can, and fill the cup.
  All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
  And is lightly laid again.

Greet her with applausive breath,
  Freedom, gaily doth she tread;
In her right a civic wreath,
  In her left a human head.

No, I love not what is new;
  She is of an ancient house:
And I think we know the hue
  Of that cap upon her brows.

Let her go! her thirst she slakes
  Where the bloody conduit runs,
Then her sweetest meal she makes
  On the first-born of her sons.

Tennyson.

XVI

CONSTANCY

By your truth she shall be true,
  Ever true as wives of yore:
And her "Yes" once said to you,
  Shall be "Yes" for evermore.

E. B. Browning.

XV

ARBITRIO POPULARIS AURAE

Exple lagenas, plena ciboria
spument: priusquam Lucifer exeat,
bacchemur; hic vadit sub Orcum
dum loquimur, datur ille partu.
inter bibendum seditio fremat
iniuriosa plena libidine,
ignara quid quaerat, quid optet,
sic tumet unda caditque rursus.
qui iura clamans libera vindicat,
stringit tyranni vincula, nec minus
crudele subridens tyrannus
tempora liberiora ducit.
explo lagenas, plena ciboria
spument: quid ultra facta hominum valent
ventosa, quam pulvis levatus,
mox recidens recidente flatu.
plausu saluta Publicolae deam,
cui fert coronam dextera civicam,
dum gestit exsultimque ludit,
laeva caput sanie cruentum.
abominamur quidquid olet novum;
gentem illa prisco ducit ab Inacho,
nec fronte nos haerentis alta
pileoli color iste fallit.
incedat audax; quae satiat sitim
qua caede mista ductus aquae rubet,
cui primus e natis opimas
filius ipse dapes ministrat.

E. D. S.

XVI

CONCORDIA FATA DUORUM

Illa quidem coniunx fido tibi fida manebit,
laudatur qualis Penelopea fides:
cumque in verba semel iuraverit illa mariti,
vox ea perpetui pignus amoris erit.

T. J. B. B.

XVII

FROM 'THE VISION OF SIN'

The voice grew faint: there came a further change;
Once more uprose the mystic mountain range:
Below were men and horses pierced with worms,
And slowly quickening into lower forms;
By shards and scurf of salt, and scum of dross,
Old plash of rains, and refuse patched with moss.
Then some one spake: "Behold it was a crime
Of sense avenged by sense that wore with time."
Another said: "The crime of sense became
The crime of malice, and is equal blame."
And one: "He had not wholly quench'd his power;
A little grain of conscience made him sour."
At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

Tennyson.

XVIII

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Macaulay

XVII

SCELERIS IN SCELERE SUPPLICIUM EST

Seneca.

Languebant voces: iterum mutatur imago,
consurgunt iterum iuga mystica: vermibus infra
corrosi apparent homines et corpora equorum
unde trahunt sensim obscaenas animalia formas;
crusta salis, cumuli testarum, extrusa metallis
colluvies: tum vocem aliquis procul edere: "si quid
peccarunt sensus, obtusi tempore et ipsi
sunt sibi supplicio." vox excipit altera: "sensus
deliquit, natum hinc odium: par utraque culpa."
mox alia, "haud illi virtus excesserat omnis;
duxit amaritiem mens non oblita pudoris."
tum vox audiri e clivo, iuga summa petentis:
"ergo usquam spes ulla?" iugis cui reddita summis
verba tonant, quae fas hominum cognoscere nulli;
et sibi, qua visum occludit sublustre cacumen,
Aurorae sacros pinxit Deus ipse rubores.

E. D. S.

XVIII

NULLUM CUM VICTIS CERTAMEN ET AETHERE CASSIS

Virtutem et sine labe fidem pro rege dicavi;
  irrita erat virtus, munus inane fides.
huius agri gazaeque ergo periere decusque,
  et spes coniugii carior una tribus.
exsul in ignota potui languescere terra,
  aspersus canis tam iuvenile caput.
argutas Scargi revocavit Aricia quercus,
  prae vitreis Tessi sorduit Arnus aquis.
saepe domum vidi somnis exercitus aegris,
  mane toro surgens somnia falsa gemo.
ipse deus donec sortem miseratus iniquam
  quam volui requiem, funera acerba, dedit.
at tu, quisquis adis vacuum hoc sine nomine saxum,
  advena de patria, quae fuit ante, mea,
per te cara precor notae commercia linguae,
  albaque non iterum saxa videnda mihi,
pelle inimicitias, lacrimam da Manibus Anglus
  Angliacis: hic spes cordaque fracta iacent.

W. R. I.

XIX

AFTER RONSARD

Ye wells, ye founts that fall
From the steep mountain wall,
That fall and flash, and fleet
With silver feet.

Ye woods, ye streams that lave
The meadows with your wave;
Ye hills and valleys fair
Attend my prayer!

When heaven and fate decree
My latest hour for me,
When I must pass away
From pleasant day,

I ask that none may break
The marble for my sake,
Wishful to make more fair,
My sepulchre.

Only a laurel tree
Shall shade the grave of me;
Only Apollo's bough
Shall shade me now.

Now shall I be at rest
Among the spirits blest;
The happy dead who dwell—
Where—who may tell?

The snow and wind and hail
May never there prevail,
Nor ever thunder fall,
Nor storm at all.

But always fadeless there
The woods are green and fair;
And faithful evermore
Spring to that shore.

There shall I ever hear
Alexis' music clear,
And, sweetest of all things,
There Sappho sings.

A. Lang.

XIX

οὐ νιφετός, οὔτ' ἄρ χειμὼν πολὺς οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρος

Montium vos quotquot ab arce fontes
volvitis cursum, salientibusque
gressibus proni trepidatis, inter
saxa nitentes,

tu, nemus, tu, rive lavans quietis
fluctubus campos segetesque, vos o
cum iugis valles, precor, audiatis
vota poetae!

cum volent Parcae Superique vitae
tempus extremum trahere, exsulemque
non sinent ultra celebrare gratas
luminis oras,

tum rogo ne quis mihi pondus albi
marmoris curet pius exsecandum,
scilicet quo sic niteat sepulcri
gratia maior;

arbor hic tantum tua, Phoebe, sacra
conteget bustum mihi fronde—tantum
laurus hic umbrabit Apollinaris
ossa iacenti.

debita sic pace frui licebit
inter augustas animas reposto,
qua procul discreta tenent beatos
limina Manes.

non ibi grando, neque nix, nec imber
noverint tutas violare sedes;
non procellarum sonat ira; nescit
laedere fulmen.

semper immunes hiemis malignae
vestiunt se fronde virentque luci;
ver ibi constans, Zephyrusque laeti
veris amator:

et tuae dulces ibi fas avenae
semper exhaurire modos, Alexi,
dulcior ni cuncta iubet tacere
carmina Sappho.

W. D.

XX

MYCERINUS

So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn;
And one loud cry of grief and of amaze
Broke from his sorrowing people; so he spake,
And turning left them there; and with brief pause,
Girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way
To the cool region of the groves he loved.
There by the river banks he wandered on,
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
Their smooth tops shining sunwards, and beneath
Burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers:
Where in one dream the feverish time of Youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of Joy
Might wander all day long and never tire:
Here came the King, holding high feast, at morn,
Rose-crowned, and ever, when the sun went down,
A hundred lamps beam'd in the tranquil gloom
From tree to tree all through the twinkling grove
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
Flushed guests, and golden goblets foam'd with wine;
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.

M. Arnold.

XXI

MAY'S LOVE

You love all, you say,
  Round, beneath, above me:
Find me then some way
  Better than to love me,
Me too, dearest May!

O world-kissing eyes
  Which the blue heavens melt to:
I, sad, overwise,
  Loathe the sweet looks dealt to
All things,—men and flies.

You love all, you say;
  Therefore, Dear, abate me
Just your love, I pray!
  Shut your eyes and hate me—
Only me—fair May!

E. B. Browning.

XX

MYCERINUS

Talia contemptu pariter succensus et ira
dixerat: attonitis tum vox expressa dolore
exsiluit, populi regem vox una gementis:
dixerat; aversusque adstantes linquit: amatas,
nec mora longa, virum festa stipante caterva
rex iter in silvas et dulcia frigora vertit.
devius amnis ibi perlustrat litora, mutans
palmetis palmeta, nemus bis terque beatum:
levis in adversum solem nitet arbor, at infra
sole carens truncus se flore abscondit et herba.
illic fervidior fas somniet usque iuventus
somnis immoritura suis, laetique vagentur
fas prima de luce pedes, fallantque laborem.
huc veniente die roseo diademate cinctus
rex celebrare dapes; hic decedente, sub umbris
arboreis centum tranquilla crepuscula lychni
illustrare; patet tremulo nemus omne coruscans
igne, patent laetaeque dapes, festique tumultus,
ferventesque viri et spumantia pocula vino:
frons super effulgens sublustri tegmine lunae
frangit in innumeros argentea tela nitores.

G. E. M.

XXI

UNUM ORO

Nil non dicis amare te, quod usquam est,
quod subter, quod ubique, quod superne:
exquisitius at velim reserves
et mi nescio quid, venusta Lyde,
quod vel exsuperet tuos amores.
pro! liquentia caerulo polorum
nil non lumina prompta basiare!
tetricus nimium et severus odi,
quo perfunditis omnia usquequaque,
risum, quo culices simul virosque.
esto:—nil tibi non amore dignum!
at me isto precor eximas amori:
et clausis oculis peculiari
me dignare odio, venusta Lyde!

E. D. S.

XXII

FREEDOM

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
  The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
  She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
  Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
  Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
  To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
  The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
  From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
  And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
  The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
  Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
  Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
  The falsehood of extremes!

Tennyson.

XXIII

The Statue—Buonarotti said—doth wait,
Thrall'd in the block, for me to emancipate.
The poem—saith the poet—wanders free
Till I betray it to captivity.

W. Watson.

XXII

LIBERTAS

Olim insidebat montibus arduis
disiecta cernens sub pede fulmina
divina Libertas, facesque
sidereas rutilare vidit;
et confluentes audiit undique
amnes: opertis in penetralibus
exsultat et ritu Sibyllae
mente sua latet involuta.
sed vocis altae fragmina praepetes
venti ferebant; inde novalia
per culta descendens, per urbes
diva homines aditura vēnit,
quo vultus aegros ante oculos virum
sensim pateret: mox parit impigram
virtutem, et altari marino
suppositum speculatur orbem.
quae seu deorum more faces gerit
dextra trifurcas, seu caput induit
regina regali corona,
expetit insequiturque verum.
quae mille victrix experientiam
collegit annis: o dea, si tibi
aeterna si duret iuventus,
neu lacrimis oculi madescant,
sic enitebis sic dabis aureos
dies alumnis aurea somnia;
sic ore divino refelles
quae properat malesanus error.

B. D.

XXIII

Angelus haec: statuam devincit saxea moles
dum niteat nostra libera facta manu.
at vates: sine lege vagum sine nomine, donec
proditor iniciam vincla, poema volat.

E. D. S.

XXIV

OENONE

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.

Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

XXIV

OENONE *

Panditur Idaeo vallis sub colle reducta,
Ionias inter praestans dulcedine valles:
qua vapor obliquo natat inter concava montis
agmine et irrepens nunc hanc nunc corripit illam
nube levi pinum, lentusque in fronde moratur.
ex utraque viget prati levis herba supini
de mediis suspensa iugis, et copia florum:
sub pedibus procul exundat, vallemque profundam
scindens cum fremitu, crebris petit aequora torrens
saltibus: a tergo celsa exsurgentia mole
excipiunt primas Aurorae Gargara flammas:
ante oculos, scopuli disclusis faucibus, agri
Troados, insignique ostenditur Ilion arce,
praesidium Troiae. medio vaga solis in aestu
hic quondam Oenone maerens et sola dolebat
amissum Parin, et notos pastoris amores;
cui gena palluerat, lapsique in colla capilli
errabant dubiam visi captare quietem:
illa, ubi pampineis decorantur saxa corymbis,
rumpebat querulo secreta silentia cantu,
dum scopulis seras obduceret umbra tenebras:—
"Ida parens, audi: fluviorum mater aquosa,
cara parens, audi moribundae verba puellae.
alta quies collem et medius nunc occupat ardor,
et premit argutas per devia gramina voces:
proicit, ecce! umbram recubans in rupe lacerta,
ipsa umbrae similis; dormitque in fronde cicada.
purpurei languent flores: cunabula pictis
lilia dant apibus: vigilem me respicis unam.
plena—viden'—lacrimis mea caligantur obortis
lumina, et ardenti plenum cor rumpitur aestu,
et lentam ducunt horae per taedia vitam.

* Composed when the translator was still an undergraduate.

O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

Tennyson.

mene oculis laetum miseris caelum usque tueri,
et laetam premere hoc inviso pondere terram?
huc mihi, ter cieo, tenebrarum auriga vagarum,
mors, ades: a! laetis quae vitae gaudia norunt
parce animis; satis est miserarum prodiga tellus!
ista meis utinam caligo obducta diebus
occuleretque animam et vitam submergeret umbris;
et quo iam penitus praecordia pressa laborant
languentes oculos supremo figeret ictu.

"cara parens, moribunda queror; miserere querentis—
non mihi mors soli occurret: mens fervida mecum
crescit enim inque dies formam sibi concipit intus,
cuius ego, ut solis si quando e collibus aures
surdi aliquid (ceu pressa sonant vestigia lanae)
per noctem adlapsum est, eventus anxia capto;
consilia incerto procul et vix lumine cernens,
qualis speratae subolis nimis anxia mater
ora sibi fingit—subolisne?—horrescit inanem
cor referens vocem! mea ne quo tempore vultus
parta, precor, referat suboles infausta paternos!

"respice, mater, adhuc supremae verba querellae:
respice me, tellus—non ibo sola sub umbras;
ne mihi per trivium gelidaeque crepuscula mortis
laeta exsultanti risu vox personet aures,
dum misera incedo, et veterem pastoris amorem
Graia tenet mulier:—suadet descendere in urbem
mens mea, Cassandrae, nondum effulgentibus astris,
colloquium quaerens; cuius sine fine videntur
ante oculos saltare faces, clangorque virorum
auribus obstrepere, et venturi fulmina belli.
hoc quid sit dubito: mentem tamen occupat illud,
quod mihi, seu nocturna vagor, seu forte diurna,
tota simul flammis tellus scintillat et aer."

H. K.

XXV

THE CHAPLET

A little girl through field and wood
  Went plucking flowerets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
  A lady wondrous fair!

The lovely lady smiled, and laid
  A wreath upon the maiden's brow;
"Wear it, 'twill blossom soon," she said,
  "Although 'tis leafless now."

The little maiden older grew
  And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and loved as maids will do;
  When, lo! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
  Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
  Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
  Upon her gentle breast she reared;
When midst the wreath that bound her hair
  Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
  Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
  That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
  She wore it at her dying hour;
When, lo! the wondrous garland bore
  Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!

W. M. Thackeray.

XXVI

In youth the artist voweth lover's vows
To Art, in manhood maketh her his spouse.
Well if her charms yet hold for him such joy
As when he craved some boon and she was coy!

W. Watson.

XXV

COROLLA

Parvula per saltus errans per pascua late
    flores puella colligit,
cum subito ante oculos mirae consistere visa est
    matrona pulchritudinis,
quae risit simul alma tuens, frontique puellae
    vittam adplicavit simplicem;
haec addens "quamvis careat iam fronde, geratur;
    mox pullulabit floribus."
tempus abit: virgo iam nubilis illa vagatur,
    ducente Luna Vesperum, et
more puellarum suspiria ducit, amatque:—
    en! vitta frondescit coma.
continuo facta est coniunx pro virgine, et haeret
    ardentis amplexu viri,
protinus et vittae foliis enascitur ingens
    vigetque florum copia.
nec mora longa fuit; dulci pulcherrimus infans
    matris renidet e sinu,
vitta simul ditat crines immista, nitensque
    fructu gravatur aureo.
mox ubi frigebat tumulo demersus acerbo
    coniunx amatus unice,
quae tantum modo vitta decus praestare solebat,
    fit pulla marcenti coma.
nec minus illa tamen marcentem gestat, ad usque
    novissimum gestat diem,
deque novo dat vitta comam mirabilis una
    dat poma mista floribus.

E. D. S.

XXVI

Pictor amans Artem iuvenis prece blandus adorat,
    multa vovet: facto nupta fit ipsa viro.
a felix! species si non minus illa placebit
    quam modo, cum surda respuit aure procum.

E. D. S.

XXVII

Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail:
Not to lament in was Valhalla made.
If any here might weep for Balder's death,
I most might weep, his Father: such a son
I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God!
But he has met the doom which long ago
The Nornies, when his mother bare him, span,
And fate set seal, that so his end must be.
Weep him an hour: but what can grief avail?
Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
With cold dry eyes and hearts composed and stern
To live, as erst, your daily life in Heaven.

M. Arnold.

XXVIII

When the Gods heard, they straight arose and took
Their horses, and rode forth through all the world;
North, south, east, west they struck, and roam'd the world,
Entreating all things to weep Balder's death:
And all that liv'd, and all without life, wept.
And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,
At winter's end, before the spring begins,
And a warm west wind blows and thaw sets in—
After an hour a dripping sound is heard
In all the forests—and the soft-strewn snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,
And from the boughs the snowloads shuffle down;
And in fields sloping to the south, dark plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad—
So through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back:
And there fell joy upon the Gods to hear.

M. Arnold.

XXVII

οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο

Iam luctus satis, o Divi ; compescite fletum ;
non bene conveniunt maerentibus atria nostra.
si quem flere decet raptum, me flere deceret
ante alios, nato orbatum, quo pulchrior alter
non fuit, aut superas inter dilectior arces.
ille quidem explevit moriens sua fata ;—sorores
hoc fore supremum cecinerunt stamine ducto
nascenti, et certae est olim lex edita sortis.
hora brevis detur lacrimis ;—quid flere peremptum
proderit ?—exacto potius maerore iubebo
siccis immotos oculis et pectore firmo
ut prius, assuetum in caelo renovare laborem.

E. D. S.

XXVIII

Audierant, surgunt di protinus ; inde per orbem
terrarum diversi equitant, Boreaeque Notique
Eurique et Zephyri in partes, tractusque per omnes
omnia Balderum hortantur deflere peremptum.
vivaque flent uno vitaque carentia luctu.
ac velut, extremae rupto iam frigore brumae,
vere hiemem dubio vixdum trudente, tepenti
sub Zephyro laxat glacialia vincula tabes—
nec mora ; per silvas crepitantibus undique guttis
fit sonus ; arboreae mollis quae subiacet umbrae
pungitur innumero nix strata foramine, et alti
delapsa excutiunt in terram pondera rami ;
tum maculae herbarum nigrae vergentia solem
pascua in australem variant abiguntque nivalem
canitiem : gaudet magis et magis omine pastor—
non aliter, dum Balderum flent omnia circum,
flent revocantque, sonant guttae sine fine cadentes ;
auditoque simul laetantur numina fletu.

W. C. G.

During one of our wars with China some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs fell into the hands of the Chinese. They were brought before the authorities and commanded to perform the kotou. The Sikhs obeyed, but the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked on the head.—*Extract from 'The Times.'*

XXIX

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Bello Punico primo aliquot Mauri perfugae cum milite quodam gregario e legione tertia, a Carthaginiensibus capti, magistratuum ad pedes se provolvere iubentur. Mauri provolvuntur; recusat Romanus: nolle se Poeni cuiuslibet genua amplecti: quo dicto statim obtruncatur.—*Auctor Incertus.*

XXIX

MILES GREGARIUS

Hic here cum sociis potabat nocte protervis,
impia permiscens verba levesque iocos,
tertia quem legio plenum ridebat Iacchi,
crastina securum quid ferat hora caput:
idem hodie torvi vultu non territus hostis
asserit en partes, Regule magne, tuas,
et, velut a Patribus veniat Populoque Quirini,
exemplum generis stat specimenque sui.

rusticus est et egens, praeceps, rudis, ortus ab ima
plebe, neque attonito fert comes ullus opem,
sed cor stirpis habet pollens virtute Latinae;
est aliquid, iuris quod putet esse sui.
i nunc, dilania, si vis, huic membra; securim
stringe; necem laqueo, Poene, vel igne para;
"delinquent alii; mihi," dicit, "inurere nullam
Ausoniae certum est per mea facta notam."

vitibus implicitas ulmos Latiumque remotum,
ut solet in somnis, ire redire videt;
rura videt late pomorum candida flore,
ceu nive continua ver operiret hiemps;
vertice pendentem molli pallescere fumum
et patrios infra sentit adesse lares;
"ergo" ait "hic surget nec nos spectabimus umquam?
dedam ego me, vernat dum vigor, ipse neci?"

"at, quocumque pudor vocat, ibimus," addit, et aere
firmior invicta somnia mente fugat:
"Maure niger, lacrima genibusque advolvere Poenis;
Roma, tuam prolem malle perire decet."
non hominem supplex venerari sustinet ullum;
omnibus opponit lumina recta minis;
perstat in incepto, quamvis mors dira propinquet,
funera non timidus sanguinolenta pati.

Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

XXX

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?
Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.
Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?
There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.
And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.
He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. Bryant.

quid validae prosunt rostris et robore classes,
  aut aries, nil non quo feriente ruit,
mascula Romuleae si corda propaginis umquam
  mollitie frangi Roma superba sinet?
hunc igitur sonet Urbs iuvenem, sonet Itala tellus,
  quamlibet exigua re tenuique domo:
non Lacedaemonius rex fortius occidit olim;
  huic animi tantam vim sua Roma dedit.

H. W. M.

XXX

AD FULICAM

Dum cadunt rores, liquidique caeli
subrubent fines abeunte Phœbo,
quo viam tendis, roseosque tractus
    sola pererras?

irrito, praedae studiosus, auceps
luminum nisu sequitur volantem,
lapsa dum nigrante poli rubores
    corpore pingis.

an lacus ripam viridantis ulva,
marginem an lati petis amnis, an qua
litus attritum refluo per horas
    tunditur aestu?

scilicet curis regit expeditam,
dum poli deserta, viamque lustras
inviam, praesens Deus, et volatum
    rite gubernat,

ut domo aestiva, posito labore,
otium carpas, comitumque vocem
vocibus iungas, ubi canna velat
    plurima nidum.

qui tuum certo per inane caeli
tramitem cursu moderatur, Idem
per viam, soli mihi quae terenda est,
    me quoque ducet.

E. D. S.

XXXI

ISEULT OF IRELAND

T. Raise the light, my Page! that I may see her.—
Thou art come at last then, haughty Queen!
Long I've waited, long I've fought my fever.
Late thou comest, cruel thou hast been.

I. Blame me not, poor sufferer! that I tarried;
Bound I was, I could not break the band.
Chide not with the past, but feel the present!
I am here—we meet—I hold thy hand.

T. Thou art come indeed—thou hast rejoin'd me;
Thou hast dared it—but too late to save.
Fear not now that men should tax thine honour!
I am dying; build—(thou may'st)—my grave!

I. Tristram, ah, for love of Heaven, speak kindly!
What, I hear these bitter words from thee?
Sick with grief I am, and faint with travel—
Take my hand—dear Tristram, look on me!

T. I forgot, thou comest from thy voyage—
Yes, the spray is on thy cloak and hair.
But thy dark eyes are not dimm'd, proud Iseult!
And thy beauty never was more fair.

I. Ah, harsh flatterer! let alone my beauty!
I, like thee, have left my youth afar.
Take my hand, and touch these wasted fingers—
See my cheek and lips, how white they are!

T. Thou art paler—but thy sweet charm, Iseult!
Would not fade with the dull years away.
Ah, how fair thou standest in the moonlight!
I forgive thee, Iseult!—thou wilt stay?

I. Fear me not, I will be always with thee;
I will watch thee, tend thee, soothe thy pain;
Sing thee tales of true, long-parted lovers,
Join'd at evening of their days again.

T. No, thou shalt not speak! I should be finding
Something alter'd in thy courtly tone.
Sit—sit by me! I will think, we've lived so
In the green wood, all our lives, alone.

XXXI

VENISTI TANDEM

M. Hanc ut conspiciam, puer, altius erige lumen.
iam, regina ferox, saepe cupita, venis.
me mora longa terit, febris me longa fatigat:
sera, trucis vere femina cordis, ades.

I. A nimis infelix, ne me reprehende moratam;
non rumpenda mihi vincula iuris erant.
quod fuit, incusas, praesentem neglegis horam;
sat tibi me iungi, sat tetigisse manum.

M. Est aliquid quod ades numquam prius ausa reverti;
ausa tamen sera non recreabis ope.
crimina ne laesi timeas, velut ante, pudoris,
iam morior: bustum quin struis ipsa meum?

I. Ede, precor, voces (tibi sic Deus adsit) amicas:
tene mihi haec adeo verba severa loqui?
aegra malis, vastum mare sum defessa secando:
iunge manum; faciem respice, care, meam.

M. Iure mones modo te ponti trans aequora vectam;
uda sali vestis roribus, uda comast:
at tibi nil oculos hebetat, regina, nigrantes,
indelibato forma decore nitet.

I. Laudibus ingratis noli revocare decorem;
flos tener aetatis marcet utrique novae.
hos tenues tracta digitos; hanc accipe dextram;
pallor ut inficiat labra genasque, vide.

M. Deest color antiquus, sed adhuc viret ista venustas
annorum tristi non rapienda fuga.
lumine sub lunae mihi quam spectabilis adstas!
do veniam; mecum, iussa manere, mane.

I. Tecum ego semper ero (mihi ne diffide) dolorem
arte levans vigili, prompta ministra, tuum;
divisosque canam longum per tempus amantes
iunxerit ut veteri compede serus amor.

M. Lingua velim sileat; vereor ne regis in aula
ista aliquam possit vox subiisse vicem.
tu prope, cara, sede; sic nos sine teste putabo
numquam non viridans incoluisse nem s.

I. Alter'd, Tristram? Not in courts, believe me,
Love like mine is alter'd in the breast;
Courtly life is light and cannot reach it—
Ah! it lives, because so deep-suppress'd!

What, thou think'st men speak in courtly chambers
Words by which the wretched are consoled?
What, thou think'st this aching brow was cooler,
Circled, Tristram, by a band of gold?

Royal state with Marc, my deep-wrong'd husband—
That was bliss to make my sorrows flee!
Silken courtiers whispering honied nothings—
Those were friends to make me false to thee!

Ah, on which, if both our lots were balanc'd,
Was indeed the heaviest burden thrown—
Thee, a pining exile in thy forest,
Me, a smiling queen upon my throne?

Vain and strange debate, where both have suffer'd,
Both have pass'd a youth consumed and sad,
Both have brought their anxious day to evening,
And have now short space for being glad!

Join'd we are henceforth; nor will thy people,
Nor thy younger Iseult take it ill,
That a former rival shares her office,
When she sees her humbled, pale, and still.

I, a faded watcher by thy pillow,
I, a statue on thy chapel-floor,
Pour'd in prayer before the Virgin-Mother,
Rouse no anger, make no rivals more.

She will cry: "Is this the foe I dreaded?
This his idol? this that royal bride?
Ah, an hour of health would purge his eyesight!
Stay, pale queen! for ever by my side."

Hush, no words! that smile, I see, forgives me.
I am now thy nurse, I bid thee sleep.
Close thine eyes—this flooding moonlight blinds them!—
Nay, all's well again! thou must not weep.

I. Quid? narrasne vices? regumne videtur in aulis
nostra fides ullam posse subire vicem?
nescit amor constans aulae levitate moveri;
quo magis a premitur fax, magis illa viget.

sermonesne gregis, qui regia tecta frequentat,
tristitia domitum cor relevare putas,
hancve minus frontem febri caluisse dolentem,
cingeret auratum quod diadema comam?

at laeso sociata viro regina colebar;
hinc videor pulsis facta beata malis.
at mihi, sic placuit nitidae vox blanda cohortis,
abstulerant curam murmura vana tui.

ede, duas sortes cum lance pependeris aequa,
peius utri nostrum corda gravarit onus,
num tibi, qui silva langueres exsul in ista,
an mihi, quam solii laetificaret honor.

irrita quid quaero? neutri sors laeta; iuventae
ver simul absumptum maeret uterque suae;
irrequieta diu iam vita senescit utrique;
gaudia quod tribuat, quam breve tempus erit!

nos quid erit posthac quod distrahat? iste gravari
vix populus factum, vix nova nupta, volet;
ipsa suae sociam, fuerim licet aemula, curae,
cui desint animi voxque colorque, feret.

sive vigil, pallens, adero tibi, care, iacenti,
sive cadam supplex Virginis ante pedes,
sim prope te, sim fixa solo, ceu saxea, templi
numquam odii rursus causave litis ero.

"huicne velut dispar," dicet, "certare refugi?
haecne meum cepit, regia nupta, virum?
lumina paulisper valeant, sanabitur error:
ne, regina, latus, pallida, linque meum."

parce loqui; risu mihi culpa remittitur isto:
iam tua, ne vigiles, facta ministra veto.
a tege quos lunae praestringit splendor ocellos.
quid fles? in portu stat tibi quassa ratis.

T. I am happy! yet I feel, there's something
Swells my heart, and takes my breath away—
Through a mist I see thee; near—come nearer!
Bend—bend down!—I yet have much to say.

I. Heaven! his head sinks back upon the pillow—
Tristram! Tristram! let thy heart not fail!
Call on God and on the holy angels!
What, love, courage!—Christ! he is so pale.

T. Hush, 'tis vain, I feel my end approaching!
This is what my mother said should be,
When the fierce pains took her in the forest,
The deep draughts of death, in bearing me.

"Son," she said, "thy name shall be of sorrow;
Tristram art thou call'd for my death's sake."
So she said, and died in the drear forest—
Grief since then his home with me doth make.

I am dying.—Start not, nor look wildly!
Me, thy living friend, thou canst not save.
But, since living we were ununited,
Go not far, O Iseult! from my grave.

Close mine eyes, then seek the princess Iseult;
Speak her fair, she is of royal blood!
Say, I charg'd her, that thou stay beside me—
She will grant it; she is kind and good.

Now to sail the seas of death I leave thee—
One last kiss upon the living shore!

I. Tristram!—Tristram!—stay—receive me with thee!
Iseult leaves thee, Tristram! never more.

M. Arnold.

M. Mens secura mihist: pectus tamen unde tumescit,
et nova vis animae claudere temptat iter?
huc ades, huc propius; nebula me condita fallis:
te, precor, inclina; multa loquenda manent.

I. Me miseram! caput in lectum cadit ecce relabens:
forti corde mali, lux mea, perfer onus:
caelicolas tu voce pia Numenque vocato:
tolle animos:—perii! cur fugit ore color?

M. Nil agis: ad metam rapido vehor axe propinquam:
hunc finem genetrix vaticinata meast,
abdita cum silvis Lucinam sensit iniquam,
meque trahens mortem tota per ossa parit.

"nomine, nate, tuo matris signabitur angor;
cum mihi sis leti causa, Misellus eris":
haec ait in solis silvae moribunda latebris:
inde dolor nostrum cor sine fine tenet.

vixi: ne trepida neu turbida lumina volve;
non tuus in vivis me retinebit amor:
sed, quia non tecum mihi vivere fata dederunt,
noluerim busto te procul esse meo.

conde meos oculos; dominam mox comiter orae
huius adi; sceptrum regibus orta gerit.
"hic maneam sinito," dices; "iubet," adde, "Misellus":
tam bona, tam cunctis illa benigna, sinet.

iam caeco sunt danda mari te vela relicta:
dum me litus habet, iunge labella labris.

I. Quid properas? me, me, liceat conscendere tecum:
en comes aeternum te, mea vita, sequor.

H. W. M.

XXXII

ISEULT OF BRITTANY

Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will:
Is it this thought that makes her mien so still,
Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though sweet,
So sunk, so rarely lifted save to meet
Her children's? She moves slow; her voice alone
Has yet an infantine and silver tone,
But even that comes languidly; in truth,
She seems one dying in a mask of youth.
And now she will go home, and softly lay
Her laughing children in their beds, and play
Awhile with them before they sleep; and then
She'll light her silver lamp, which fishermen
Dragging their nets through the rough waves afar,
Along this iron coast, know like a star.
And take her broidery frame, and there she'll sit
Hour after hour, her gold curls sweeping it,
Lifting her soft-bent head only to mind
Her children, or to listen to the wind.
And when the clock peals midnight, she will move
Her work away, and let her fingers rove
Across the shaggy brows of Tristram's hound
Who lies, guarding her feet, along the ground:
Or else she will fall musing, her blue eyes
Fix'd, her slight hands clasp'd on her lap; then rise,
And at her prie-dieu kneel, until she have told
Her rosary beads of ebony tipp'd with gold,
Then to her soft sleep: and to-morrow'll be
To-day's exact repeated effigy.

M. Arnold.

XXXII

DURUM SED LEVIUS FIT PATIENTIA

Nondum laetitiam novit, nec noverit unquam:
haecine causa valet tacitos componere vultus,
oraque lassa notat curis et lumina quamvis
pulchra cavat defixa solo, raroque levata
ni matrem appellent pueri? vestigia lenta
vix trahit: argutam tantum iuvenescere vocem
dixeris, hanc languor tamen opprimit,—ipsa videtur
emoriens falsae speciem praebere iuventae.
  iamque domum petet, et stratis de more reponet
ridentes natos, brevibus comes addita ludis
dum somnus veniat; tum argento lampada factam
accendet, quam piscator, tumida aequora lustrans
retibus, agnoscit longe ceu sidus in atro
litore, et incumbet telae, longasque sedebit
crinibus effusis versans subtemen in horas
nec decline caput tollet, ni cura suorum
iusserit, aut venti fremitus crebrescet in aure.
  continuo, cum nox media est, amota relinquet
pensa, levique manu fingens hirsuta molossi
tempora mulcebit; quondam comes ille mariti
ante pedes nunc stratus humi procumbit Elissae.
interdum fixisque oculis, tenerisque repostis
in gremio manibus tristi sub mente revolvet
praeterita: at surgens tandem venerabitur aram
flexa genu, bacas donec numeraverit auro
praefixas ebenoque graves, tum denique somno
molli membra dabit, certoque ex ordine rerum
crastina quaeque dies hodiernae fiet imago.

E. D. S.

XXXIII

LOVE AND DUTY

Live—yet live—
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
Life needs for life is possible to will—
Live happy! tend thy flowers: be tended by
My blessing! should my Shadow cross thy thoughts
Too sadly for their peace, remand it thou
For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,
If not to be forgotten—not at once—
Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy dreams,
O might it come like one that looks content,
With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,
And point thee forward to a distant light,
Or seem to lift a burthen from thy heart
And leave thee freër, till thou wake refresh'd
Then when the first low matin-chirp hath grown
Full quire, and morning driv'n her plow of pearl
Far furrowing into light the mounded rack,
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

Tennyson.

XXXIV

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea,
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
Yet oh too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give,
I love not hollow cheek and faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I would not see thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

Tennyson.

XXXIII

NOVISSIMA VERBA

At tu vive precor! nos cur saevissimus angor
discruciet, vita (perstet modo firma voluntas)
nil aliud poscente sibi? tu vive beata
sorte tua! floresque tuos mea vota foventem
te foveant! nostri si quando occurret imago
contristans velut umbra diem, in meliora reponens
tempora, tu mentis penetralibus abde sub imis,
si non fas actas semel obliviscier horas.
sin quondam noctis media inter somnia sese
obtulerit, speciem et vultus tranquilla tuentis
induat et pacem mentitaque lumina verum,
praemonstretque procul signa albescentia lucis,
aut grave curarum videatur tollere pondus,
liberiusque ostendat iter, recreata cubili
corpora dum tollas, quo tempore matutinae
concentum modulantur aves iam gutture pleno,
sulcavitque procul tenebras Aurora fugatas
gemmea, condensa nebularum mole remota,
trans agros virides, eoi trans maris undas.

F. St. J. T.

XXXIV

SED TU DESINE PLURA

Est ut in amplexum montes praeruptaque saxa
  insinuet nubes aethere lapsa suo;
est ut ament lunae fluctus servire marini,
  at tibi responsum, parce rogare, nego.

parce age: quid potero tibi respondere? placentne
  vel sine luce oculi vel sine flore genae?
sed pereas nolo: iam mitte requirere plura,
  ne tibi, si perstes, dicere, "vive," velim.

me tibi teque mihi Parcae pepigere: quid egi
  fluctibus adversis obvia? vicit amor.
iam vehor in pontum fluvio delapsa secundo:
  non opus est verbis, tange manusque dabo.

T. M.

XXXV

FROM 'THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON'

But as he doubted, to his eyes alone
Within the place a golden light outshone,
Scattering the clouds of smoke, and he beheld
Once more the Goddess who his head upheld
In rough Anaurus, on that other tide;
She, smiling on him, beckoned, and 'gan glide
With rosy feet across the fearful floor,
Breathing cool odours round her, till a door
She opened to him in the iron wall,
Through which he passed, and found a grisly stall
Of iron still, and at one end of it,
By glimmering lamps with greenish flame half lit,
Beheld the yoke and shining plough he sought;
Which, seizing straight, by mighty strength he brought
Unto the door, nor found the Goddess there,
Who in the likeness of a damsel fair,
Colchian Metharma, through the spearmen passed,
Bearing them wine, and causeless terror cast
Into their foolish hearts, nor spared to go
And 'mid the close seafaring ranks to sow
Good hope of joyful ending.

W. Morris.

XXXVI

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
  Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
  Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
  Nor wholly reassured and comforted
  By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more,—
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
  Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
    Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
  Being too full of sleep to understand
    How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

Longfellow.

XXXV

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ θεός εἰμι, διαμπερὲς ἥ σε φυλάσσω
ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοις

Substitit incertus, iamque ima in parte cavernae
aurea lux oculos comitum celata refulsit.
spargitur extemplo fumi vapor, ipsaque rursus
se iuveni ostendit quae quondam in gurgite mersam
cervicem tumidi dea sustentarat Anauri.
illa viro adridens nutu vocat, ac pede labens
incedit roseo trans formidabile marmor;
labentem egelidi circumfunduntur odores.
porta fuit, muri circumdant ferrea claustra,
quam transit ducente dea; discluditur infra
stans praesepe gravi ferro, penitusque sub antro
quaque incerta micant funalia luce maligna,
ecce iugum et splendens quaerenti offertur aratrum.
haec simul adripiens manibus, summaque trahens vi,
ad portam tulit: at divae non amplius umbra
manserat: illa decus referens atque ora puellae,
qualis Metharme, flos Colchidis, agmen obibat
vina ferens, animisque metus iniecit inanes:
nec minus aequoream nautis stipantibus oram
spem laeti eventus, inter spatiata, serebat.

C. S.

XXXVI

NATURA

Puerum tenellum qualis in crepusculo
genetricis almae dextra dormitum pia
ducit volentem abire, nolentem simul,
qui per patentes multa respectat fores
soloque fracta deserit crepundia;
promissa nec, meliora quantumvis, nova
solamen addunt nec satis fiduciae,
latura quae sint fors voluptatis minus;
Natura sic nos adhibet; oblectamina
tollens modo haec modo illa, tam leni manu
ductos quieti tradit, ut parum scias
utrum morari praestet an discedere;
adeo sopor perfundit, atque incognitis
immane quantum nota discrepent, latet.

F. St. J. T.

XXXVII
ALL SAINTS

One feast, of holy days the crest,
  I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
All Saints—the unknown good that rest
  In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
  And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
  That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
  But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
  Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
  The grimy sash an oriel burns;
Their cup of water warms like wine,
  Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
  An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
  In dying eyes by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
  Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
  And sweetness of the farther shore.

J. R. Lowell.

XXXVIII
THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

Weeping, weeping late and early,
  Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
  Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
  And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
  That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
  Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
  That her spirit might have rest.

Tennyson.

XXXVII

ἀνώνυμοι θανόντες οὐκ ἀνωνύμως.

Non ego templorum cultor, tamen et mihi lucet
unica sollenni more colenda dies,
sacra dies animis, quas ima mente repostas
numen, ut ignotas neglegat orbis, habet.
fortiter egerunt, sua fortiter acta silentes,
ne mutum titulus dedecoraret opus.
simplex heroum suboles, incognita famae;
nec puduit; sat erat non latuisse Deum.

nec genus hoc tantum Saturni protulit aetas,
securas hodie lustrat obitque vias;
hos hilari cantu, pedibus modo tacta, salutant
limina flagitiis obsita, taetra fame.
squalentem subiere casam—fit nobile fanum,
et picto rutilat foeda fenestra vitro.
sermonem dicas fusum caelestibus urnis;
si lympham dederint, vina calere putes.

aurea tam sanctas frontes ornare videtur,
et pingi tremula vitta corusca face,
quale micare iubar morientis ab ore docebant,—
sic risu pluviam temperat Iris aquam.
frigidus ille quidem trepidabat margine in ipso
caerulei, quod non fas remeare, vadi,
mox horum pietate valens praesumere ripae
non dubitat pactas ulterioris opes.

E. D. S.

XXXVIII

HAVE PIA ANIMA

Flens mane flens Torquatus in serum diem
obambulabat atrium,
gravi dolore perstrepente Tusculi
villam propinquam moenibus.
adit cadaver satiet ut visus suos,
sic fatus ut coram stetit,
"ferte ocius quam nupta gestavit prius
pallam maritali die."
exinde pressis leniter vestigiis
pii clientes in rogum
qua veste nupta fuerat indutam ferunt,
pacem daturi manibus.

F. St. J. T.

XXXIX

BACCHANALIA

Loitering and leaping
  With saunter, with bounds—
Flickering and circling
  In files and in rounds—
Gaily their pinestaff green
  Tossing in air,
Loose o'er their shoulders white
  Showering their hair—
See! the wild Maenads
  Break from the wood,
Youth and Iacchus
  Maddening their blood.
See, through the quiet corn
  Rioting they pass—
Fling the fresh heaps about,
  Trample the grass,
Tear from the rifled hedge
  Garlands, their prize;
Fill with their sports the field,
  Fill with their cries.

Shepherd, what ails thee, then?
  Shepherd, why mute?
Forth with thy joyous song!
  Forth with thy flute!
Tempts not the revel blithe?
  Lure not their cries?
Glow not their shoulders smooth?
  Melt not their eyes?
Is not on cheeks like those
  Lovely the flush?—
——Ah, so the quiet was!
  So was the hush!

M. Arnold.

XL

Of all my verse like not a single line;
But love the title, for it is not mine.
That title from a better man I stole:
Ah! how much better had I stol'n the whole.

R. L. Stevenson.

XXXIX

MAENADES EDERIGERAE

"Fera Maenadum en cohors e nemore it nemorivaga,
modo lenta, modo citatis rapidisque tripudiis;
trepidantque simul in orbem, volitant properipedes,
iaciunt comas per albos umeros hilaranimae
thyrsumque pineum alte viridem simul agitant.
stimulata vi iuventae, rabieque fera Dei,
loca per quieta vadit furibunda vaga cohors.
iaciunt novos acervos, pedibusque sola terunt
rapiuntque serta ramis cupide sua decora;
thiasique ludibundi sonitu loca reboant.

sed cur labella, pastor, tua habet silentium?
agedum cane ore laeto, tua tibia retonet.
hilaris chorus vocat te, sonitus citat; agedum i,
umeri en tibi nitentes, tibi lumina putria?
rubet an parum decenter gena talis?—age citus
rapidas sequere cohortes; age surge."
at ait homo:
"et amabile, a, silebant tranquilla vesperae."

J. B. B.

XL

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT

Non precor ut quidquid scripsi tibi rideat ulla
linea; sed titulum dilige; non meus est.
fur ego: debentur meliori furta poetae:
omnia quam melius surripuisse fuit!

E. D. S.

XLI

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists.
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

XLI

CASTUS EQUES

Ille meus cristas capitum diverberat ensis
  oppositos hostes lancea certa petit.
vel bis quinque viris mea nescit cedere virtus,
  pura quod incesta pectora labe carent.
fit strepitus: fremit aura gravi clangore tubarum;
  aes durum, gladio dissiliente, crepat.
fragmina dant hastae, volucresque feruntur ad auras,
  quadrupedum titubant agmina, nutat eques.
nutat eques vel humi delabitur; alta resultant
  limina; iam finem Martius aestus habet.
tum tura et casiae, tum floreus ingruit imber
  grata puellarum dona ferente manu.

dulce quidem roseo despectant ore puellae,
  si quis adest dignus, cui faveatur, eques.
has dum vita manet, nostrum est defendere, ne quam
  vincla premant, laeso ne qua pudore fleat.
sed maiora petens superas mens fertur ad oras,
  sola iubent positum flectere templa genu.
nescio quid sit amor, quid sit contingere labra
  virginis, atque manu conseruisse manum;
lux mihi subridet vel largior: intima summi
  numinis impulsu percita corda micant.
unum opus adgredior; manet inconcussa voluntas,
  stat precibus castis intemerata fides.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
  I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
  The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
  The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
  And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
  I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
  I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
  Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
  On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
  My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
  And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
  Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
  The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
  And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
  And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
  No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
  Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

cum nimbos inter lunae crescentis imago
  mergitur, ante oculos lux mihi clara natat.
silva nitet, quamvis truncorum impendeat umbra,
  auribus arrectis carmina sacra traho.
nescio quam secreta petens praetervehor aedem;
  vox sonat, at nusquam cernitur unde sonet.
ostia lata patent; vacua illa sedilia lustro,
  ordine dat pulchrum plurima taeda iubar.
more nivis candet posita velamen in ara,
  argento levi vasa polita nitent.
aere datur signum, iactataque fragrat acerra,
  sollennes referunt atria longa modos.

saepe, ubi montanam claudunt iuga sola paludem,
  invenio, magica quae volat arte, ratem.
insilio transtris, nulloque regente magistro
  huc illuc, dum nox incubet atra, vagor.
molle sonat murmur. fit inenarrabile lumen,
  terni caelicolae pocula sacra ferunt,
impliciti plantas, demissa veste micantes,
  vique soporata vix facit ala viam.
ecce! Dei sanguis! mortalia claustra refringit
  mens mea, dum reserant visa beata polum,
dum lux illa faces obscuro tramite ducit,
  addita sidereo sidus et ipsa choro.

moenia collustro quotiens sub nocte, fideli
  vectus equo, cives dum sopor altus habet,
mane vigil Christi natalia praecinit ales,
  candent aggesta compita muta nive.
est ubi tempestas tectis crepitantibus horret,
  loricaque sonat creber et ense fragor.
molle tamen tenebras lumen dispergit, et auri
  nescio quid misti grandinis imber habet.
et modo destituo campos et in ardua tollor,
  nulla ubi quo fugiam dant fruticeta locum.
caelestis volat ecce gravi stridente procella
  trans steriles campos stagnaque vasta chorus.

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joys that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touched, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the holy Grail.

Tennyson.

ille ego castus eques tanta spe fervidus insto
  ut nequeant molli corda labare metu.
hoc tantum in votis, vesci caelestibus auris,
  quas vel in hac terra ducere saepe datur.
infinita meam pertemptant gaudia mentem,
  en! loca quae purum vestit alitque iubar;
en! mihi quae spirant aeternam lilia pacem,
  quarum etiam in somnis integer halat odor.
nuntius ecce Dei, quo contrectante videntur
  humana quamvis arma polita manu,
in tenues auras discedere, nec velut olim
  aut cordi aut oculis pondus inesse suum.

cernimus effracto vanescere nubila caelo
  et circumfusi claustra patere iugi:
volvitur immenso tractu concordia vocum,
  iamque effusa tumet, iamque relapsa cadit.
silvarum nutant apices. arbusta moventur.
  fit tremor alarum: murmur in aure sonat:
perge age, iustitia praestans, fidissime Divom
  miles: adest longae meta petita viae.
hospitia agricolum sedes, regumque ministrant
  atria: trans pontes per vada ducit iter.
armiger incedo: nil non iuratus obire,
  ante oculos donec stet sacer ille calix.

E. D. S.

XLII

ABT VOGLER

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
 Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
 And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
 This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
 Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
 Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
 Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
 Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
 Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:

XLII

TEMPLUM POLYHYMNIAE

Sic maneat domus alta, novae symphonia musae,
  aedes sonorum multiplex, organa quos referunt,
dum cieo digitis genios ad iussa paratos
  quo more turbam caelitum rex Salomo sapiens,
seu libuit manes hominesve aut saecla animantum,
  quaecumque vel repunt humi vel per inane volant,
vel vastis semota locis habitantia monstra
  caelum vel ima Tartari, dissimiles animas,
iussit adesse profatus inenarrabile Nomen,
  ut tecta conderent sibi deliciisque suis.

sic maneat domus alta mihi, praeclaraque templa
  quae fistularum multiplex accumulat series.
in numerum genii properant et iussa facessunt,
  disiuncta vel consors manus, libera mancipia,
ut laudem domino cumulent operique coronam:
  pronis ruentes frontibus lata domus alii
fundamenta locant mundi in radicibus altis,
  vim nil timentes ignium Tartareosque lacus,
mox sublime volant, structo quod duret in aevum
  primordiis in ultimis rerum, opus egregium;

ast alii celeres—mens omnibus una—capessunt
  denso frequentes agmine prompta ministeria,
clarior ut vitro domus exstet, clarior auro:
  cessurus alteri facem suscipit alter opus,
dum tandem aeriis fastigia fulta columnis
  surgunt in altum, consili structa corona mei.

For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:
What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

qualis ubi cursor, Romae decus aurea fana
  designat, illustrans face culmina celsa tholi
(quanta micant illic subitis incendia flammis,
  ingentis ut testudinis aureus ardet apex !),
sic opus exsiluit : sic gloria parta laboris,
  et visa adesse mentis est meta propinqua meae.

quid loquor ? altera pars restat : naturaque rerum
  nostri laboris aemula, conscia facta sui,
parturiebat et ipsa : solo miscerier aether,
  ut terra se nuper polo iunxerat alta petens.
splendores micuere novi, cessuraque nunquam
  summis coruscabat vaga stella cacuminibus,
in speciem lunae stabilis vel sideris instar—
  terra occupaverat polum ; nil procul aut prope erat.

fallor ? an et flammis aestuque oriuntur in ipso
  fervore candentes mero mirae hominum facies ?
has operante Deo genitabilis aura vocabit
  in tecta quondam propria et hospitium placitum.
praesentesque aliae, defunctae corporis usu,
  aevum reviviscunt suo dulcius Elysio.
quod nunquam fuerat nunc incipit esse ; quod est nunc
  et quod fuit, par est pari ; laudor et ipse opifex.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

sic fieri iussi; parentiaque organa iussis
  dignas labore gratias a domino capiunt.
quod meditatus eram, reddit tenor ille sonorum:
  sic per suos mecum modos Musa locuta mea est.
non equidem invideo si qui pictoris ab arte
  quod mente finxerunt opus subiciunt oculis,
versibus aut doctis et munere Calliopeo
  sensus latentes exprimunt: quod cecinere sonat,
quod finxere manet; causamque effecta sequuntur.
  non hic locus miraculo est; arsque sui similem
comprobat artificem victrix, sed lege magistra:
  vatum sacros in ordines sic via fit merito.

at nostrum Deus auget opus, lex unde profecta est
  quoque exitus omnes refert; quod iubet Ille ratum est.
non alia datur arte, ut chordis una duabus
  adiuncta chorda sideris ardeat in speciem.
nam nihil est quod ubique sonat, grave seu sit acutum,
  ni nostra rebus praestat ars dulce ministerium.
arte mea tria iuncta sonum miscentur in unum:
  lingua faveto, si quis haec audiit aut didicit!

ergo abiit domus alta, meae symphonia mentis.
  dant lacrimae solacium; laus bona sera venit.
quam brevia haec et fluxa! nec auctor credidit ipse,
  cum conderet felix opus, sic abitura brevi.

Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

an gaudere iubes, quod plura creanda supersint?
  unus mihi est idemque amor, una petenda salus.
est deus hoc mihi, quod fuerit, sine fine manere:
  ut plura fiant, nil moror: quod fuit, hoc maneat.

Te potius veneramur, inenarrabile Nomen.
  quod condidisti Tu manet; miri opus aedifici.
aeternum est quodcumque facis, qui semper es Idem.
  fit mens Tui capacior, numine plena Tuo.
vivet eritque opus omne Tuum: nihil est, male quod fit
  nec interit quidquam boni: fit sine voce sonus;
sunt bene quae bene erant: mala convertuntur in usum,
  formamque caelestis refert orbita fracta rotae.

sic maneat, quodcumque boni mens concipit olim,
  sibique constet et sua permaneat specie.
exiit ut vox viva semel, sibi vindicat auctor
  aeternitatem in ultimam quod brevis hora tulit.
excidit experiens vir: at altis excidit ausis,
  spretaque humo tractus amor attigit aetherios.
audit enim vatis vocem Deus, audit amantis;
  auresque nostrae ceperint serius aut citius.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

R. Browning.

quid, male si cessit quondam? rem iudicat omnem
finis: beat victoria non nisi promeritos.
commendant liquidam diuturna silentia vocem,
discordiasque post graves suavior harmonia est.
dura quidem ferre et causas nescire malorum
taedet pigetque: quae latent quaerere quid prohibet
at nos Musarum famulos Deus erudit ipse,
auresque tangit: nil boni turba profana sapit.

devehor en caelo, conduntque silentia noctem:
pleno resido pectore: summa petisse sat est.
Organa da: temptante manu tetrachorda pererrans
sensim relabor in modos mollius Ionios;
ignotisque innixa locis vestigia pono
immensa dum lustro vagis avia luminibus;
mox in vasta volans pelage feror harmoniarum
Lydo remixtis tibiis carmine vel Phrygio;
dein stabile et placidum melos ordior, ausus et illa,
sonante plectro Dorium. sic mihi parta quies.

F. W. C.

XLIII

THE WORLD'S AGE

Who will say the world is dying?
  Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
  Flash, and will flash till the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
  Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
  Anteroom of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
  Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from Age the words inherits—
  "Wife, and Child, and Fatherland."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
  Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers
  Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
  While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
  Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
  While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
  That the world is young.

C. Kingsley.

XLIII

VITAI LAMPADA TRADUNT

Saecula quis dicet moribunda senescere rerum,
quis vernos hominum praeteriisse dies?
scintillae tamen usque manent divinitus ortae
aeternumque micant quae micuere faces.
demens! qui Christum credit nihil edere veri,
cui pro merce homines posse videntur emi,
qui terram sine lege putat sine numine natam,
aulae vestibulum, Dis inimice, tuae.

usque adeo generi per saecula longa virili
lampada transmittit non minus acre genus.
quique abeunt clamant annis venientibus anni
'pro patria, natis, coniuge dulce mori est.'
fervida adhuc iuvenis nemorum venator in umbra
gaudia et in solo carpit ut ante iugo.
audebit, quodcunque patres sublimius ausi,
ingenio stimulos par modo causa ferat.

dum gemet immiti languens sub compede servus,
dum fundet vanas orba puella preces,
dumque susurrabit fractis vagitibus heres,
temporis immensae cui cumulantur opes,
dulcia dum roseum mitescet in oscula labrum,
pectora dum gemitu stringet anhela dolor,
quidquid deest, unum docet hoc et quidquid abundat,
fecundo vivax semen inesse solo.

E. D. S.

XLIV

Then on the brows of the maiden a veil bound Pallas Athene;
Ample it fell to her feet, deep-fringed, a wonder of weaving.
Ages and ages agone it was wrought on the heights of Olympus,
Wrought in the gold-strung loom, by the finger of cunning Athene.
In it she wove all creatures that teem in the womb of the ocean;
Nereid, Siren, and Triton, and dolphin and arrowy fishes
Glittering round, many-hued, on the flame-red folds of the mantle.
In it she wove, too, a town where grey-haired kings sat in judgment;
Sceptre in hand in the market they sat, doing right by the people,
Wise: while above watched Justice, and near, far-seeing Apollo. . . .
Over the limbs of the damsel she wrapt it: the maid still trembled,
Shading her face with her hands: for the eyes of the goddess were awful.
  Then as a pine upon Ida when southwest winds blow landward,
Stately she bent to the damsel, and breathed on her: under her breathing
Taller and fairer she grew; and the goddess spoke in her wisdom.
  "Courage I give thee; the heart of a queen, and the mind of Immortals,
Godlike to talk with the gods, and to look on their eyes unshrinking, . . .
Chastely and wisely to govern thyself and thy house and thy people,
Bearing a god-like race to thy spouse, till dying I set thee
High for a star in the heavens, a sign and a hope to the seamen."

C. Kingsley.

XLIV

ANDROMEDA

Nec mora, virgineae Pallas velamina fronti
induit; hinc amplo textum admirabile limbo
fluxit ad usque pedes, prisca quod origine quondam
saeclorum in summo sollers dea fecit Olympo,
aurea percurrens arguta stamina dextra.
huc varias species, quotquot mare celat in undis,
Nereidas, Phorcique chorum, Sirenas et omne
delphinum genus et pisces freta longa secantes
addidit; innumeris distincta coloribus ardent
pallia flammantesque sinus; tum moenia finxit,
urbis ubi reges incani sceptra gerentes
in medio dant iura foro, discernere lites
assueti, senioque graves: vigil imminet alte
Iustitia, atque oculos acres contendit Apollo.
  tali veste fovet formam Dea virginis: illi
membra tremunt: passis manibus velaverat ora
Palladis obtutus horrens: velut ardua pinus,
cum nemus Idaeum Zephyrus movet, illa moranti
adstitit, afflavitque comis: at crescere virgo
pulchrior adspirante Dea, maiorque videri:—
provida cui tales edit Tritonia voces:—
  virtus ingeniumque tibi regale, Deumque
contingat sermone frui, sit cernere coram
impavidae Superisque pari: tu legibus aequis
teque domumque tuam populumque intacta gubernes,
divinae stirpis genetrix, dum nobile fias
sidus in arce poli, spes et fiducia nautis.

E. D. S.

XLV

FAREWELL

But when the sun next brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her
"Sister, farewell for ever," and again
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.

Tennyson.

XLVI

A SONG

Oh, earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
  In after years, those happier years;
And children weep, when we lie low,
  Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

Oh, true shall boyish laughter ring,
  Like tinkling chimes, in kinder times;
And merrier shall the maiden sing:
  And I not there, and I not there.

Like lightning in the summer night
  Their mirth shall be, so quick and free;
And oh! the flash of their delight
  I shall not see, I may not see.

In deeper dream, with wider range,
  Those eyes shall shine, but not on mine:
Unmoved, unblest, by worldly change,
  The dead must rest, the dead shall rest.

W. Johnson-Cory.

XLV

HAVE ATQUE VALE

Posterus Eois cum sol caput extulit oris,
lugubre par fratrum demissis frontibus ibant,
dum tardum comitantur iter, tristemque feretri
umbram per campos aestivo sole nitentes,
fluminis ad ripam qua lentis innatat undis
pullatas obducta trabes velamine linter.
adsidet hic captus lingua, qui fida satelles
servitia a puero, nunc aevo grandis, obibat,
nictantes oculos contortus et ora dolore.
nec mora, sublatum curru lectoque repostum
virgineum fratres sternunt in lintre cadaver:
lilia dant dextrae, et supra caput incluta notae
picta ipsius acu suspendunt tegmina parmae:
oscula dant fronti tacitae; et "dulcissima longum"
non semel "o germana, vale" suprema gementes,
sic demum offusi discedunt fletibus ora.

H. K.

XLVI

τὸ γλυκύπικρον

Laeta cano lacrimans: maturius explicabit olim
    rosas novum ver aureique menses;
rarior et parvos tanget dolor, ac minore flentes,
    nobis sepultis, imbre dedolebunt.

tum pueri in ludis sincerius aere cymbalorum
    voces sonabunt, et puella carmen,
tempore iam facili, festivius aemulata fratrem
    me, me remoto fundet, heu remoto!

noctis ut aestivae vaga fulgura, praepes emicabit
    gentis beatae risus huc et illuc;
at mihi gaudentes animas, face mutua coruscas,
    videre non dant Fata, non licebit.

alti nescio quid speculantia lumina expedito
    visu nitebunt illa, caeca nostris;
quidquid saecla novent, ea sors ea meta mortuorumst,
    contingat ut nil, nil iuvet quietos.

C. W. M.

XLVII

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
  Sailest the placid ocean-plains,
  With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
  In vain; a favourable speed
  Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
  Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
  As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
  Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
  Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
  Till all my widow'd race be run;
  Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

Tennyson.

XLVIII

  The beasts in field are glad, and have not wit
To know why leapt their hearts when springtime shone.
  Man looks at his own bliss, considers it,
Weighs it with curious fingers; and 'tis gone.

W. Watson.

XLVII

DUC AGE, DUC AD NOS

O missa portu navis ab Italo
quae per quietas Oceani plagas
  incedis, ut caros Metelli
    in patriam cineres reducas,
da vela ventis et celeri fuga
amicum amicis redde querentibus;
  claras repercussum per undas
    vix agitet levis aura malum,
dum tu sacratam fausta super freta
urnam reportas: non Aquilo impotens
  sub nocte labentem carinam
    sollicitet graviore flatu,
donec renatis Lucifer ignibus
puraque, tanquam noster amor, face
  exsurgat, et pulsis tenebris
    rore trabes madidae coruscent.
crescant in orbes undique lumina,
circaque proram dormiat aetheris
  summissa tempestas, et una
    dura Noti mala dormiunto.
talis Metellum composuit sopor.
desideratum quem repeto miser:
  eheu per aerumnosa vitae
    tempora quot viduo supersunt,
Metelle, nunquam te redeuntibus
annis videbo, quem tamen ardeo
  gemellus ut fratrem gemellum
    ut puerum genetrix peremptum.

B. D.

XLVIII

Gaudent ignorantque, carent quia pectora sensu,
  cur adeo exsultent, vere nitente, ferae.
laetitiam dum spectat homo, interiusque revolvit,
  et digitis, quo sit pondere, temptat—abit.

E. D. S.

XLIX

I hear the noise about thy keel;
  I hear the bell struck in the night;
  I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
  And travell'd men from foreign lands;
  And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him: we have idle dreams:
  This look of quiet flatters thus
  Our home-bred fancies—O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
  That takes the sunshine and the rains,
  Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
  Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
  And hands so often clasped in mine
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

Tennyson.

L

SIRMIO

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio!"
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen-hundred years ago.
"Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below,
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio.

Tennyson.

XLIX

SEDIBUS UT SALTEM PLACIDIS IN MORTE QUIESCAT

Audin'? labentem circumsonat unda carinam;
  commemoratque horas tinnulus aere sonus;
effusa splendet brevis, adspice, rima fenestrae
  luce; gubernaclis, adspice, rector adest.

tu nautam uxori, tu taedia longa viarum
  expertos revehis, navis amica, viros;
tu scripta optanti fers dulcia; tuque, quod, eheu!
  vi vitaque caret, triste cadaver onus.

at revehas: esto: nam somnia vana fovemus,
  contractosque animi nos iuvat illa quies:
decepti quoniam suetis, iucundius herba
  sub sole et pluviis credimus ossa tegi,

sacrarique solo, genubus qua pocula supplex
  divinamque uvam rustica turba bibit.
displicet at, tumulet si cum rate pontus amicum,
  obruat et salsis unda sonora fretis;
displicet, haec si inter conchas iactetur et algam
  a quotiens dextrae dextera iuncta meae.

W. C. G.

L

Adplicate nos ad istam Sirmiona, navitae!
remigant: ad te volamus, o venusta Sirmio!
qua licet calore olivae lucido subrideant,
purpuraque flos coronet putre largus atrium,
te, poeta, "have" querentem, "frater ac vale" audio.
Roma quem tot ante saeclis unice tenerrimum
genuit: adsonabat istud huc et huc vagantibus,
unde Benaci cachinnos Lydios spectare erat,
O Catulli glauca olivis Sirmio paeninsula!

E. D. S.

LI

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
  Where he in English earth is laid,
  And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
  As if the quiet bones were blest
  Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
  That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
  And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Tennyson.

LII

SONG IN IMITATION OF THE ELIZABETHANS

Sweetest sweets that Time has rifled,
  Live anew on lyric tongue—
Tresses with which Paris trifled,
  Lips to Antony's that clung;
These surrender not their rose,
Nor their golden puissance those.

Vain the envious loam that covers
  Her of Egypt, her of Troy;
Helen's, Cleopatra's lovers
  Still desire them, still enjoy.
Fate but stole what song restored;
Vain the aspic, vain the cord.

Idly clanged the sullen portal,
  Idly the sepulchral door:
Fame the mighty, Love th' immortal,
  These than foolish dust are more:
Nor may captive Death refuse
Homage to the conquering Muse.

W. Watson.

LI

COGNATOS INTER HUMARE ROGOS

Est aliquid quod stare licet super ossa Britanno
caespite compositi:
di bene quod violas fas illo a pulvere nasci
delicias patriae.

munera parva quidem, sed et est felicia quare
membra quieta putes,
quae teneant sibi nota prius loca, nominaque inter
non aliena cubent.

ergo agite, o casti, somno vel imagine somni
ferte caput gravidum:
si lacrimae rerum si quem mortalia tangunt
adsit in exsequias.

H. C. F. M.

LII

SPIRAT ADHUC AMOR

Surripuit frustra dulcissima quaeque vetustas:
tacta renascuntur lyra.
Antoni labris haerentia labra, comaeque
quas osculabatur Paris,
illa rosis hodie, ceu prisco tempore, certant,
his constat aureus nitor.

invida Ledaeam nequidquam gleba puellam
Nilique reginam obtegit;
optat amans:—Cleopatra suo subridet amanti,
subridet usque Tyndaris.
Musa redonavit Parcarum furta, neque aspis
nec nodus efficacior.

immiti frustra resonat clangore sepulcrum,
frustra obserantur ostia:—
immortalis Amor iactat se Famaque inani
potentiores pulvere:
nec Mors ipsa rotas tanquam captiva recusat
Musae triumphantis sequi.

E. D. S.

LIII

Risest thou thus dim dawn again,
  So loud with voices of the birds,
  So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men?

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
  On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
  By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead:

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
  A song that slights the coming care,
  And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves.

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
  To myriads on the genial earth
  Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more of death.

O wheresoever these may be
  Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
  To-day they count as kindred souls:
They know me not, but mourn with me.

Tennyson.

LIV

FROM 'THE SPANISH GIPSY'

Push off the boat,
  Quit, quit the shore,
    The stars will guide us back;—
O gathering cloud,
  O wide, wide sea,
    O waves that keep no track!

On through the pines!
  The pillar'd woods,
    Where silence breathes sweet breath;—
O labyrinth,
  O sunless gloom,
    The other side of Death!

George Eliot.

LIII

AUTUMNUSQUE GRAVIS LIBITINAE QUAESTUS ACERBAE

Incertis iterum nata crepusculis
Aurora, ex avium gutture carmina
  excitique frequentes
  mugitus pecoris moves,
quo me flos hominum destituit, dies,
qui ferrugineo lumine rivuli
  in summa tremis unda,
  dum per pascua turbidus,
quae tempus redolent praeteritum, fugit,
per saltusque sacros luce carentibus.
  tu sub culmine crebris
  obtecto foliis cies
venturae immemorum tristitiae melos
Autumnique, comis hic licet invidus
  iam raro rubicundis
  flammantem iniciat manum.
tu dulci revocas milibus halitu
passim terrigenum in pectora nuptias
  natalesque dies nec
  leti secius admones.
o tristes quot habent undique inertium
intervalla polorum, hos hodie mei
  ignaros, tamen unus
  fratres consociat dolor.

W. C. G.

LIV

AD SOCIOS

Nunc est eundum; nunc, socii, ratem
vinclis solutam pellite, pellite;
  ni fallor, illuc nos reducent
  siderei monitos nitores.

en! colliguntur iam nebulae; patet
pontus, per aequor nil sibi semitae
  constabit undosae; columnis
  coniferis peragrare nigras

silvas placebit, qua bene suavibus
quantum est quietis fragrat odoribus;
  en! sole sublato tenebrae,
  ulterior labyrinthus Orci!

S. A.

LV

QUOD ADEST MEMENTO COMPONERE AEQUUS

I mourn no more my vanished years,
  Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
  My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and singing low
  I hear the glad streams run,
The windows of my heart I throw
  Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind
  I look in hope and fear,
But grateful take the good I find
  The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
  To harvest weed and tare,
The manna dropping from God's hand
  Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
  Aside the toiling oar,
The angel sought so far away
  I welcome at my door.

And so the shadows fall apart,
  And so the west-winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
  I open to the day.

Whittier.

LVI

REQUIESCAT

Fair is her cottage in its place
  Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides;
It sees itself from thatch to base
  Dream in the sliding tides.
And fairer she, but ah, how soon to die!
  Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease;
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
  To some more perfect peace.

Tennyson.

LV

σύμβουλος οὐδείς ἐστι βελτίων χρόνου

Non ego praeteritos revoco iam fletibus annos,
at velut Aprilis decidit imber aquae,
sic lacrimae tangunt mentem risusque vicissim,
reddita, ceu puero, corde iuventa salit.
murmura percipio Zephyri; felicia currunt
flumina festivos edere visa sonos,
pectora dum pando capturus lumina solis,
accipit ut rutilans ampla fenestra iubar.
non iam respicio, veniens non auguror aevum,
non agitant varias spesque metusque vices;
accipio gratus quae det mihi commoda numen;
muneribus, praesens quot ferat hora, fruor.
vomere taedet enim desertam invertere terram,
ut lolium et filices gramina foeda metam;
pabula quae carpo divina tradita dextra
sollicitos culpant increpitantque metus.
inde viatoris baculum fas frangere, remus
ponitur exactum testificatus iter;
advena caelestis procul hinc quem quaerimus ultro
hospes adest, ipsas cernitur ante fores.
ergo adeo fugiunt tristes caliginis umbrae,
et Zephyri faciunt libera flabra viam;
pectora sic resero dulcem capientia lucem
ut capit immissam lata fenestra diem.

W. D.

LVI

PACIS IMAGO

Hic casa pulchra cubat, placidas hic despicit undas,
flumen ubi latis multa moratur aquis:
sese innare videt, qua labitur agmen aquarum,
perpetuam: somnis en! simulata quies.
pulchrior heu! virgo, morti sed debita: vitae
it sopor; an somnos lux hodierna fugat?
pax e pace subit; praelapsum leniter aevum
excipit haud nostro pax sine fine polo.

S. H. B.

LVII

FROM 'THE PASSING OF ARTHUR'

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or death-like swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for the whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell: but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale king glanced across the field
Of battle; but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shivered brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Tennyson.

LVIII

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
  I hear thee where the waters run;
  Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;
  But tho' I seem in star and flower
  To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
  My love is vaster passion now;
  Tho' mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
  I have thee still, and I rejoice;
  I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

Tennyson.

LVII

NOX INGENS SCELERUM, ET CAEDES ORIUNTUR, ET INSTAR
IMMENSAE VOCIS GEMITUS, ET PONDERE LAPSI
PECTORIS ARMA SONANT, CONFRACTIQUE ENSIBUS ENSES *Lucan.*

Qualis funereo iacuere ubi corpora lecto
conclamata, quies sequitur, vel morte sub ipsa
vel consanguineo leti torpore,—gementis
aestuat unda maris lento nisi forte susurro,
haud minus alta quies illam quam longa per oram est.
at vespertinis ubi tristior horruit umbris
aegra dies, Boreasque magis magis increbrescens
frigidus amovit nebulas, aestusque refuso
intumuit simul Oceano, loca conscia caedis
prospicit et late vacuam rex pallidus oram.
nec vox Christicolum est neque clamor barbarus usquam;
cuncta tacent: nisi qua lugubris frangitur unda
exanimum super ora, involvens ordine nullo
invalidas sine more manus; nudasque virorum
Marte peremptorum galeas huc disicit illuc,
pilaque fracta prius pilis collisa Latinis
alluit: interea vox flebile litus oberrat,
praeteritos sonat illa dies, sonat illa futuros.

F. St. J. T.

LVIII

οὐ γάρ με λήθεις

Vox ista ventum perstrepit volubilem,
  hanc inter amnes audio:
oriente formam stantis agnosco tuam
  Phoebo, occidente pulcher es.
quid esse dicam? vana mens coniecerit;
  te numinis ritu licet
flores et astra sentiam pervadere,
  non carus idcirco es minus.
praesens amor comprendit antiquum meus,
  iam factus ardor amplior.
fac sis Dei pars parsque Naturae, tamen
  magis magisque diligo.
adstas propinquus usque, quantumvis procul,
  te laetor amplectens adhuc;
vox ambiens benigna successus parit,
  nec morte divelli potes.

F. St. J. T.

LIX

BOADICEA

So the Queen Boadicea, standing loftily charioted,
Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce volubility.
Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments,
Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,
Roar'd as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,
Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory.
So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries
Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous hand,
Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,
Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,
Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy fainted away.
Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.
Perished many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary,
Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodune.

Tennyson.

LX

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

Tennyson.

LIX

BOUDICEA

Ita Boudicea curru super alta cuspidem
agitans manu, revolvens oculos lea rabida,
ululare filiabus stimulata comitibus;
simul ad rotas suorum cita confluere manus,
iacula horridum tuentes retonantia quatere,
gelidum velut remugit crepitans hieme nemus,
scopuli velut reliso tumido sale reboant,
quercumve rupe natam lacerat celer aquilo.
sonat hasta, rapida peltas manus unanima ferit;
tacitamque Martis aestus tetigit coloniam,
quae iam dolet quod egit cupide, domina rapax.
invadit ossa torpor, trepidans pavet anima;
fremit hostis, et silens cor sine sanguine hebet iners.
fit enim malum mali flos, furiam furia parit.
sanie solum redundat grave mille miseriis.
tenerae occidunt puellae, cadit obruta legio.
perit arx, colonias tres rapit una calamitas.

E. D. S.

LX

CUR DEXTRAE IUNGERE DEXTRAM NON DATUR AC VERAS AUDIRE ET REDDERE VOCES?

Non rixam, amici quod faciem mei
quod membra mutat Mors, foveo: neque,
  si norit hunc amplexa tellus
    progeniem dare turpiorem,
incredulus sic terreor. ordinis
aeterna lex stat, fertque animus vices
  multas, at unius videntur
    exuviae lacerique caules.
culpare nolim si cita Mors bonum
terris negatum dempserit. amplior
  humana (persuasumst) vigebit
    mota alio meliorque virtus.
hoc Mortis unum, hoc mente memor gravi
ulciscor ira, quod mihi quod tibi
  binas per intervalla vitas
    longa secat viduasque voces.

W. C. G.

LXI

The time admits not flowers or leaves
  To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
  The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
  To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
  Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
  To darken on the rolling brine
  That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
  To make a solid core of heat;
  Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
  With books and music, surely we
  Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

Tennyson.

LXII

Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the wave's last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last.

Clough.

LXI

NATALISQUE TUI SIC PERAGAMUS ITER

Non floribus non tempus erat comis
ornare caenam: iam Boreas furit
et saeva debacchantis Euri
flabra; riget glacies ab omni
suspensa tanquam spicula culmine,
stridentque silvae ferrea cornua,
spinasque et horrentes acutis
cuspidibus sine fronde ramos
lunae imminentis fax liquido procul
despectat igni: iam nebulae ruunt,
lateque nigrescunt per oram,
qua tumidi fremit unda ponti.
nos vina mensis, nos epulas cito
ponamus: acri pocula Massico
laeti coronemus: nitenti
ligna foco cumulata frigus
brumamque pellant: nunc hilari iuvat
sermone festum ducere, nunc iocis
et libero indulgere Baccho
dum liceat, memores amici
tanquam interesset: ferte libros precor
quos ille amavit; sit fidibus modos
aptare, sit ternis beatum
ter cyathis celebrare nomen.

E. B.

LXII.

O PATRIA!

Anglorum virides campi! quocumque viarum
Oceani vastas traiciemus aquas,
condita vestra pio sub pectore vivet imago,
vos mea vos quovis corda sub axe colent.
Anglorum dulces oculi! mihi meta profundi,
ultimus et limes praetereundus erit,
ante mihi oblito quam lux exstincta recedat,
risus et ex animo fugerit ille meo.
o patria, o penitus cari salvete penates!
vobis incolumi dent modo fata frui,
lapsum evanuerit tempus, ceu fumus in auras,
prae lare, prae patria, sit modo tacta, mea.

F. St. J. T.

LXIII

But at the flash and motion of the man
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower;
So, scared but at the motion of the man,
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,
And left him lying in the public way;
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Tennyson.

LXIV

GARIBALDI'S TOMB

The moon and stars were overhead
As past Caprera's rock we sped:
Caprera guards her soldier dead.

Is it not well that he should lie
Where the great waves go marching by
To war with waves eternally?

He loved the tumult of the seas
That rise and riot at every breeze,
His passionate heart was one with these.

Yet in his soul, above the fret
Of fierce desires, inviolate
The love of Italy was set.

The moon and stars were overhead:
Soft on his grave their light was shed;
"The moon and stars forgive," you said.

H. V. M.

LXIII

DIFFUGIUNT CADIS CUM FAECE SICCATIS AMICI

En micat inferrique parat celer: ilicet hostes
diffugere attoniti; qualis grex squamiger olim
aestivo cum mane Cameloti vada pronis
vitrea findit aquis, per arenae levia quemque
sublapsa duplicante umbra, tum, in margine ripae
si manus in radios tollat se obnoxia soli,
discurrere, sinusque, inter quos plurima lucet
insula candenti virides lita flore smaragdos,
iam non impulsu secat unica pinna micanti:
non aliter motu instantis disiecta fugatur
tota cohors, regemque palam liquere iacentem.
talis amicitiae vis est per pocula iunctae.

W. C. G.

LXIV

σῆμα τόδ' ἥρωος παραπόντιον

Sidera fulgebant et luna superne, per undas
dum ratis urget iter,
iamque Caprera subest: servant ea saxa Caprerae
militis ossa sui.

sic iacuisse virum decuit qua volvitur aequor,
nec mora nec requies,
ingentesque feruntur aquisque ingentibus instant
agminis instar aquae.

scilicet aequoreos dilexerat ille tumultus,
qui, simul aura vocat,
tollunturque tumentque: pares hic senserat iras
laetitiamque parem.

vita vices aestumque tulit: sed mente repostus
vixit amor patriae:
despexitque vices amor ille et nesciit aestum
deditus Italiae.

sidera fulgebant et luna superne, cadebat
lux placida in tumulum.
"sidera dant veniam, voluitque ignoscere luna"
vox tua molle sonat.

H. V. M.

LXV

REMEMBRANCE

Cold in the earth—and the deep snows piled above thee,
  Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
  Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
  Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings, where heath and fern-leaves cover
  Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers
  From these brown hills have melted into Spring!
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers
  After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee
  While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
  Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
  No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
  All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
  And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
  Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
  Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
  Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
  Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
  How could I seek the empty world again?

Emily Brontë.

LXV

HAEC MIHI SEMPER ERUNT IMIS INFIXA MEDULLIS

Quem procul algentem niveo premit aggere tellus,
  quem tenet aeternae lurida porta domus,
hocine, solus amor, cessat te pectus amare,
  rupit et omnipotens vincula tanta dies?

non mihi iam videor duros transcendere montes
  litus et Arctoi pervolitare freti,
otia tuta petens, filicis qua contegit umbra
  pectora magnanimi tempus in omne viri?

ter quinas hiemes—te frigida terra tenebat—
  leniit in nudis ver geniale iugis:
heu quae tanta fides animo tamen usque sedebit
  tot perpessa vices, tot cruciata malis?

da veniam, puer o nimium mihi care puellae,
  si rapida immemorem me facit hora tui:
spes agitant aliae, turbant nova vota ruentem;
  marceat, at priscus non temeratur amor.

non alter mihi desertae sol, crede, refulsit,
  non iterum tenebras dispulit alma dies:
omnia tu dederas vivendo gaudia vitae,
  omnia nunc tecum pallidus Orcus habet.

aurea sed cum iam mihi somnia rapta viderem
  nec summo possem victa dolore mori,
invisam quid sit didici non spernere lucem
  et vitam dempta pascere laetitia:

tum desiderio fera corda tumescere vano,
  fletibus et vanis ora madere veto,
nec trepido rigidis animum compescere frenis.
  dum ruit in flammae debita fata suae.

nunc quoque et aegra manet semper fugienda voluptas,
  nec mihi per lacrimas te meminisse licet:
hoc perfusa semel divini fonte doloris
  num vitae possem taedia vana pati?

H. B.

LXVI

FROM 'THE WATER-BABIES'

When all the world is young, lad,
  And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
  And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
  And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
  And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
  The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face then
  You loved when all was young.

C. Kingsley.

LXVII

GOOD BYE

I looked upon the world and saw
The need of sorrow there to draw
All men to God: it is life's law.

Only I needed one to prove
That here the willing soul may move
Through joy to God: His law is love.

I prayed for one with strength to show
That still the pure in heart may know
The mind of Christ: you proved it so.

Good bye: you have fulfilled my need:
Go, show the world in aim and deed
The beauty of the Christian creed.

H. V. M.

LXVI

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT

Dum vernant tibi cuncta, dum virescunt
silvae fronde nova, beate Sesti,
dum certare cycno videtur anser
et par esse Helenae puella quaevis—
tu nec poscere equum time nec orbem
percurrisse, puer: nequit morari
carcer praecipitis pedes iuventae.
sunt et fata cani, suique lusus.
sed fac iam senio subacta cuncta,
fac raptos nemori suos colores,
lusus fac tibi putidos videri,
excussumque rotae perire funem:
iam serpe emeritus domum senexque
mancorum in numerum senumque plebem,
felix tum quoque sic future, Sesti,
unam si modo det Deus tueri,
quam cunctis simul integris amabas.

H. C. F. M.

LXVII

VALE

Omnibus incubuit luctus (vidi ipse dolentes),
nec temere incubuit;
confisura Deo doleat gens nostra necesse est:
vivite, flete, viri.
saepe tamen nostras vox edidit illa querellas
exoriare aliquis,
qui venerans laetere Deum primaevus amansque;
vivit amatque Deus.
illud erat votum: semel exoriare, docensque
nunc quoque posse pios
nosse Deum vigeas aliquis: tu denique voti
me facis esse reum.
moribus expletum est mihi, quidquid defuit, istis:
vade valeque puer,
da pateat tua mens, pateant tua facta, probaque,
quid sit amare Deum.

H. V. M.

LXVIII

IDYLL

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down,
And find him; by the happy threshold he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Tennyson.

LXVIII

CARMEN PASTORAL

Montibus o tandem, virgo descende (canebat
pastor), in aeriis quae montibus ista voluptas?
sint miro candore licet, iuga frigore laedunt.
inmo age, ne vicina polo nimis, aemula Phoebi
de caelo tactam mihi praeterlabere pinum,
neu radians speculis conside micantibus astrum.
huc ades: ima colit vallis loca, valle sub ima
nascitur ales Amor: propera, si forte vagantem
convenias, felix qua tunditur area, vel qua
incedit rubicunda Ceres, sociumque reposcit,
seu procul eiecto maculantur pallia musto,
seu volpes sub vite latet: non ille libenter
Aurorae Letique comes candentia lustrat
cornua, nec gelidae excipias in faucibus Arcti,
porrectumve fretis glacialibus, agmine lento
quae stipata ruunt sulcos, volvuntque per atras
torrentem devexa fores: sequere, O mea virgo!
te torrens agat in vallem salientibus undis.
hic quaeratur Amor:—sine solae vertice calvo
exululent aquilae vergantque ingentia saxa
in praeceps, sinuetque volumina pendulus umor
mille modis fumi ritu, et vanescat in auras
sensim:—sic pereunt incondita vota virorum:
sic tu ne pereas: vallis te tota morantem
invocat, eque focis tibi caerula more columnae
ascendit nubes: pueri te nomine clamant,
pastor et ille inflo calamos tuus: undique dulcis
it de valle sonus, sed vox tua dulcior: amnes
flexibus innumeris trepidant per aprica loquaces
gramina: nec gemere annosa tibi turtur ab ulmo
cessat, apum denso mussant examine campi.

E. D. S.

LXIX

FROM 'THE SCHOLAR GIPSY'

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven: and we,
  Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
    Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
  Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
    Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;
        For whom each year we see
  Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
    Who hesitate and falter life away,
    And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
        Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too?

Yes, we await it, but it still delays,
  And then we suffer; and amongst us One,
    Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
  His seat upon the intellectual throne;
    And all his store of sad experience he
        Lays bare of wretched days;
  Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
    And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
    And how the breast was sooth'd, and how the head,
        And all his hourly varied anodynes.

M. Arnold.

LXX

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
  No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
      For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
  Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
      One grand, sweet song.

C. Kingsley.

LXIX

DESCENDE CAELO!

Tu vagus exspectas divinam ex aethere flammam ;
nosque, quibus dubii est vix mens bene credula cultus,
quos neque clarus agit sensus neque certa voluntas,
cassa quibus ratio est nec adhuc conata patrantur,
languida nec vota est sua perceptura cupido ;—
nos, quibus illusis iamdudum incepta vicissim
instaurat volvenda dies rapiensque fefellit ;—
debilis aetatem quibus inconstantia perdit,
et spoliat iactura hodiernos crastina fructus,
scintillam studio nonne exspectamus eodem ?
  exspectamus enim ; sed adhuc remoratur, et intus
angimur interea : nec non ex omnibus unus
ultima perpessus, princeps oracula vatum
deiecto residens animo vix fanda profundit
figere quot possint anni tormenta doloris ;—
explicat angorem, quanto fuat incremento
tristitia, aut quali sub signo et sidere nata ;—
quo nutrita foco salva durarit ab imis
spes face ; quo nisu mentem quo corda levarit,
quotque horae totidem fallendi damna figuras.

J. R.

LXX

VALE

Fingere si nequeo tibi, formosissima, carmen,
    alauda tam nigrante sub polo silet—
hoc tâmen unum abiens quo commoneare relinquam,
    ut in dies novata lux refulserit :
ut bona sis cures, alios sollertia captet :
    agens honesta mitte somniarier,
sic vitae mortisque vices vitamque perennem
    sacerrimum docebis eloqui melos.

C. S.

LXXI

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear!
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

M. Arnold.

LXXII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

Tennyson.

LXXI

FLUMINA AMANS SILVASQUE INGLORIUS

O nate mentis quum vigor integrae
vitaeque laeto ceu Tamesis nitor
cursu ferebatur; priusquam,
quod patimur, nova pestis aegro
diversa temptans ingruit impetu,
confusa mentem et pectoris impotens—
discede, contactuque nostro
i procul in nemorum recessus.
i peierati qualis ad inferos
aversa amoris lumine reppulit
Phoenissa congressus severo, et
nos abige, et tua lustra serva.
intaminatam spem refovens sinu,
amplexus umbras inviolabiles,
i, nocte sublustri corusca
nitere per coryleta, saltus
ultro evagare et tesca novissima,
quo non sequamur, silvicolum, et procul
emersus in clivum supinis
graminibus requiem imminente
tu carpe Luna; floribus, ut prius,
infunde rores, seu placeat magis
audire dumeto nigranti
quos resonet philomela cantus.

E. W.

LXXII

OMNIA MUTANTUR, NIHIL INTERIT

Silva vigebat, ubi nunc ingens volvitur aequor
cogeris a quantas, terra, subire vices!
qua via longa fremit populi stridore, silebant
non interrupti regna quieta maris.
quin ipsi colles umbrarum more figuras
instabiles variant, et nova forma subit.
stat nihil: umor uti, tellus modo firma liquescit,
ut miris abeunt nubila torta modis.
atqui mente mea constat me involvere; mentem
somnia delectant, somnia digna fide.
namque licet summas dent labra invita loquellas,
attamen aeternum non reor esse vale.

E. D. S.

LXXIII

BELSHAZZAR

1st Chorus

Hark! what dancing footsteps fall
Light before the Temple wall?
Who are ye that seek to pass
Through the burnish'd gate of brass?
Come ye with the gifts of Kings?
With the peacock's bright-eyed wings?
With the myrrh and fragrant spice?
With the spotless sacrifice?
With the spoils of conquer'd lands?
With the works of maidens' hands,
O'er the glittering loom that run,
Underneath the orient sun?
Bring ye pearl, or choicest gem,
From the plunder'd diadem?
Ivory wand, or ebony
From the sable Indian tree?
Purple from the Tyrian shore;
Amber cup, or coral store,
From the branching trees that grow
Under the salt sea-water's flow?

2nd Chorus

With a fairer gift we come
To the God's majestic home
Than the pearls the rich shells weep
In the Erythrean deep.
All our store of ebony
Sparkles in her radiant eye.
Whiter far her spotless skin
Than the gauzy vestures thin
Bleach'd upon the shores of Nile;
Grows around no palmy isle
Coral like her swelling lips,
Whence the gale its sweetness sips,
That upon the spice-tree blown
Seems a fragrance all its own.

Milman.

LXXIII

Chorus I

Audisne? templi quam leviter cadunt
postes ad altos in numerum pedes!
  huc unde delati subitis
    aere fores solido nitentes?

regumne fertis munera? gemmeas
pavonis alas, turaque pinguia
  myrrhamque mactandumque ad aras
    egregium sine labe taurum?

an victa tellus dat spolia: an suos
mittunt labores virgineae manus,
  quaecunque percurrunt coruscas
    sole sub exoriente telas?

an baca, lucens an diadematis
insigne rapti gemma venit decus?
  an sceptra cum nigris eburna
    quas ebenus dedit Inda virgis?

an litus ostrum Sidonio mari
an vasa misit murrhina? an arborum
  salso videndarum sub aestu
    curalium peperere rami?

Chorus II

Augusta templi limina quaerimus
munusque multo pulchrius in manu est
  gemmis, Erythraea quot unda
    concha suo parit usa fletu.

quodcunque nobis est ebeni, illius
fax est ocellis, labe carens color
  scit rara quae litus remittit
    Niliacum superare texta.

fert nulla dives curalium insula
labris puellae par roseis: Noti
  hinc aura delibat Sabaeis
    arboribus proprios odores.

J. C.

LXXIV

O LIEB', SO LANG DU LIEBEN KANNST!

O lieb', so lang du lieben kannst!
O lieb', so lang du lieben magst!
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst!

Und sorge, dass dein Herze glüht
Und Liebe hegt und Liebe trägt,
So lang ihm noch ein anders Herz
In Liebe warm entgegenschlägt!

Und wer dir seine Brust erschliesst,
O thu' ihm, was du kannst, zu lieb!
Und mach' ihm jede Stunde froh,
Und mach' ihm keine Stunde trüb!

Und hüte deine Zunge wohl,
Bald ist ein böses Wort gesagt!
"O Gott, es war nicht bös gemeint"—
Der Andre aber geht und klagt.

Dann kniest du nieder an der Gruft,
Und birgst die Augen, trüb und nass,
—Sie sehn den Andern nimmermehr—
Ins lange, feuchte Kirchhofsgras.

Und sprichst: "O schau' auf mich herab,
Der hier an deinem Grabe weint!
Vergieb, dass ich gekränkt dich hab'!
O Gott, es war nicht bös gemeint!"

Er aber sieht und hört dich nicht,
Kommt nicht, dass du ihn froh umfängst;
Der Mund, der oft dich küsste, spricht
Nie wieder: "Ich vergab dir längst!"

Er that's, vergab dir lange schon,
Doch manche heisse Thräne fiel
Um dich und um dein herbes Wort—
Doch still—er ruht, er ist am Ziel!

O lieb', so lang du lieben kannst!
O lieb', so lang du lieben magst!
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.

Freiligrath.

LXXIV

FELICES TER ET AMPLIUS QUOS IRRUPTA TENET COPULA

Dum potes, atque trium patiuntur fila sororum
pectore vivat Amor!
hora venit venit hora cito pede, Postume, qua mox
ante sepulcra gemes.
fac pia sacratam foveant praecordia flammam,
mutua fax caleat,
donec inexhaustis gliscet fervoribus alter
reddideritque vicem.
da, semel o si quis concordia foedera iunxit,
quidquid amore vales!
per te grata dies adrideat omnis amico,
nulla dolore gravet!
disce trucem linguam compescere, vox mala probrum
ne qua repente crepet.
"non ea mens inerat, superi vos testor," at alter
multa gemens abiit.
iamque genu flexo supplex cadis, et gena manat
fletibus adsiduis.
qua prope busta madent herbae, non amplius eheu!
cernitur ille tibi.
"me dignere precor me despectare, sepulcrum
qui queror ante tuum.
da veniam" exclamas; "dixi tibi si quid acerbi,
laedere non volui."
amplexus iterum visu sensuque carenti
non dederis cupidos.
labraque "iamdudum ignovi" non amplius aiunt
iuncta tuis totiens.
nempe dedit veniam iam longum est tempus, at udo
sparserat imbre genas]
improba vox: sed tu iam fletu parce! sodali
contigit alma quies.
dum potes, atque trium patiuntur fila sororum
pectore vivat Amor!
hora venit venit hora cito pede, Postume, qua mox
ante sepulcra gemes.

F. St. J. T.

LXXV

SCHMELZLE'S JOURNEY TO FLAETZ

In Vierstädten, nothing of importance presented itself, except—to my horror—a dog without tail, which came running along the town or street. In the first fire of passion at this sight, I pointed it out to the passengers, and then put the question, Whether they could reckon a system of Medical Police well arranged, which, like this of Vierstädten, allowed dogs openly to scour about, when their tails were wanting? "What am I to do," said I, "when this member is cut away, and any such beast comes running towards me, and I cannot, either by the tail being cocked up or being drawn in, since the whole is snipt off, come to any conclusion whether the vermin is mad or not? In this way, the most prudent man may be bit, and become rabid, and so make shipwreck purely for want of a tail-compass."

T. Carlyle (from Richter).

LXXVI

Love flew in at the window,
  As Wealth walked in at the door.
"You have come, for you saw Wealth coming," said I.
But he flutter'd his wings with a sweet little cry,
  "I'll cleave to you rich or poor."

Wealth dropt out at the window,
  Poverty crept thro' the door.
"Well, now you would fain follow Wealth," said I.
But he flutter'd his wings, as he gave me the lie:
  "I'll cling to you all the more."

Tennyson.

LXXV

HAC RABIOSA FUGIT CANIS

Nil insperati Tribus occurrisse Tabernis
ne memorem, cauda curtus canis ecce perempta—
horresco referens! cursu per strata viarum
vicus an oppidulum quo nomine cunque vocetur,
obvius infertur. quo viso percitus ira
compello incensis socios ego vocibus ultro,
municipine putent rem recte aedilibus actam,
queis catulos demptis placeat discurrere caudis?
his etenim mihi quid poterit restare recisis,
(talia quaerebam) quae tandem tuta salutis
spes superest, nostris si bestia quaelibet anceps
gressibus addatur, cauda neque rite sub auras
explicita aut tremulis submissa cruribus, omnis
improba quum desit, iam collegisse licebit
num sana, an tetra ringatur adacta phrenesi?
scilicet hinc hominum qui sit certissimus, olim
morsus obire potest rabiem, iustisque negatis
occupat indiciis clades Caudina dolentem.

J. R.

LXXVI

πτηνὸς Ἔρως.

Invasit patulas Amor fenestras,
Pluto vestibulum simul premente.
"tun Pluto," queror, "advolas satelles?"
ille haec, dum tremula coruscat ala,
dulci reddidit ore, "sive dives
seu tu pauper eris comes manebo."

Plutus per patulas abit fenestras
furtim est Pauperies adorta limen.
"ergo isti comes avolare mavis?"
aiebam increpitans, at ille, dum me
mendacem arguit emicante penna,
"quin te ex hoc," ait, "artius fovebo."

E. D. S.

LXXVII

MARGARET TO DOLCINO

Ask if I love thee? O smiles cannot tell
Plainer what tears are now showing too well.
Had I not loved thee, my sky had been clear:
Had I not loved thee, I had not been here,
Weeping by thee!

Ask if I love thee? How else could I borrow
Pride from man's slander, and strength from my sorrow?
Laugh when they sneer at the fanatic's bride,
Knowing no bliss, save to toil and abide
Weeping by thee!

C. Kingsley.

DOLCINO TO MARGARET

The world goes up and the world goes down
And the sunshine follows the rain
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold
And the night will hallow the day,
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay,

C. Kingsley.

LXXVIII

ANTONY AT ACTIUM

He holds a dubious balance: yet *that* scale,
Whose freight the world is, surely shall prevail?
No; Cleopatra droppeth into *this*
One counterpoising orient sultry kiss.

W. Watson.

LXXVII

PAR NOBILE

I

An te, quaeris, amem? planius indicat
hoc risu facili lacrima: non mihi,
    ni te prorsus amarem,
        nubes abriperent polum.
num tecum quererer, num comes adforem
ni suaderet amor? nonne superbio
    duris incita probris?
        addit nonne mihi novas
vires ipse dolor? vix bene compotis
coniunx dicta viri nonne renideo?
    sic contenta laborem,
        si flens adsideam tibi.

E. D. S.

II

Alternis homines tollit Fortuna premitque;
    sol sequitur pluvias:
irrisit nobis damnavit fronte severa
    mobile vulgus heri.
sed volucres hesterna semel, dulcissima coniunx,
    abripuere Noti.
ardet enim mulier, quamvis vir frigeat, et fit
    nocte sacrata dies.
quaeque senescebant curis agitata molestis
    pectora, mane tamen
instaurata vigent, coniunx dulcissima; gratum
    mane redibit opus.

E. D. S.

LXXVIII

M. ANTONIUS

Porrigit ancipitem libram; plus illa valebit
  lanx, cui terrarum maximus orbis inest.
non ita: namque Oriente calens, examine verso,
  osculum in hanc unum tu, Cleopatra, iacis.

E. D. S.

LXXIX

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
  East wind and frost are safely gone;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
  The summer comes serenely on;
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
  To promise all that's kind and fair:
But thou, O human heart of mine,
  Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
  The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
  Spring never would, we thought, be here.
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
  Had, not the less, their certain date:
And thou, O human heart of mine,
  Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

Clough.

LXXX

FROM 'COPLAS DE MANRIQUE'

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes:
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages past so long ago,
And how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away
Like days of old.

Longfellow.

LXXIX

τέτλαθι δὴ κραδίη

Trude novas platane alta comas; his denique terris
  Eurus atrox abiit praeteriitque gelu.
mitis adest Zephyrus; pluviis genialibus aestas
  aucta serenato fertur in arva polo.
spondet terra, boni quidquid vel quidquid honesti est,
  dant simul unanimam sol iubar aura fidem.
tu tamen humanis mea mens exercita curis
  comprime te: perfer muta laboris onus.
triste quidem frigus contracta luce December
  attulit, horrisonas Martia flabra minas.
iam propius veniens, iam longius usque recedens
  credidimus longa ver periisse mora.
sed sua lactenti gemmae, sua solibus almis
  praescripsit stabili tempora lege Deus.
disce cor humanos inter durare tumultus,
  te cohibe, gratas disce manere vices.

F. St. J. T.

LXXX

AEQUA LEGE NECESSITAS SORTITUR INSIGNES ET IMOS

Quid, Fusce, virtus, quid labor Herculis?
quid sceptra regum aut pontificum valent
  fastus sacerdotumque vittae?
    non premit hos leviore tactu

Mors aequa, quam cum claudit anhelitus
pastoris aegros inter ovilia.
  quid Troia debellata, vel quid
    mixta tot opprobriis decora

non visa nobis detineant? neque
Romana pubes prodiga sanguinis
  tot tradita et tradenda chartis
    incluta me recinente fiet.

quo prisca ritu saecula fluxerint
nil scire curans, tempora concinam
  hesterna, quae delebit aestu
    non alio rapiens vorago.

H. C. F. M.

LXXXI

THE ANTIMATERIALISTIC ANSWER OF AN OBJECTOR

Thus far our way is clear; but now comes my difficulty. Your atoms are individually without sensation, much more are they without intelligence. May I ask you then to try your hand upon this problem? Take your dead hydrogen atoms, your dead oxygen atoms, your dead carbon atoms, your dead nitrogen atoms, your dead phosphorus atoms, and all the other atoms—dead as grains of shot—of which the brain is composed. Imagine them separate and sensationless, observe them running together and forming all imaginable combinations. But can you see, or dream, or in any way imagine, how out of that mechanical act, and from those individually dead atoms, sensation, thought, and emotion are to arise? Are you likely to extract Homer out of the rattling of dice, or the Differential Calculus out of the clash of billiard balls?

Prof. Tyndall.

LXXXII

FROM 'THYRSIS'

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
  But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
    Some good survivor with his flute would go,
  Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
    And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
      And relax Pluto's brow,
  And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
    Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
    Are flowers, first open'd on Sicilian air,
  And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
  When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
    For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
  She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
    She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
      Each rose with blushing face;
  She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
    But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
    Her foot the Cumnor cowslips never stirr'd!
  And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

M. Arnold.

LXXXI

IMBECILLA NIMIS PRIMORDIA FINGIT

Quod quoniam docui, varias tibi posse creare
omne genus motus et coetus experiundo
corpora res eadem, victus fateare necessest.
"at sine sensu sunt" inquis "si semina rerum,
et sine mente animoque magis constare putandum est.
quare etiam atque etiam quamvis iterare placebit
aera, solem, ignem, terras, quae forte crearint
posse eadem inter se varias variare figuras
et coetu et motu, et mollem fieri inde cerebri
naturam—tamen usque sequor, vitamque requiro:
unde tibi vita est, vitaque carentibus istis
particulis? nisi forte extrinsecus insinuet se.
denique qua ratione animi quis possit apisci
qualicumque modo sensus vim gignier ipsam
ex insensilibus, sive ex excordibu' corda?
curve magis possunt fieri iam talia, quaero,
quam tibi Pythagorae ut referant obscura reperta
talorum crepitus tuditantum carcere in arto,
aut, quamvis iactata manu, pila reddat inani
cum sonitu versus semper florentis Homeri?"

R. C. G.

LXXXII

Μουσάων θεράπων, ὅτ' ἀκήρατος ἦν ἔτι λειμών

Heu sine rivali posthac regnabis, Amynta!
at Siculi si quem deflerent forte Bionem
pastores, socius de gente superstes eadem
ibat, et arguta modulatus arundine carmen
flebilibus comitem numeris urgebat ademptum.
ergo inconcessam transvectus fluminis undam
triste supercilium Ditis lenibat; at illo
carmine laeta caput Proserpina tollit honestum,
ipsa coronatos flores intexta capillos,
qui Siculas sese primum explicuere sub auras.
sic arte Orphea socium avertebat ab Orco.
o faciles aditus, superosque habitura benignos
vota hominum, si Persephonen prece pastor adiret
Doricus; ipsa etenim Siculis erraverat agris
et Siculos sacro proruptos gurgite fontes
norat, et Ennaeis quot crescant candida pratis
lilia, quotque rosae demissa fronte rubentes.
Doris avena illi, sunt Dorica carmina cordi.
sed nostri Thamesis nulla heu! pervenit ad aures
fama deae, nec nostra levi pede gramina rasit,
nosque illam questu frustra quateremus inani.

M. S. D.

LXXXIII

TO A SLEEPING CHILD

Lips, lips open!
Up comes a little bird that lives inside,
Up comes a little bird, and peeps and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings,
Up he comes and out he goes at night to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?
Round about the world while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?
Far away round the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?
All round the world and around again home.

Round the round world, and back through the air,
When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird, and looks, and in he flies.
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away,
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day;

Sleep, sleep little boy, little bird must go
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round
Round and round he goes—sleep, sleep sound.

Clough.

LXXXIV

MIDNIGHT INVOCATION TO THE WIND

Come forth from thine Æolian cave!
  Make plain the approaches of the day!
Then Earthward let thy pinions wave,
  To winnow human dross away!

Come forth, O wind! O'er dale and down,
  Across the broad, untainted seas,
With gathered freshness fan the town,
  That faints with manifold disease!

Come forth! To make the hazes flee
  From leagured souls; to sound thy horn
In laggard hearts; to set us free
  From petty love and petty scorn!

Money-Coutts.

LXXXIII

AD PUERUM DORMIENTEM

Labra patent; quae servat avis sub pectore nidum,
    prorepit atque elabitur.
totos illa dies intus sedet, et modo cantat,
    sub nocte pennas explicat.
"dic age, quo curris?" "totus mihi visitur orbis,
    quo tempore omnes nesciunt."
"tam cito nocte volas?" "nulli me cernere fas est
    extrema peragrantem loca."
"et quam longa vagam mora detinet?" "orbe peracto
    revertor ilico domum."
circumagit cursus avis, inde per aethera magnum
    sub solis adventum redit.
ut redit, ut nidum repetit; duo pandit ocellos
    sopore discusso puer.
dormi, parve puer. quae nunc avis avia lustrat,
    primo revertetur die;
dormi, parve puer! circum volet illa necesse est
    terras, quod omnes nesciunt.
dum circum volat illa, suosque refertur in orbes,
    te mollis ambiat sopor.

E. D. S.

LXXXIV

AURA VENI!

    Linquens Aeolium specus
nascens, Aura, iubar clarius indica,
    tum terris propius volans
sordes sparge hominum, mox iuga transiens
    vallesque et maris aequora
pura, urbem vegeto frigore ventila et
    morbo multiplici vias
languentes recrea: nubila dissipa
    obsessis animis, pigra
cornu corda tuo perstrepe, libera,
    seu fastidia nos mala
sive indignus amor compede degravat.

F. St. J. T.

LXXXV

FROM 'AURORA LEIGH'

Distrust that word;
"There is none good save God," said Jesus Christ.
If He once in the first creation-week
Called creatures good,—for ever afterwards
The devil only has done it and his heirs,
The knaves who win so, and the fools who lose;
The word's grown dangerous: in the middle age
I think they called malignant fays and imps
Good people. A good neighbour, even in this,
Is fatal sometimes,—cuts your morning up
To mincemeat of the very smallest talk,
Then helps to sugar her bohea at night
With your reputation. I have known good wives
As chaste, or nearly so, as Potiphar's;
And good, good mothers who would use a child
To better an intrigue.

E. B. Browning.

LXXXVI

SEPARATION

Stop! not to me, at this bitter departing,
Speak of the sure consolations of time!
Fresh be the wound, still-renew'd be its smarting,
So but thy image endure in its prime.

But if the steadfast commandment of Nature
Wills that remembrance should always decay—
If the loved form and the deep-cherish'd feature
Must, when unseen, from the soul fade away—

Me let no half-effaced memories cumber!
Fled, fled at once, be all vestige of thee!
Deep be the darkness and still be the slumber—
Dead be the past and its phantoms to me!

Then, when we meet, and thy look strays toward me,
Scanning my face and the changes wrought there:
"Who," let me say, "is this stranger regards me,
With the grey eyes, and the lovely brown hair?"

M. Arnold.

LXXXV

QUIS BONUS EST VIR?

Fallaci nimium caveas confidere verbo.
nemo unus probus est; probus est Deus unus; ut olim
caeligena edixit Domini sapientia nostri.
quippe Deus quamvis quondam probus ipse probavit
res opifex primas, at porro temporis illinc
hoc unus Satanas audet, Satanaeque propago,
si quis opes quaerat pravus, fatuusve profundat;
alea ut accedat damnosa probantibus. inde
usurpare probos, credo, male decolor aetas
vel non innocuos Lemures Lamiasque solebat.
nimirum est hodie tibi primo mane salutans
qui noceat probus ex vicino garrulus hospes;—
consecet horarum vapido sermone minutal,
ipsius adspersi damno sua Chia sodalis
mox conditurus: quae sit sane proba coniunx
vidimus Isiaca non multum incestior illa;
atque adeo mira matres probitate, tenelli
subsidio pueri caute prostare paratas.

J. R.

LXXXVI

LONGA OBLIVIA

Parce loqui, quam certa ferat solacia tempus,
 urget onus praesens, cogor egere tui.
usque recrudescat vulnus, renovetque dolores,
 dummodo te possim cernere qualis eras.
quod si Naturae lex inviolata figuram
 paulatim memori cedere mente iubet,
si species tam cara mihi vanescere debet,
 et nisi praesentem cernimus, iste decor,
me precor imperfecta tui ne laedat imago,
 totam animo faciem deleat hora meo.
me nox alta premat tenebris altique sopores,
 neu revocent actos vel simulacra dies.
tum si forte, meo quas tempus inusserit ori
 tempus edax cernes obvia facta notas;
sit mihi posse loqui, "quae me nova conspicit hospes
 cui crines nigri, lumina glauca nitent?"

E. D. S.

LXXXVII

FROM 'A DEATH IN THE DESERT.'

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are,
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.
Such progress could no more attend his soul,
Were all it struggles after found at first
And guesses changed to knowledge absolute,
Than motion wait his body, were all else
Than it the solid earth on every side,
Where now through space he moves from rest to rest.

R. Browning.

LXXXVIII

Tell me not now, if love for love
Thou canst return—
Now while around us and above
Day's flambeaux burn.
Not in clear noon, with speech as clear,
Thy heart avow,
For every gossip wind to hear;
Tell me not now!

Tell me not now the tidings sweet,
The news divine;
A little longer at thy feet
Leave me to pine.
I would not have the gadding bird
Hear from his bough:
Nay, though I famish for a word,
Tell me not now!

But when deep trances of delight
All Nature seal,
When round the world the arms of Night
Caressing steal,
When rose to dreaming rose says "*Dear, Dearest*"—and when
Heaven sighs her secret in earth's ear,
Ah, tell me then!

W. Watson.

LXXXVII
NOCTES ATQUE DIES NITI

Est hominis niti ulterius: non illa ferarum,
non natura Dei: Deus est, est et fera, partim
est homo, deest speranda tamen pars altera: quod si
quaereret acciperetque simul quaesita, laborem
si divinandi sapientia plena fugaret,
non magis ex imo se anima extricaret in auras,
quam posset, solida terra occludente, moveri
corpus, cui spatia ex spatiis mutantur eunti.

E. D. S.

LXXXVIII

νὺξ ἀσπασίη τρίλλιστος

Ne mihi dic, amorem
num parem nostro valeas reddere, cum diurnae
desuper atque circum
fulgurant taedae, memora, neu medio nitori
clarius indicato
corda quid celent, Zephyri ne rapiant loquaces.
sit mora nuntianti
verba, quae Dis me superis adnumerent; parumper
me sine destitutum
ad pedes volvi, volucris ne bibat aure voces,
dum vaga mutat umbras;—
quid licet verbum sitiam, tu tamen abstineto.
somnia sed beata
grata cum terras recreant compede, cumque furtim
bracchia noctis orbem
blanda circumdant, tenerum cara rosae sorori
cum rosa dormienti
murmurat, caeli propior cum propioris haurit
mystica sacra tellus,
tum meam demum referas, quidquid habes, in aurem.

E. D. S.

LXXXIX

RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
  But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
  But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
  And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children mourning
  Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
  Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
  Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
  Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
  May be heaven's distant lamps.

Longfellow.

XC

EVENING

Thence we turned, what time the blackbird
  Pipes to vespers from his perch,
And from out the clattering city
  Past into the silent church.

Marked the shower of sunlight breaking
  Through the crimson panes o'er-head
And on pictured wall and window
  Read the histories of the dead:

Till the kneelers round us, rising,
  Crossed their foreheads and were gone;
And o'er aisle and arch and cornice,
  Layer on layer, the night came on.

Calverley.

LXXXIX

DOLOR HIC TIBI PRODERIT OLIM

Nullum fida gregem pastoris cura tuetur,
  quin ovis agnellum maereat una suum:
centum hanc claustra domum, vigil hanc custodia servat;
  fit tamen huc Morti—quaeritur unus—iter.
plangentum inde sonat plenus ploratibus aer,
  inde "tu in aeternum, o frater, have atque vale":
nec caros parcit mater, cor fracta dolore,
  insatiabiliter flere super cineres.
sed tolerare iuvat. nam quae nos cumque lacessit
  cura, tamen tristi non venit orta solo:
largiri sic saepe solet deus aurea nobis
  occultata nigris gaudia imaginibus.
haud secus ac lentos cum spirat terra vapores
  uvida, quos acies lassa secare nequit,
lumina maerentis simulat feralia pompae
  arcis inaccessus fulgor Olympiacae.

R. D. A. H.

XC

DATUR HORA QUIETI

Inde revertentes, merulae quo tempore ab alta
  vox vespertinas nuntiat arce preces,
linquimus urbanos strepitus, raucoque viarum
  ingredimur taciti templa remota sono.
atria suspicimus variis distincta figuris,
  tingit ubi Solis vitrea flamma iubar;
historiasque virum, quos longa absumpserat aetas,
  et lapis et minio picta fenestra refert.
consurgunt donec passim, cruce tempora signant,
  atque abeunt, flexo qui siluere genu.
atria nigrescunt, laquearibus ingruit horror,
  et noctem advolvens densior umbra subit.

E. D. S.

XCI

Then that old Seer made answer playing on him
And saying, "Son, I have seen the good ship sail
Keel upward and mast downward in the heavens,
And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air:
And here is truth; but an it please thee not,
Take thou the truth as thou hast told it me.
For truly as thou sayest, a Fairy King
And Fairy Queens have built the city, son;
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps.
And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,
For there is nothing in it as it seems
Saving the King; tho' some there be that hold
The King a shadow, and the city real:
Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou pass
Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become
A thrall to his enchantments, for the King
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame
A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,
Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide
Without, among the cattle of the field.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever."

Tennyson.

XCII

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Clough.

XCI

URBS MAGICA

Tum Senior iuveni illudens respondit, "amice
vidi equidem in caelo suppa pendere carina
inversisque ratem malis, solidasque natare
aera per tenuem devexo vertice turres :—
en ! tibi vera loquor : quodsi me vera loquentem
respueris, quae tu narras, ego vera fatebor.
est ita : quam cernis, fili, rex condidit urbem
reginaeque Deum de sanguine : Solis ad ortum
emersere, sacer qua mons aperitur in antrum
quisque tenens citharam, et fidibus spirantibus una
erexere domos : magicam quod dixeris urbem,
vera refers : praeter regem simulacra feruntur
cetera non habitura fidem : ni verius illud
edicunt, quibus urbs stabilis, rex umbra videtur.
tu tamen hunc monitus caveas : nam si semel istos
intraris postes, regi famulabere, vinctus
vi magica ; te coget enim iurare, caputque
obstringet votis, quae non solvisse pudori,
solvere non hominum est : haec si iurare timebis
porta parum subeunda tibi est : quin tutius extra
cum pecore in campis habites : nam si tibi carmen
auditum est, credo artifices nova moenia vel nunc
condere, nam ad numeros urbs conditur, atque ita nunquam
condita, in aeternos etiam nunc conditur annos."

E. D. S.

XCII

Hoc animi columen : me quamvis abstulerit mors,
valebit usque Veritas.
quidquid agam, si forte vagor, si mutor in horas,
Tu semper immotus manes.
firmius hoc reputans pono vestigia, Tu non
ipso labante concides.

E. D. S.

XCIII

ATALANTA IN CALYDON

But if toward any of you I am overbold
That take thus much upon me, let him think
How I, for all my forest holiness,
Fame, and this armed and iron maidenhood,
Pay thus much also; I shall have no man's love
For ever, and no face of children born
Or feeding lips upon me or fastening eyes
For ever, nor being dead shall kings my sons
Mourn me and bury, and tears on daughters' cheeks
Burn; but a cold and sacred life, but strange,
But far from dances and the back-blowing torch,
Far off from flowers or any bed of man,
Shall my life be for ever: me the snows
That face the first o' the morning, and cold hills
Full of the landwind and sea-travelling storms
And many a wandering wing of noisy nights
That know the thunder and hear the thickening wolves—
Me the utmost pine and footless frost of woods
That talk with many winds and gods, the hours
Re-risen and white divisions of the dawn,
Springs thousand-tongued with the intermitting reed
And streams that murmur of the mother snow—
Me these allure, and know me; but no man
Knows, and my goddess only.

Swinburne.

XCIV

The night has a thousand eyes,
    The day but one;
But the light of the whole world dies
    With the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
    The heart but one;
But the light of the whole life dies
    When love is done.

F. W. Bourdillon.

XCIII

NULLA VENUS NON ULLI ANIMUM FLEXERE HYMENAEI

Sed fateor—ne quis forsan me incuset inane
iactantem decus et iusto maiora petentem—
exigit et poenas silva venantis in alta
virginitas: sunt pro gestis sua damna sagittis:
nec puram nulla laudem mercede rependo.
nam me nullus amor, nulli poterunt hymenaei
flectere, nec dulces venient circum oscula nati
nostra, nec infantum facies et cara videbo
lumina: non lacrimis olim lugebit ademptam
filia, nec matrem flebunt in funere reges.
vivam lege mea virgo venerabilis: ignes
contempsi solitos: non sum quam florea ducant
serta choros iuvenum comitantem effusaque vento
taeda: procul thalamo cupiam vixisse iugali.
montes quos primo tingit sol lumine, montes
me capiunt lataeque nives, iuga frigore venti
plena sui et rapido bacchati flamine fluctus,
multaque noctivagis regio quae personat alis
quo tonitru, quo turba venit glomerata luporum:
ultima me stans pinus inaccessaque pruina
ventorum comes et divom celebrata loquella
silva iuvat: lux prima iuvat seriesque renascens
horarum et raro canescens limite caelum:
me fons vocali distinctus arundine, meque
qua nive sint geniti referentes murmure rivi,
haec norunt, haec corda trahunt: sed novit amantem
nullus amans: divae tantum pertemptor amore.

A. D. G.

XCIV

Mille oculi tenebris, luci datur unus, at omnis
vanescit mundi sole abeunte color.
menti mille aditus—unum cor novit—amorem;
at vitae emoritur lux ubi fugit amor.

C. S.

XCV

FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON

These having halted bade blow horns, and rode
Through woods and waste lands cleft by stormy streams,
Past yew trees and the heavy hair of pines,
And where the dew is thickest under oaks
This way and that; but questing up and down
They saw no trail nor scented; and one said,
Plexippus, "Help, or help not, Artemis,
And we will flay thy boar-skin with male hands——"
But saying, he ceased, and said not that he would,
Seeing where the green ooze of a sun-struck marsh
Shook with a thousand reeds untunable,
And in their moist and multitudinous flower
Slept no soft sleep, with violent visions fed,
The blind bulk of the immeasurable beast.
And seeing, he shuddered with sharp lust of praise
Through all his limbs, and launched a double dart,
And missed: for much desire divided him,
Too hot of spirit and feebler than his will,
That his hand failed, though fervent; and the shaft,
Sundering the rushes, in a tamarisk stem
Shook, and stuck fast; then all abode save one,
The Arcadian Atalanta; from her side
Sprang her hounds, labouring at the leash, and slipped
And plashed ear-deep with plunging feet; but she,
Saying, "Speed it as I send it for thy sake,
Goddess," drew bow and loosed; the sudden string
Rang, and sprang inward, and the waterish air
Hissed, and the moist plumes of the songless reeds
Moved as a wave which the wind moves no more. . . .
Then all the heroes drew sharp breath, and gazed,
And smote not; but Meleager, but thy son
Right in the wild way of the coming curse
Rock-rooted, fair with fierce and fastened lips,
Clear eyes, and springing muscle and shortening limb—

XCV

PESTIS LATET ASPERA SILVIS

Fit mora; tum resonat fera bucina; protinus itur
per nemora et rapidis torrentibus invia tesca
per taxos, pinusque coma pendente gravatas
rosque ubi sub quercu densissimus; huc temere illuc
disquirunt, sed nulla feram vestigia, nullus
signat odor; "da, Cynthia, opem, vel tu abnue," clamat
Plexippus; "nudanda virilibus ista lacertis
pellis apri"; medioque tacens sermone resistit:
vidit enim subito tremere ictam Sole paludem
quaque artae viridi strident uligine cannae,
monstrum immensum informe cubat: visisque cruentis
pastus hiat nec dulci inclinat lumina somno.
at iuveni, trepidabat enim sub corde cupido
laudis, inhorrescunt artus; iaculum ilicet anceps
proicit incassum. nimioque ardore voluntas
excutitur, fallitque manus maiora petentem.
at calamos findit lentaque in stirpe myricae
constitit hasta tremens; dum cetera turba moratur,
irruit ante alios virgo Tegeaea; Molossi
prosiliunt latere, et nisu lora irrita solvunt,
dumque volutantur pedibus plangentibus ulvam
aure tenus, virgo exclamat, "tu, Diva, secundes
quod telum tibi vota dico": nervumque tetendit
immisitque, repens sonat ille relisus, et aer
sibilat, ac velut unda, Noto cessante, movetur,
cristato impulsae fluitabant vertice cannae.
attoniti obstupuere viri: stant pectore anhelo
nec feriunt; pesti Meleagros restitit unus
saevius instanti, proles tua, rupis ad instar
labra superba premens oculisque nitentibus acer
exsertisque toris, seque in sua colligit arma.

With chin aslant indrawn to a tightening throat,
Grave, and with gathered sinews, like a god—
Aimed on the left side his well handled spear,
Grasped where the ash was knottiest hewn, and smote,
And with no missile wound, the monstrous boar
Right in the hairiest hollow of his hide
Under the last rib, sheer through bulk and bone,
Deep in; and deeply smitten and to death,
The heavy horror with his hanging shafts
Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging lips
Foamed out the latest wrath of all his life.
And all they praised the gods with mightier heart
Zeus and all gods, but chiefliest Artemis,
Seeing; but Meleager bade whet knives and flay,
Strip and stretch out the splendour of the spoil;
And hot and horrid from the work all these
Sat, and drew breath and drank and made great cheer
And washed the hard sweat off their calmer brows.
For much sweet grass grew higher than grew the reed,
And good for slumber, and every holier herb,
Narcissus, and the low-lying melilote,
And all of goodliest blade and bloom that springs
Where, hid by heavier hyacinth, violet buds
Blossom and burn; and fire of yellower flowers
And light of crescent lilies, and such leaves
As fear the Faun's and know the Dryad's foot;
Olive and ivy and poplar dedicate,
And many a well-spring overwatched of these.
There now they rest; but me the king bade bear
Good tidings to rejoice this town and thee.
Wherefore be glad, and all ye give much thanks
For fallen is all the trouble of Calydon.

Swinburne.

tum mentum adductum iuguloque accline rigebat:
strenuus ipse gravi vultu, sic notus Apollo,
telum habile amplectens, nodos ubi fraxinus offert
dura, latus monstri, non eminus ille, sinistrum
transadigit, qua costa cavum dedit ultima saetis
horrentem; forat ossa ingens et viscera vulnus;
exsultat semel et letali saucius ictu
spumea dum extremos intentant labra furores
promisso modo dente minax procumbit humi sus.
ast illi Divos animo laudare recepto
Divorumque patrem, at summos Latonia honores
accipit, inde iubet cultris Meleagros acutis
tergora deripere, illustremque in litore praedam
tendere; iamque omnes calidi infectique cruore
considunt, et festa parant, Bacchoque replentur
frontibus absterso sudore et corpora curant.
gramina namque illic calamis exstantia dulces
invitant somnos, et sacri nominis herba
Narcissi, repensque solo melilotos, et omnis
copia quae culmoque virens et flore coruscat,
germina qua violarum hyacinthi grandibus ardent
tecta comis, rutilosque crocus splendescit in ignes,
lilia qua procera nitent, fetusque tenelli
qui Dryadum novere pedem, Faunique tremiscunt,
nec desunt oleae atque hederae, nec dedita Nymphis
populus, intactos defendens tegmine fontes.
illic otia agunt; me rex bona nuntia misit
portatum iucunda tibi, populoque tuorum.
ergo omnes gaudete, et grates reddite, nam qui
vastabat Calydonis agros, leto occubat hostis.

E. D. S.

XCVI

EARLY SPRING

Once more the Heavenly Power
    Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
    With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
    The throstles too.

Opens a door in Heaven;
    From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
    On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
    Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,
    And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
    And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
    Flung thro' the woods.

The woods with living airs
    How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
    All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep
    Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood,
    The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
    Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
    Like snowdrops, pure!

Past, Future glimpse and fade
    Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
    Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
    In sound and smell!

XCVI

VER ILLUD ERAT

Numen omnia iam creat
denuo, arvaque blandiens
rubra vomere sol fovet;
turdus et merula invicem
pro lubidine cantant.

iam polus reserat fores:—
trames e vitreo aethere
caespitem in viridem cadit,
claustra saxea traicit
caelitum nova turba.

imbribus praeeuntibus
gemma rumpitur, et nitent
plana pascua; vortices
emicant: nemore avio
sparsa sidera lucent.

at nemus vegeto osculans
aura ventilat halitu,
nata qua Thetis ingemit
fessa, litore languidos
hauriente susurros.

sanguis, eia age, prosili:
dulce ver iubet; huc et huc
mens serena tuere, sis,
flammeum simulans crocum
candidumque ligustrum.

acta vi magica patent
et futura virentibus
picta vallibus, aut iugo
montium: nova murmure aut
innuuntur odore,

Till at thy chuckled note,
  Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
  And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
  From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
  Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
  The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
  The poets too.

Tennyson.

XCVII

THE CHILD ASLEEP

Sweet babe, true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed,
Sleep little one, and closely gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me,
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend,
'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee.

His arms fall down—sleep sits upon his brow,
His eye is closed, he sleeps, nor dreams of harm—
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake my boy—I tremble with affright—
Awake, and chase this fatal thought, unclose
Thine eye but for one moment to the light,
Even at the price of thine give me repose.

Sweet error—he but slept—I breathe again.
Come gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile.
Oh when shall he for whom I sigh in vain
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

Longfellow

donec o volucris micans
mente inania procreas
somnia et strepitu levi
ducta per varias vices
    vox it addita voci.

cuncta nam renovat Deus:
bruma solvitur et liquor
flore roscidus intepet;
quod lubet merulae canunt
    concinuntque poetae.

E. D. S.

XCVII

PUER DORMIENS

Dormi, parve puer, verissima patris imago!
  in gremio dormi quod tua labra premunt.
dormi, parve puer—semperque tenacius haerens
  lumina materno fessa repone sinu.
leniter insidens istis obrepet ocellis
  non mihi concessus, dulcis alumne, sopor.
invigilo custos, nutrix, tutamen inermi,
  a! soli dulce est invigilare tibi.
bracchia dependent—clauduntur lumina—dormit
  nil sibi praemetuens—somnus in ore sedet.
et nisi pomorum malae de more ruberent
  mortis in amplexu nonne sepultus erat?
rumpe, puer longos—quatior formidine—somnos
  rumpe—malos nostro pectore pelle metus.
ad lucem clausos resera paullisper ocellos;
  ipse licet careas, da mihi pace frui—
somnus erat—redeunt animi—me luserat error.
  somne veni, blandis dulcis imaginibus.
o! quando mecum frustra qui quaeritur absens
  excipiet risus vir vigil ipse, tuos?

J. C.

XCVIII

FROM 'THE ANCIENT SAGE'

How far thro' all the bloom and brake
  That nightingale is heard!
What power but the bird's could make
  This music in the bird?

How summer-bright are yonder skies,
  And earth as fair in hue!
And yet what sign of aught that lies
  Behind the green and blue?

But man to-day is fancy's fool
  As man hath ever been.
The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule
  Were never heard or seen.

And since—from when this earth began—
  The Nameless never came
Amongst us never spake with man,
  And never named the Name—

What Power? aught akin to Mind,
  The mind in me and you?
Or power as of the Gods gone blind
  Who see not what they do?

What Power but the Years that make
  And break the vase of clay,
And stir the sleeping earth, and wake
  The bloom that fades away?

What rulers but the Days and Hours
  That cancel weal with woe,
And wind the front of youth with flowers,
  And cap our age with snow?

The years that made the stripling wise
  Undo their work again,
And leave him, blind of heart and eyes,
  The last and least of men;

Who clings to earth, and once would dare
  Hell-heat or Arctic cold,
And now one breath of cooler air
  Would loose him from his hold;

XCVIII

BREVIS EST HIC FRUCTUS HOMULLIS

Quam longe resonabilis
per dumeta canit florida Daulias
quae vis, ni propriam sibi
de se promat avis, tale creet melos?

aestas aurea caerula
pingit luce polum, pascua gramine.
quo pingente tamen, color
fiat caeruleus, quo viridis, latet.

ut mens usque hominem procax
deceptum vacua ludat imagine,
quis numen tamen unicum
vidit, seu fuerint plura, quis audiit?

illud nomine quod caret,
ex quo terra fuit, non adiit suos,
non verbis hominem adloqui
dignatur, sua nec dicere nomina.

num sit conscia Mens sui, et
nostris, quicquid agat, congrua mentibus,
an caeco Deus impetu
erret, quid faciat nescius, haud liquet.

urnam tempora de luto
frangunt comminuuntque; arva resuscitant
anni vincta soporibus,
ut vestita brevi germine rideant.

Horis imperium datur,
commutantque Dies dulcia tristibus,
nectunt flore novo caput
intonsum, nivibus canitiem notant.

anni dant sapientiam,
idem coepta parant pensa retexere.
en! fit caecus, iners, senex,
cu lucens oculus, mens fuit integra.

qui nunc haeret humo timens,
ne flamen titubantem acrius auferat,
ferventem ille Caniculam
quondam, Sithonias ille tulit nives.

His winter chills him to the root,
He withers marrow and mind;
The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit
Is jutting thro' the rind;

The tiger spasms tear his chest,
The palsy wags his head;
The wife, the sons, who love him best
Would fain that he were dead;

The griefs by which he once was wrung
Were never worth the while.
The shaft of scorn that once had stung
But wakes a dotard smile.

The years that when my Youth began
Had set the lily and rose
By all my ways where'er they ran,
Have ended mortal foes;

My rose of love for ever gone,
My lily of truth and trust—
They made her lily and rose in one,
And changed her into dust.

O rosetree planted in my grief,
And growing, on her tomb,
Her dust is greening in your leaf,
Her blood is in your bloom.

O slender lily waving there,
And laughing back the light,
In vain you tell me "Earth is fair"
When all is dark as night.

But vain the tears for darken'd years
As laughter over wine,
And vain the laughter as the tears,
O brother, mine or thine,

For all that laugh, and all that weep
And all that breathe are one
Slight ripple on the boundless deep
That moves, and all is gone.

frigent corda medullitus,
intus torpet hiemps, intus hiemps furit;
iamque extrusa putamine
findit nux tenuem lurida corticem.

pectus, tigris ut aspera,
tussis dilaniat, fit tremulum caput;
at cum coniuge liberi
mortem deproperent grexque sodalium;

flocci tristitiam facit,
insolabiliter qua doluit modo;
ridet tela seniliter,
quae strinxere gravi corda calumnia.

anni, qui mihi lilia,
qui fudere rosas callibus adsitas
quas pressi tenero pede,
tristes difficili fronte gerunt minas.

me ditavit amor rosa
adiecitque fides integra lilium,
at quae lilia cum rosis
miscens una dedit, pulvis iners iacet.

o flos, quem tumulo dolens
adsevi, cineres illius illius
vernant fronde tua, rubent
intacto melius germina sanguine.

o risu quod amabili
reddis dulce iubar, mobile lilium,
me caligine nox premit
frustra qualis agri gratia sit, mones.

vanos pocula dant iocos;
vanas tempora dant tristia lacrimas;
seu tu, sive ego flevero,
nil o Grosphe valet lacrima, nil iocus;

huic risus datur, huic dolor,
at quotquot vegeto lumine vescimur,
ceu magno levis in mari
nunc nunc unda tumet, nunc abiit, sumus.

Yet wine and laughter, friends! and set
  The lamps alight, and call
For golden music, and forget
  The darkness of the pall.

O worms and maggots of to-day
  Without their hope of wings!
Tho' some have gleams, or so they say,
  Of more than mortal things.

And idle gleams will come and go,
  But still the clouds remain;
And night and Shadow rule below
  When only Day should reign.

Tennyson.

XCIX

Athwart the sky a lowly sigh
  From west to east the sweet wind carried,
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill,
  His light in all the city tarried.
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.
Oh, sweetheart see! how shadowy
  Of some occult magician's rearing
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
  Dissolving, dimly re-appearing
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides.
A rumour broke through the thin smoke
  Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thorough-fares,
  The million-peopled lanes and alleys.
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,
The heart of London beating warm.

J. Davidson.

at vinum date cum iocis,
addat viva faces taeda sodalibus,
praesto sit melos aureum,
quod nigras abigat noctis imagines.

vermes vivimus in diem,
quis alam volucrem sors fore denegat.
ut sint quorum oculis iubar
incertum superas obtulerit domos,

fallax it iubar et redit,
nubes usque polo se glomerant, humum
nox umbra tegit horrida,
qua lucere novus debuerat dies.

E. D. S.

XCIX

HINC TOTAM LICET AESTIMARE ROMAM

Mollia trans caelum misit suspiria ventus,
dum loca ab Hesperiis ortus Eoa petit.
sol frenabat equos vicino in colle moratus,
demere ceu magna nollet ab urbe rotas.
nubila pendebant, veluti suffulta columnis,
vivere ut ardenti lilia visa rogo.
adspice, noster amor, procul ingens imminet umbra,
occulta credas arte levasse magum.
huc illuc fluitat, si quando adriserit aether;
nube latet, tollit vix modo nube caput.
Paulli sancta aedes, urbi velut addita custos,
mutat, ut inconstans fluctuat aura, vices.
per tenuem rumor gravis increbrescere fumum,
quo turris templum regia mersa iacent;
inclusi tectis paradisi, compita, calles,
quos passu adsiduo milia multa terunt.
aeternum mussans angusto in carcere turbo,
audin! Londini cor geniale micat.

E. D. S.

C

REST

Where sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep:
  Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
  Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
  And water springs.
Through sleep as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
  That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
  The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain:
She cannot feel the rain
  Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
  Till time shall cease:
Sleep that no pain shall wake:
Night that no morn shall break
Till joy shall overtake
  Her perfect peace.

C. G. Rossetti.

CI

To Art we go as to a well, athirst,
  And see our shadow 'gainst its mimic skies,
But in its depth must plunge and be immersed
  To clasp the naiad Truth where low she lies.

W. Watson.

C

DULCIS ET ALTA QUIES

Qua nigros amnes sine sole fluctus
in fretum stillant, magici sopores
virginem mulcent: violare sacram
    parce quietem!
unico ducente per aequor astro
rura natali peregrina longe
sede mutavit placidasque demum
    contigit umbras.

limen Aurorae roseosque tractus
solis, et flavas segetes reliquit,
frigore obsessos aditura et udo
    vespere fontes,
qua gravi velata sopore sensus
adspicit pallere polum, querellas
accipit, si quas ciet integratque
    Daulias ales.

at quies, aeterna quies iacenti
pectus et frontem tenet ;—occidentis
ad plagas conversa, rubroque tactos
    lumine campos,
interim clivo segetes aprico
sole maturas, patulaque valle
non videt turgere, manumve sentit
    imbre madentem.

nam quies, cui finis abest, repostae,
ripa qua musco viret, huic medullas
irrigat, mansura quies, neque ullo
    solvitur aevo;
nec dolor somnos abiget, nec illa
nocte discedent tenebrae, priusquam
occupent plenam excipiantque plena
    gaudia pacem.

W. D.

CI

Ut fontem quaeras sitiens, nos quaerimus Artem,
  nostra ubi non vero redditur umbra polo.
qui tamen amplexus secretae Naidos optat,
  corpore summerso protinus ima petat.

E. D. S.

CII

TO HIS FATHER

Peace and her huge invasion to these shores
Puts daily home; innumerable sails
Dawn on the far horizon and draw near;
Innumerable loves, uncounted hopes
To our wild coasts, not darkling now, approach;
Not now obscure, since thou and thine are there,
And bright on the lone isle, the foundered reef,
The long, resounding foreland, Pharos stands.

These are thy works, O father, these thy crown;
Whether on high the air be pure, they shine
Along the yellowing sunset, and all night
Among the unnumbered stars of God they shine;
Or whether fogs arise and far and wide
The low sea-level drown—each finds a tongue
And all night long the tolling bell resounds:
So shine, so toll, till night be overpast,
Till the stars vanish, till the sun return,
And in the haven rides the fleet secure.

This hast thou done, and I—can I be base?
I must arise, O father, and to port
Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home.

R. L. Stevenson.

CIII

SONG

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

W. Watson.

CII

TREPIDIS UBI DULCIA NAUTIS LUMINA NOCTIVAGAE TOLLIT PHAROS AEMULA LUNAE

Ecce iterum ingentes repetunt sua litora classes,
pacis opus; longeque ubi caelum inclinat in undas,
plurima summissis grandescunt carbasa velis,
sperantumque cohors magna et magna instat amantum.
litora iniqua prius, non iam nigrantia, non iam
obscurata petunt, cum te tua signaque norunt,
et supposta fretis clarescunt saxa marinis,
inque repercusso Phariae stant litore turres.
    haec opera, hoc decus, alme, tuumst: seu pura sereno
aethere flaventem gaudent discedere solem,
sideribusque superveniunt nocturnaque fulgent
lumina, seu nebulis surgentibus undique totum
obruitur mare magnum atque aequora longa premuntur:
iam vocis datur et tenebras clangore trahendi
copia, iam totam pulsantur tympana noctem.
sic oro moneant voces sic lumina noctem
illustrent, donec decedant sidera caelo,
ancoraque in portu fundet secura carinam.
    ast ego te natus, neque enim nisi digna decebunt,
ibo et navifraga si quis vagus obsecret unda,
subveniam, cursusque regam, portumque recludam.

A. S. W.

CIII

δακρυόεν γελάσας

Aprilis modo risibus
puellaribus imbuas
caelum, dein lacrumis riga
        puellaribus ora.

Aprilis, similis proci
meis auribus adsonas:
si, dulcissime, dixero,
        quid sperem metuamve

responde, bone Dive, sis,
aureis mihi risibus,
deinde protenus aureis
        guttis illacrumare.

E. D. S.

CIV

ON THE RHINE

Vain is the effort to forget.
Some day I shall be cold, I know,
As is the eternal moonlit snow
Of the high Alps, to which I go—
But ah, not yet, not yet!

Vain is the agony of grief.
'Tis true, indeed, an iron knot
Ties straitly up from mine thy lot,
And were it snapt—thou lov'st me not!
But is despair relief?

Awhile let me with thought have done.
And as this brimm'd unwrinkled Rhine,
And that far purple mountain line,
Lie sweetly in the look divine
Of the slow-sinking sun;

So let me lie, and, calm as they,
Let beam upon my inward view
Those eyes of deep, soft, lucent hue—
Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey.

Ah, Quiet, all things feel thy balm!
Those blue hills, too, this river's flow,
Were restless once, but long ago.
Tamed is their turbulent youthful glow;
Their joy is in their calm.

M. Arnold.

CV

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walked to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away
For all along the valley down thy rocky bed
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

Tennyson.

CIV

ἠρεμία

Frustra non meminisse volo: sed pectora novi
  mox fore perpetua frigidiora nive,
quam petimus, luna qua saxa Alpina renident;
  tempus erit, nondum tempus adesse reor!
angimur incassum luctu, disiunctaque semper
  compede ferrata sors utriusque manet.
sin disrupta foret, nostrum indignaris amorem:
  desperare tamen num mea corda levat?
paulisper positis sit linquere seria curis,
  Rhenus ut immota plenus abundat aqua;
decedentis uti divina lampade solis
  purpurei montes et iuga longa nitent,—
sic mihi quae pascant sensus recubantis inertes
  lumina blanditiis mollibus apta natent:
caerula num dicas? Musa huic aversa colori,
  glaucane? sed Paphiae displicet ille Deae.
nil tua non, o blanda quies, solacia sentit,
  te sine mons olim, te sine flumen erat;
acta loquor: prisci iam detumuere furores,
  nunc sibi, nunc paci posse vacare iuvat.

E. D. S.

CV

αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες

Rive, micas vallis per opaca, et nocte videtur
  crebrescente simul crebrior ire sonus.
fugerunt sex lustra, viro cum iunctus amato
  valle tua feci, qua facit unda, viam.
iamque hodie rursum vallis per opaca vaganti
  ut nebulae, fallunt sex mihi lustra fugam.
vallis enim per opaca, teris qua saxa fluento
  voce sonos viva, qui periere, refers;
visaque per vallem, rupesque arbustaque circum,
  quae periit vivos edere lingua sonos.

G. E. M.

CVI

URANIA

I too have suffered; yet I know
She is not cold, though she seems so.
She is not cold, she is not light;
But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turn'd upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She look'd, and smil'd, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labour'd, puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet show her once, ye heavenly Powers,
One of some worthier race than ours!
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend and weep for glee,
And cry: "Long, long I've look'd for thee."

Then will she weep; with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their pure, unwavering, deep disdain.

M. Arnold.

CVI

URANIA

Me quoque temptavit dolor, at quod praestat in ore
  non equidem cordi frigus inesse reor.
non levis est, non friget iners: ignobile vulgus
  nos sumus, et vero robore corda vacant.
ridet in aeternum virgo, suspiria temnit,
  nos morimur, vanas spes abigente metu.
est tamen illa capax, oculi testantur, amoris,
  si maiore forent nobilitate viri.
huc quondam est dulces oculos conversa, virumque
  quale foret pectus, discere cura fuit.
conspexit risitque simul: res nota patebat,
  quaeque fuit nuper seria, facta levis.
vile genus, quali calcamus pulpita gestu!
  scenicus et quanta fingitur arte furor!
haec sprevit, spernatque licet, dum forsan et ipsos
  paeniteat ludo quemque vacare suo.
attamen o si fata sinant, modo viderit unquam,
  ingenio qui sit nobiliore satus,
auspice quo, fictos modo quae temnebat amores
  se quoque quam vere possit amore, probet,
lumina cui niteant astrorum clarius igni,
  vox velut aestiva murmura nocte sonet,
fecerit et quidquid miri natura creatrix,
  expressum vultu qui gerat ipse suo.
porriget illa libens dextram et defixa tuendo
  stabit, inexpertas imbre rigante genas,
laetaque flensque simul proprium cognoscet amicum,
  dicet et, "optanti tu mihi serus ades."
flebit; at interea risu frigente virorum
  moris erit fictum ludificare genus,
interea vanos oculis spirabit amores
  ipsa minus dignos temnere docta procos.

E. D. S.

CVII

Achilles ponders in his tent,
The kings of modern thought are dumb;
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come.
They have the grief men had of yore,
But they contend and cry no more.

Our fathers water'd with their tears
This sea of time whereon we sail;
Their voices were in all men's ears
Who pass'd within their puissant hail.
Still the same Ocean round us raves,
But we stand mute and watch the waves.

For what avail'd it, all the noise
And outcry of the former men?
Say, have their sons obtain'd more joys?
Say, is life lighter now than then?
The sufferers died, they left their pain;
The pangs which tortured them remain.

There may, perhaps, yet dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, oh, haste those years;
But, till they rise, allow our tears!

Allow them! We admire with awe
The exulting thunder of your race;
You give the universe your law,
You triumph over time and space.
Your pride of life, your tireless powers,
We mark them, but they are not ours.

M. Arnold.

CVII

EXORIARE ALIQUIS

Multa silens intra tentoria volvit Achilles :—
  si cui mens hodie est alta vigensque, silet.
labra quidem compressa, sed haud contenta voluntas ;
  passuri quidquid iusserit hora, manent.
hi subeunt, si quid patres subiere molesti,
  sed niti contra, sed doluisse piget.
maiores lacrimis spargebant Temporis aequor,
  tendimus haud alio nos quoque vela mari.
clarius illorum vox rauca sonabat in aure,
  si qua ratis medio est obvia facta freto.
Oceanus vel adhuc et nos circumtonat idem,
  at notas muti nos speculamur aquas.
scilicet insani quidnam evaluere tumultus,
  quid fragor et veterum vana querella virum?
gaudia num seris maiora nepotibus adsunt?
  num vitae levius redditur inde iugum?
exuit illa suos gens ipsa morte dolores :—
  idem postgenitos vexat agitque dolor.
forsitan at melior natis illuxerit aetas,
  quali nos miseros Di vetuere frui,
cum sine tristitia sapientibus esse licebit,
  quique vacat ludo, non erit ille levis.
hoc agite, o cives! festinent ocius anni,
  dum veniant, nobis fas sit, ut ante, queri;
fas sit, ut ante, queri; dum vos miramur inultos
  per mare per terras axe tonante vehi,—
vos indignato leges imponere mundo,
  grande nihil spatium, tempus obesse nihil,
robur inexhaustum longe, moresque superbos
  cernimus attoniti ;—nostra vocare nefas.

E. D. S.

CVIII

THE WEAVER

Within a squalid city-court
  A weaver rents one cellar-room;
The neighbours' children deem it sport
  To watch the old man at his loom.

So half in daring, half in fear,
  As to and fro the shuttle flies,
They creep down to his side and peer
  Into his unregarding eyes.

His form is famine-gaunt and bowed,
  His aged hands have lost their skill:
But, like the moon within a cloud,
  A hidden light his soul doth fill.

It shineth through the careworn face,
  And o'er its sordid garb it flings
The viewless mantle of a grace
  Not found in palaces of kings.

On journeys high his spirit fares,
  Of realms of sunless light is free;
The triumph of the saints he shares,
  He stands beside the Crystal Sea;

He hears the mystic anthem tone;
  He mingles with the tearless throng
Who meet before the Great White Throne;
  His voice uplifts the Wedding Song.

But ah! His mortal lips are sealed,
  That vision he may not declare;
Its glories all are unrevealed
  Unto the children gazing there.

In barefoot silence as they came
  They climb his cellar steps once more
And soon forget him in a game
  Of shuttlecock and battledore.

R. H. Law.
"*Spectator,*" *Jan.* 9, 1897.

CVIII

TEXTOR

Subter humum textor cellam conduxerat artam,
  squalet ubi brevibus torta Subura viis.
grataque vicinis pueris spectacula praebet
  intentus telae staminibusque senex.
mirantur, pavidaque simul formidine torpent,
  filorum radio discutiente moras.
saepe etiam invadunt propius, propiusque tuentur
  lumina; nil curae, quod tueantur, habet.
macra fame adsidua species, incurvaque terga,
  lenta caret prisca calliditate manus.
interiore tamen candescunt incita flamma
  pectora: sic densa Cynthia nube latet.
deformes cura lustrat mirabile vultus
  lumen, habet mirum trita lacerna decus.
illic, quam frustra regum desiderat aula,
  gratia, non homini conspicienda, nitet.
sublimis mens alta petit: volat avia longe,
  regna ubi non nostro splendida sole patent.
Divorumque comes gestit celebrare triumphos,
  statque ubi crystallo purior unda micat.
sacra beatarum captat discrimina vocum;
  adscribit socium nescia flere cohors.
candenti adsistit Solio cum gente piorum,
  illius aeternum vox, Hymenaee, canit.
res tantas vulgare nefas: ea visa silentur;
  perpetuaque manent labra revincta sera.
grex puerilis enim caelestia sacra tuentem
  et videt et nescit quid stupor ille velit.
ut venere, pedes nudi tacitique recedunt,
  per notos repetunt lumina aperta gradus.
et senis obliti ludunt, manibusque peritis
  alternam mittunt excipiuntque pilam.

E. D. S.

CIX

THE RIVER

Still glides the stream, slow drops the boat
Under the rustling poplars' shade;
Silent the swans beside us float—
None speaks, none heeds; ah, turn thy head!

Let those arch eyes now softly shine,
That mocking mouth grow sweetly bland;
Ah, let them rest, those eyes, on mine!
On mine let rest that lovely hand!

My pent-up tears oppress my brain,
My heart is swoll'n with love unsaid.
Ah, let me weep, and tell my pain,
And on thy shoulder rest my head!

Before I die—before the soul,
Which now is mine, must re-attain
Immunity from my control,
And wander round the world again;

Before this teased o'erlaboured heart
For ever leaves its vain employ,
Dead to its deep habitual smart,
And dead to hopes of future joy.

M. Arnold.

CX

TOO LATE

Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul which halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.
"Thy heart is mine!" "True, true! ah, true!'
"Then, love, thy hand!" "Ah no! adieu!"

M. Arnold.

CIX

FLUMINA DEBERENT IUVENES IN AMORE IUVARE

Unda tacet labens: it tardo cymba meatu,
  qua tremula nutat populus alta coma,
dum ferimur simul unda vehit sine murmure cycnos,
  quis videt aut curat? flecte, puella, caput.
mollius eniteant oculi modo salsa iocantes
  acria subrepat blandus in ora lepor.
da tua luminibus requiescant lumina nostris,
  ista premat leviter candida dextra meam.
frons dolet: anguntur compresso tempora fletu,
  pectus amore tumet, nec profitendus amor.
a sine me in lacrimas solvi, luctumque profari,
  inque humero frontem posse levare tuo,
ante ego quam moriar, divinaeque halitus aurae
  exsors imperii coeperit esse mei,
quae mihi nunc paret, mox nostri libera iuris
  lustrabit vacuo quidquid in orbe patet;
ante labore gravi quam mens lassata recedet,
  vanaque desierit munera velle sequi;
iam torpebit enim solitos exuta dolores,
  nec rata venturos gaudia ferre dies.

E. D. S.

CX

εὖ γε λέγων τὸν καιρὸν ἔφης θεὸν, εὖ γε Μένανδρε

Tramite quisque suo, fato cogente, movemur,
  ante obeunt multi quam sit amore frui;
vita quidem diversa viget, quae cuique virorum
  dimidium vitae debuit esse suae.
est ubi vel gravior sors accidit, est ubi sero,
  quam potuit secum iungere, cernit amans.
"noster amor, tu noster" ait procus:—illa fatetur;
  "da mihi, da dextram, dum licet"; "immo vale."

E. D. S.

CXI

A LATE LARK

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The larks sing on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

W. E. Henley.

CXII

MORS CELTICA

Blue is the sky, and blue the flowing river,
All the clouds are golden as the sun goes down to sleep:
And would that I were in the stream floating out for ever:
To hear the waves a-washing, and to smell the salt sea deep.

Floating in the darkness, drifting out and dreaming
Far from little noises and the thunder of the sea:
If wishes they were true, and the true things only seeming,
'Tis out amid the darkness and the waters I would be.

Out beneath the starry sky, where the birds are crying,
Where the foam-flakes flash and melt on every bubbling crest;
Tis there beneath the starry sky I would be sweetly dying,
And down among the hush of waves be sinking to my rest.

Moira O'Neill.

CXI

θάνατος δέ μοι αὐτῷ
ἀβληχρὸς μάλα τοῖος ἐλεύσεται

Sera alauda pipilat
tacente caelo, iamque ab occidenti
sol ubi laboribus
velut peractis laetus immoratur,
lucida face incidens
canam senecta Pax serenat urbem.
surgit aureus vapor
rosaque tinctus; arx novos colores
mutat; umbra vallibus
oborta repit: usque alauda cantat.
Sol novissimum vale
dicit, caditque: iam nigrescit aer,
atque adesse sentiens
pompam rotasque Noctis excitatur.
illa siderum choro
stipata, dulcem fert manu soporem.
talis exitus mihi
negotiosi post moras diei
post soluta praemia
laboris, adsit; sera vox alaudae
cordis intimo sinu
canat; quieto Solis in cubili
solvar, et serenius
iubar recondat, splendor ultimus, Mors.

E. D. S.

CXII

MORS CELTICA

Caerulus refulget aether: amnis unda caerula est:
sole ad occasum cubante, tingit aurum nubila;
ipsa devehi secundo flumine aeternum velim
fluctuum audiens susurros, salsa odorans aequora.
somnians lapsu quieto per tenebras defluam
dum soni cessent minores, cesset Oceani fragor;
vera si non vera fiant, si cupita vera sint,
inter undas esse malim, nare per caliginem.
sidera in polo coruscent, dulce vagiant aves,
spuma candescat liquescens, bulla cristis aestuet.
siderum intuente coetu, me petat beata mors,
mergar ultro dormientis in silentio maris.

E. D. S.

CXIII
FREEDOM

O scorner of the party cry
  That wanders from the public good,
Thou—when the nations rear on high
  Their idol smear'd with blood,

And when they roll their idol down—
  Of saner worship sanely proud;
Thou loather of the lawless crown
  As of the lawless crowd.

How long thine ever-growing mind
  Hath stilled the blast and strown the wave,
Tho' some of late would raise a wind
  To sing thee to thy grave,

Men loud against all forms of power—
  Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues—
Expecting all things in an hour—
  Brass mouths and iron lungs!

Tennyson.

CXIV
THE SACRIFICE

Hushed is each busy shout,
  The reverent people wait,
To see the sacred pomp stream out
  Beside the temple gate.
The bull with garlands hung,
  Stern priests in vesture grim;
With rolling voices swiftly sung,
  Peals out the jocund hymn.
In front, behind, beside,
  Beneath the chiming towers,
Pass boys that fling the censer wide,
  And striplings scattering flowers.
Victim or minister
  I dare not claim to be,
But in the concourse and the stir
  There shall be room for me.
The victim feels the stroke,
  The priests are bowed in prayer,
I feed the porch with fragrant smoke,
  Strew roses on the stair.

A. C. Benson.

CXIII

LIBERTAS

O civium extra recta vagantium
insaniam audax spernere; quae minas
contemnis ad caelum ferentis
delicias populi cruentas
mox inquinandas pulvere sordido;
quae mente sana sana colis sacra,
et legis expertes tyrannos
respuis, instabilemque plebem;
crescente pollens ingenio regis
iras procellarum et tumida aequora;
ridesque, si certant maligni
ante diem dare te sepulcro;
si turba carpit ferre iugum impotens
quis fronte vana lingua crepat loquax,
spes credula impendentis horae,
ferrea vox, latera aere dura.

F. W.-C.

CXIV

κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι,
θεοῖσιν δούλαν χέρ' ἔχειν.—Eur. Ion. 131.

Iurgia rauca fori subito compressa quiescunt,
vulgus hians pavida relligione tacet.
cernere avent omnes sacram procedere pompam,
cum pandent solidas aurea templa fores.
en! gravis ingreditur ferali veste sacerdos;
cervicem tauri candida vitta ligat.
carmen ad aetherias raptim producitur auras,
iucunda lyricos voce iterante modos.
hinc illinc, qua turba praeit, qua clauditur agmen,
dum festiva cavis turribus aera sonant,
turis odor, pueris agitantibus, halat acerra,
et chorus impubes floribus opplet humum.
victima non ausim Superis mactanda vocari,
tangere nec Superum vasa minister ego,
sed concursus ubi est, et mystica sacra moventur,
pars ego divini quantulacunque chori.
victima sublatam sentit vittata securim,
summisso flamen dat pia vota genu.
vestibulum fragrante meum est involvere fumo,
me spargente, rosis limina sacra rubent.

E. D. S.

CXV

NARCISSUS

And the suns travelled till there came a day,
When, heated from the chase and tired with toil,
Whether of chance, or by some envious Fate
Misguided, he bore on with flagging steps
Unto a pure cold fount, where never bird
Nor mountain-goat frequented, clothed around
With fresh green turf, and secret from the sun.
Thither no devious track of mortal feet
Led through the shady labyrinth of wood;
No sound of shepherds, calling from the bowers
With melody of flute or vocal play,
Made welcome for the weary flocks at noon;
Only the immemorial silences
Kept haunt for ever on those flowery floors.

P. S. Worsley.

CXVI

The hawk slipt out of the pine, and rose in the sunlit air,
Steady and still he poised, his shadow slept on the grass:
And the bird's song sickened and sank: she cowered with a furtive stare,
Dumb, till the quivering dimness should flicker and shift and pass.
Suddenly down he dropped: she heard the hiss of his wing,
Fled with a scream of terror: oh, would she had dared to rest!
For the hawk at eve was full, and there was no bird to sing,
And over the heather drifted the down from a bleeding breast.

A. C. Benson.

CXV

NARCISSUS

Sol obiit rediitque diemque adduxit eundo
qua, seu flexus erat casu sive ille maligna
sorte aliqua aversus, sudore ferasque sequendo
lassus iens, gressu pergit tamen usque labanti
ad purum et gelidum fontem, quem nulla volucris
montivagusve caper vult visere: caespite vivo
circum herbisque nitet, Phoebi seclusus ab aestu.
illuc nulla hominum vestigia devia opacum
per silvae errorem ducentia videris usquam;
nulla cohors pastorum arta sub fronde vocantum
flatu iucundo calamorum hilarive camena
suadet oves fessas medium vitare calorem;
omnis planitiem saltus, ea florea prata,
sola tenent aeterno antiqua silentia regno.

C. W. M.

CXVI

ODIMUS ACCIPITREM, QUIA SEMPER VIVIT IN ARMIS

Elapsus pinu petit auras sole calentes
    arduus accipiter;
et dum se librat tacitis immobilis alis,
    dormiit umbra solo.
at cantu languebat avis, furtivaque figens
    lumina pressit humum
muta, coruscantes tremula caligine pennae
    dum procul aufugerent.
ille repentino motu delabitur: alas
    audierat fremere;
nec mora, triste gemens avis exsilit: o utinam illic
    ausa cubare foret!
nam satur accipiter sub vespere gaudet, at infra
    nulla canebat avis;
tantum tesca levis de pectore volsa cruento
    pluma supervolitat.

E. D. S.

CXVII

IN MEMORIAM F.A.S.

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
  How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
  Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
  Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
  Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
  You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished,
  Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
  Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
  And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

R. L. Stevenson.

CXVIII

FROM 'THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON'

  But 'midst them all Medea thoughtfully
Gazed landward o'er the ripple of the sea,
And said no word, till from her precious things
She drew a casket full of chains and rings,
And took therefrom a chaplet brown and sere,
And set it on her head: and now being near
The yellow strand, high on the poop she stood,
And said: "O heroes, what has chilled your blood,
That in such wise ye gaze upon this land
With tearful eye, and nerveless, languid hand,
And heaving breast, and measureless desire?
Be wise, for here the never-dying fire,
The God-begotten wonder, Circe, lights,
The wise of women, framer of delights
That being of man once felt, he ne'er shall cease
To long for vainly, as the years increase
On his dulled soul, shut in some bestial form."

W. Morris.

CXVII

ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐ στενακτός

Te semel o iterumque sinant meminisse dolores
    ut meliorem aevi vixerit ille diem.
Apriles tulerat flores, non ille Decembri
    pectora letali senserat arta gelu.
ignarus brumae, veris comes ibat in agris
    inque pavimento versicolore soli.
deliciis oculos, dulcedine mulserat aures:
    risit in adventu, risit in interitu.
risit in interitu quem mors semel abstulit: at tu
    nonne peragrasti sola Acheruntis aquas?
sola doles: illi datur intemerata voluptas,
    ille incorruptis gaudet imaginibus.
illi, si qua inhonesta homines, si qua impia norint,
    ferre, dolere, mori, nil nisi nomen erant.
his puerum lucis hora opportuna canendo
    foverat; urget hiemps: ut venit, ille fugit.

A. S. W.

CXVIII

MEDEA

Ast inter medios tremulum Medea per aequor
litora prospectans, animo permulta volutat,
muta tuens; mox quae secum pretiosa ferebat
scrutatur cistamque capit qua plurimus intus
annulus ac torques; detractamque inde coronam
siccis pallentem foliis capiti indere pergit.
iamque ubi flaventi paullum distabat harena,
stans celsa in puppi, qui vos, ait, acria quondam
pectora, torpor habet? quidve has spectatis ad oras
suffusi lacrimis oculos lentisque lacertis,
et trepidat magno turbatum pectus amore?
at procul iste animis abeat furor; excitat ignem
perpetuum hic Circe, superum de sanguine monstrum,
Circe feminei generis doctissima, prudens
fingere delicias, quas siquis senserit amens
appetere incassum nunquam desistet, at illum
labentes domitis hebetabunt sensibus anni
inclusum forma deformi et pelle ferina.

M. S. D.

CXIX

Then what charm company
Can give, know I,—if wine
Go round, or throats combine
To set dumb music free.
Or deep in wintertide
When winds without make moan,
I love my own fireside
Not least when most alone.

Then oft I turn the page
In which our country's name,
Spoiling the Greek of fame,
Shall sound in every age:
Or some Terentian play
Renew, whose excellent
Adjusted folds betray
How once Menander went.

Or if grave study suit
The yet unwearied brain,
Plato can teach again,
And Socrates dispute;
Till fancy in a dream
Confront their souls with mine,
Crowning the mind supreme,
And her delights divine.

While pleasure yet can be
Pleasant, and fancy sweet
I bid all care retreat
From my philosophy;
Which, when I come to try
Your simpler life, wil find,
I doubt not, joys to vie
With those I leave behind.

R. Bridges.

CXIX

DISSOLVE FRIGUS, LIGNA SUPER FOCO LARGE REPONENS

Quantum hospitalis mensa iuvet viros,
novi, rubentes ordine cum scyphi
  traduntur, et pleno tacentem
    turba frequens ciet ore Musam.
delectat et me, dum Boreas gemit
brumalis extra limina, dum crepant
  flammae, vel adsistente nullo
    ante Larem proprium sedere.
versare chartas tum iuvat Angliae
magnum sonantes nomen, et inclitam
  laudem renarrantes in aevum,
    Graecia cui spoliata cedit.
est cum Terenti fabula non semel
perlecta mirae composito togae
  splendore monstrat, quid Menander
    ediderit: modo me Platonis
doctrina, si vis provocat ingeni
illaesa, et acer Socratis erudit
  sermo volentem: fas ab umbris
    ambo animas revocare, menti
sponte adfuturas, quae fruitur caput
praecincta lauru colloquio Deum:
  quas dextra dum praestant fruendas
    fata dapes, vacat hora cura.
sin nosse vitae gaudia simplicis
tecum licebit, me sapientia
  divina, quae certent relictis,
    carpere delicias iubebit.

E. D. S.

CXX

FROM 'THE SONG OF THE LAUREL'

(1)

Under Olympus, divinity-haunted,
  Lies a rich valley, Apollo, of thine;
Lowland and upland, with grey olive planted,
  Lovely in spring, but in summer divine.
Deep in its heart, where the gorges are narrow,
  Moist with the foam-dew afloat from the glen,
Silver Peneius, a white water arrow,
  Enters in thunder and issues again.

Hither at morn, when the mountain in shadow
  Rested, untroubled as yet of the noon,
Came truant Naiads afoot through the meadow,
  Twining wet grasses to petals of June.
Pleasure and youth, ankle-deep in the lotus,
  Chasing the bee, and outsinging the bird;
Never of late, since Impiety smote us,
  Voices as sweet by our rivers are heard.

Couched in mid cover, the singer Apollo,
  God of the forest and king of the bow,
Watching his deer as they drank in the hollow,
  Marked the divine apparition below.
Glowing immortal had seldom beholden
  Bosom more snowy or sunnier hair,
And in the prime of the age that was golden,
  Gods were but frail when a Naiad was fair.

CXX

AUREA PRIMA SATA EST AETAS

(1)

Sanctus ubi, divom sedes, exsurgit Olympus,
  numine Phoebeo vallis opima iacet:
sunt iuga; sunt latebrae, pallens ubi frondet oliva;
  vere placent, vernas duplicat aestus opes.
est ubi in angustas se contrahit intima fauces
  vallis, et excusso spumea rore madet:
Peneus vitream torquens argenteus hastam
  huc ruit, hinc resonis turbidus exit aquis.
mane erat, et leni se mons involverat umbra,
  nec medio sensit spicula saeva die:
Naiadumque cohors per roscida prata vagantum
  nectebat roseis iuncea vincla comis.
it Venus, it talos cytiso contecta Voluptas;
  vincit apem cursu, carmine vincit aves.
non tam iucundos, ex quo mortalia vexat
  impietas, captant flumina nostra sonos.
at deus in multa corylo latitabat Apollo,
  quem silvae dominum, quem sua tela vocant.
dumque notat cervos ima sub valle bibentes,
  cernit flumineas obstipuitque deas.
pectora cum nivibus certant, cum sole capilli,
  qualia vix Phoebi noverat ante furor:
et nova dum tellus, atque aurea saecla vigebant,
  Naiadum poterat vincere forma deos.

(2)

Blinded with mist of the watery ages,
  Eldest in race of all Tritons that be,
There, in the middle, the eyeless sea-sages
  Harped of the wonders and works of the sea.
What mellow song from sweet Sicily flattered
  Orpheus the bold and his mariner crew;
And how the trident of seagod had shattered
  Continents vast into Cyclads of blue.

How the great deep, after tempest abated,
  Washed a white waif to the caverns of green,
Whence driven thither no tongue hath related,
  Or from high Heaven, or from inner ravine.
Long in the depths of her shimmering prison
  Daughter and darling of ocean she lay:
Then with soft laughter to earth had arisen
  Venus, a cloudlet of sun and of spray.

Down underneath, in the pause of the story,
  Came the loud wail of the fugitive girl;
Till from his dwelling Peneius the hoary
  Lifted his head o'er the roofing of pearl:
Marked the hot chase of the God to o'ertake her,
  And, in deep pity of her the forlorn,
Sware a great oath by the mighty Earth-shaker,
  Ocean should keep what of ocean was born.

So sware the God, and the oath was recorded—
  Straightway the earth rose in wavelets around,
Took and transfigured the maiden, and corded
  Both her slight feet in a stem to the ground.
Branches began where the shoulders had rounded,
  Leafy knots budded from bosom and brow,
And in his triumph the victor confounded
  Clasped at a woman and kissed but a bough.

(2)

Tritonum in medio sedet antiquissima proles,
  lumina quis nebulae, saeclaque multa premunt.
fortunasque graves mille et miracula ponti
  ad citharam caeci concinuere senes:
mellitum Siculis surgens ut murmur ab oris
  Orphea temptarit magnanimosque duces:
Neptunique tridens quassis quo numine terris
  Cycladas in glauca disposuisset aqua.
candentem ut formam, cessavit ubi ira procellae,
  ad virides ingens egerit unda domos.
an suprema poli liquit terraeve recessus?
  divina unde fugam ceperit, ora silent.
multos illa dies nitido se carcere ponti,
  oceani suboles deliciaeque, tenet.
dein nebulae similis, cui sol ac spuma parentes,
  ad caelum ridens exsilit alma Venus.
sic memorant: subito media inter carmina divom
  lamentum attonitae virginis antra sonant.
Peneusque pater vitrei laquearia tecti
  exsuperans canum sustulit ipse caput.
respicit incensum trepidanti in virgine Phoebum,
  nec miserans inopi ferre recusat opem.
testor, ait, dominum terrae pelagique potentem;
  oceano genitam proteget oceanus.
audiit Omnipotens nulli revocabile votum
  surgit in undantes proxima terra sinus;
nec mora, corripuit mutata fronte puellam,
  et gracilem in truncum nectit utrumque pedem.
ex umeris teretes coeperunt surgere rami;
  arboreaeque micant fronte sinuque comae.
at deus in medio victor victusque triumpho
  oscula dat nymphae; quod capit, arbor erat.

Where in the meadow was Daphne, the maiden,
  Daphne, the laurel, arose to the sun;
Steadfastly rooted and foliage-laden,
  Praising the Gods for deliverance won.
Then, as half woman, in gentle compassion
  Of the wild lover, who wrought her alarm,
Swayed by the breeze, and in pain at his passion,
  Circled his brow with her evergreen arm.

Lord Bowen.

CXXI

LACRIMAE MUSARUM

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil shall thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive;
While to the measure of the cosmic rune
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
And heed no more the hum of idle praise
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
Master who crown'st our immelodious days
With flower of perfect speech.

W. Watson.

luserat in pratis Daphne; nunc arboris instar
  non alio solem nomine versa petit.
stipite fixa suo foliorum sustinet umbram,
  custodesque deos in pia vota vocat.
nec minus insani miserescere femina temptat
  cortice sub duro dissimulata proci.
concita tum Zephyris—aegri solamen amoris—
  bracchia dat calido, laurea diva, deo.

M. J. R.

CXXI

LACRIMAE MUSARUM

Fert natura vices: venti vaga flectit aura cursum;
  iam gramen anni marcidum peracti.
discedunt volucres, longo nemus exolescit aevo,
  ruitque moles dissoluta regni.
depereunt gentes et pulvere dissipantur urbes,
  divina sed vis carminis manebit.
in cineres belli victor venit, et duces superbi:
  fiunt potentes fabulae tyranni.
robigo gladios domat improba Caesarum minaces;
  vates perenni floret usque fama.
mortuus Augustus, vivit Maro; tuque, qui redonas
  caelo Maronem saeculoque nostro,
alter Vergilius, poteris genus et sacrare linguam,
  mellita verba traditurus aevo,
quae servant numeri terrestribus altiora damnis,
  favis frequentes et beant Camenae.
hinc arcana diem superantia gentiumque fines
  lyra sonabis auribus serenis;
non vanas laudes sectabere nec leves tumultus
  procul quietis sedibus repostus,
annos degeneres eheu nimis asperumque vulgus
  flore absolutae qui foves loquellae.

W. H.

CXXII

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

Faint as a climate-changing bird that flies
All night across the darkness, and at dawn
Falls on the threshold of her native land,
And can no more, thou camest, O my child,
Led upward by the God of ghosts and dreams,
Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb
With passing thro' at once from state to state,
Until I brought thee hither, that the day,
When here thy hands let fall the gather'd flower,
Might break thro' clouded memories once again
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale
Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of song
And welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the king
Of shadows, thy dark mate. Persephone!
Queen of the dead no more—my child! Thine eyes
Again were human-godlike, and the Sun
Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray,
And robed thee in his day from head to feet—
"Mother!" and I was folded in thine arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd, eyes
Awed even me at first, thy mother—eyes
That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power
Draw downward into Hades with his drift
Of ickering spectres, lighted from below
By tne red race of fiery Phlegethon;
But when before have Gods or men beheld
The Life that had descended re-arise,
And lighted from above him by the Sun?
So mighty was the mother's childless cry,
A cry that rang thro' Hades, Earth, and Heaven!

CXXII

DEMETER ET PERSEPHONE

Qualis ubi obscurae per noctis vecta tenebras
mutat avis caelum, prima cum luce soluto
remigio alarum patriae revocantis in ipso
limine cessat avis, rediisti, filia, ab Orco
semianimis, ducente Deo cui somnia parent
exilesque umbrae: qui sensu et voce carentem,
tot vicibus fractam mutatae sortis, in urbe
liquit Eleusina, donec te mater in Hennae
prata tuli, si forte diem quo copia florum
excidit e manibus raptae, caligine sensus
detersa, in lucem rediviva mente referres.
illic te visa subiti dulcedine cantus
gutture ovans liquido raptim Philomela salutat;
et nitor, in tremuli primum ceu margine ponti
effert Luna iubar, trepidans super ora fugavit
umbram, quae furva referebat imagine torvum
consortem, umbrarum Regem. Regina silentum,
Persephone, fueras! oculis tum rursus in istis
diva tuens hominem patuit; glaucaeque natantis
aethere Sol nebulae brumali e vellere totam
vestiit erumpens plena te luce diei;
agnovitque haerens amplexu filia matrem.

at tua vel matrem dominantia lumina primo
terrebant, nullo mentis vexata tumultu,
quis coram totiens virga serpentibus apta
numen agens tenues animas invaserat Orcum
desuper illapsas scintillantesque refusa
funditus a rubro Phlegethontis vortice flamma.
at quando Superi testes Acheronte remissum,
quando homines videre, caput candescere rursus
desuper effuso Phoebeae lampadis igne?
hoc arguta tamen matris vox polluit orbae
quae Caelum et Terram clamore et Tartara rupit.

So in this pleasant vale we stand again,
The field of Enna, now once more ablaze
With flowers that brighten as thy footstep falls,
All flowers—but for one black blur of earth
Left by that closing chasm, thro' which the car
Of dark Aïdoneus rising rapt thee hence.
And here, my child, tho' folded in thine arms,
I feel the deathless heart of motherhood
Within me shudder, lest the naked glebe
Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence
The shrilly whinnyings of the team of Hell,
Ascending, pierce the glad and songful air,
And all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,
Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom. No!
For, see, thy foot has touch'd it; all the space
Of blank earth-baldness clothes itself afresh,
And breaks into the crocus-purple hour
That saw thee vanish.

Child, when thou wert gone,
I envied human wives, and nested birds,
Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee
Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave
Thy breast to ailing infants in the night,
And set the mother waking in amaze
To find her sick one whole; and forth again
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,
"Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?"
And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,
"We know not and we know not why we wail."
I climb'd on all the cliffs of all the seas,
And ask'd the waves that moan about the world
"Where? do ye make your moaning for my child?"
And round from all the world the voices came,
'We know not, and we know not why we moan."
Where?" and I stared from every eagle-peak,

hac in valle igitur fas est consistere amoena,
cernereque ardentem rursus felicibus Hennam
floribus, eximium qui te calcante nitorem
innumeri produnt—nisi qua nigrescit hiatus
putre solum clausi macula, quod diffidit atris
raptor equis subvectus iter, rex torvus Averni.
et, licet hic pressis stringam te, nata, lacertis,
nescia corrumpi pietas materna sub imo
corde mihi horrescit, barathro ne nuda dehiscat
gleba patens, Stygiusque iterum summissus equorum
argutum resonet superas hinnitus in auras,
contristetque hilares cantus; mediaque nigrantes
nocte magis cristae et flexi cervicibus arcus
exsiliant subito prati per aprica virentis.
vana loquor!—pede tacta tuo modo calva renidet
terra nova iam veste: dies redit ille crocorum
purpureus quo tu liquisti luminis oras.

matribus invidi, te rapta, filia, prolem
humanis, avibus nidos, catulosque leaenae:
te vaga quaerebam per turres undique regum
perque casas humiles; plenasque infantibus aegris
nocte dabam mammas quondam tua pabula—matres
ilicet excitae somno stupuere receptis
viribus integros. hinc rursus noctis in umbram
ventorumque graves gemitus prorepta, rogabam
"quo dilecta abiit? vobis quae causa gemendi?"
tum procul e mediis vox exaudita tenebris
argutum respondit, "et hoc nescimus et illud."
omnia despexi de rupibus aequora summis;
increpui fluctus maerentes omnia circum
litora "quo cessit? num vos maeretis ademptam?"
at subiit cunctis eadem vox reddita ab oris,
"nec nostri causam luctus, nec fata puellae
scire datur." sed adhuc clamabam, lumina celsis
acrius intendens aquilarum ex arcibus; atrae

I thridded the black heart of all the woods,
I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms
Of Autumn swept across the city, and heard
The murmur of their temples chanting me,
Me, me, the desolate Mother! "Where?"—and turn'd,
And fled by many a waste, forlorn of man,
And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee—
The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth,
The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,
The scorpion crawling over naked skulls;—
I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee
I saw not; and far on, and following out
A league of labyrinthine darkness, came
On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.
"Where?" and I heard one voice from all the three,
"We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
And not of God, and know not why we spin!
There is a Fate beyond us." Nothing knew.

Last as the likeness of a dying man,
Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn
A far-off friendship that he comes no more,
So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry,
Drew from thyself the likeness of thyself
Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past
Before me, crying "The Bright one in the highest
Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest,
And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the child
Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the power
That lifts her buried life from gloom to bloom,
Should be for ever and for evermore
The Bride of Darkness."

So the Shadow wail'd.
Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the Gods of Heaven.
I would not mingle with their feasts; to me
Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lips,
Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite.

densa lego silvae penetralia, caeca cavorum
et tumulos rimor: super urbem vecta procellis
saepius Auctumni ex adytis me rite canentum,
me miseram, audivi voces: "te filia, quaero
orba parens" itero, rursusque in vasta locorum
auferor humani cultus expertia, toto
corde homines miserans, quamvis tua fata dolerem,
quis fera disiectam violarent gramina Vestam,
stringeret et ruptas serpens amplexa columnas,
scorpios et caudam traheret nudata per ossa:
ante putrem vidi prolapso tigridas aram
insultare Deo; tua sed vestigia nusquam.
longius hinc iter immensum et caligine caecas
dum sequor ambages, subito tria cana Sororum
apparent capita infractae sub tramite lucis,
quaerentique eadem, vox redditur una "redibis
irrita: mortales vitas, non fila Deorum
ducimus, at nendi finem nescimus et usum:
parendum est dominis." tu nusquam audita latebas.

at tandem, qualis moribundi exilis imago
corpus iners fallit longinquum ut visat amicum
nuntia non rursus visurum, voce querentis
ille mea motus cui parent somnia, talem,
te fallens, speciem formae subduxit inanem,
ut tua me coram illabens clamaverit umbra,
"rex Superum nitidus furvo cum fratre, tenebras
qui regit infernas, coierunt foedere pacto,
ut tua, magna Parens, suboles, quae numine vitae
semina operta aperis resoluto carcere Terrae,
condar in aeternum tenebris, Plutonia coniunx.'
dixerat umbra querens: ego protinus omne Deorum,
Alma Parens frugum, genus exsecror: hospita ab illo
tempore dedignor superis accumbere mensis,
ne gelida nectar fallat mea labra cicuta,
ambrosiaeque dapes sapiant aconita palato.

The man, that only lives and loves an hour,
Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities.
My quick tears kill'd the flower, my ravings hush'd
The bird, and lost in utter grief I fail'd
To send my life thro' olive-yard and vine
And golden grain, my gift to helpless man.
Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barley-spears
Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, and the sun,
Pale at my grief, drew down before his time
Sickening, and Ætna kept her winter snow.
Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He
Who still is highest, glancing from his height
On earth a fruitless fallow, when he miss'd
The wonted steam of sacrifice, the praise
And prayer of men, decreed that thou should'st dwell
For nine white moons of each whole year with me,
Three dark ones in the shadow with thy King.

Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn
Will see me by the landmark far away,
Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk
Of even, by the lonely threshing-floor,
Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.
Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill-content
With them, who still are highest. Those gray heads,
What meant they by their "Fate beyond the Fates"
But younger kindlier Gods to bear us down,
As we bore down the Gods before us? Gods,
To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
Not spread the plague, the famine; Gods indeed,
To send the noon into the night and break
The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?
Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,
And all the Shadow die into the Light,
When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me,

et mihi gens hominum, spatio quae vivit amatque
clausa brevi, potior visa est quam morte carentum
improba Maiestas: flores periere perusti
imbre mei fletus—avium me lingua furente
obticuit, luctuque infando perdita omisi
fundere olivetis vitam et nascentibus uvis
et segeti, ditant inopes quae dona colonos;
imbre gravis seges et vacuis putebat aristis—
conciderant folia—et luctu Sol pallida nostro
ora gerens aegrum properavit condere lumen,
servabatque nives quas bruma illeverat Aetna.
tum suprema tenet rerum qui sceptra, coercet
cui frater tenebras, squalentem et fruge carentem
despiciens terram, quoniam desiderat arae
nidores solitos, laudemque et vota precantum,
hoc voluit—cum matre novem te degere menses,
quot redeunt anni, nitidos; tres luce carentem
cum Rege Umbrarum.

nunc rursus luce rubente
Aurorae cernet, qua finit Terminus arvum,
me fecundantem messor sua rura, vel umbram
vesperis ad seram, cum iam silet area, laetam
messe nova iuxta granaria laeta sedentem.
ast ego Diva Parens Terrae dominantia rebus
numina vix patior. quid enim vox illa Sororum
canarum monuit, dominis maioribus olim
parendum? stirpem venturam scilicet aevo
auguror inde novo quae nos detrudat Olympo,
ut prius antiquam expulimus—quae fulmina quondam
iacta premat potius—quae pestem spargere nolit
compescatque famem—mites iustoque colendos
obsequio Divos, media qui luce diei
invadant noctem, et caelo diffissa recludant
Tartara, ut accipiat Phoebum Stygis iste tyrannus
exsultans, omnisque in lumen transeat umbra.
integra tunc una sub luce fovebimus anni

And souls of men, who grew beyond their race,
And made themselves as Gods against the fear
Of Death and Hell; and thou that hast from men,
As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear,
Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,
Shalt ever send thy life along with mine
From buried grain thro' springing blade, and bless
Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me,
Earth-mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth
The worship which is Love, and see no more
The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns
Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
Along the silent field of Asphodel.

Tennyson.

CXXIII

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of the empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

W. Morris.

tempora, cum sanctis hominum quis contigit aevum
exsuperasse suum, Divomque assumere sortem,
nec mortis speciem nec formidantibus Orcum.
tuque potens Leti, quam nunc suadente veretur
gens humana metu, cum sis quasi rapta sepulcro,
iuncta mea posthac tua fundes munera vitae
semine ab occulto vegetam summissa per herbam,
auctumnique beabis opes, mecumque frueris
quem Pietas suadet cultum, cum messe coacta
rustica me frugum celebrabit turba Parentem;
nec spectare Rotae dabitur Saxique labores,
saltumve Elysii sublustrem, aut improba flammae
supplicia, aut meritas narcisso consita labi
bellatorum animas taciti super aequora campi.

H. K.

CXXIII

VIDEOR PIOS ERRARE PER LUCOS, AMOENAE QUOS ET AQUAE SUBEUNT ET AURAE.

Somnia me captant: cur haec in secula vixi?
scilicet extricare meum est incommoda vitae?
sit satis exili si murmure pulsat eburnam
carminis ala mei portam, si detinet aures
fabula sopitas non importuna colentum
Morpheos umbrosas sedes, quis carmina vatis
dulcia cantantis vacui simulacra diei.
visa magus, sic fama refert, miranda tyranno
litoris Arctoi ostendit sub tempore brumae,
adspicerent homines una ut ver dulce fenestra,
aestivos soles monstraret proxima, foetu
tertia vestitos antes, gravidisque racemis:
sibilat interea solito de more December
tristis, inauditoque adspirant flamine Cauri.
haud secus Elysium nobis terrestre creatum est:
vos modo, lectores, ignoscite; iura poetae
sint sua, qui temptat sibi fingere rura beata,
quae ferrugineum adsidue circumtonet aequor,
conflictamur ubi nos nostraque; debuit heros
adsciri vobis, qui monstra natantia caedat,
non vates, horas qui carmine fallit inanes.

E. D. S.

CXXIV

THE SWIMMER'S WISH

Fresh from the summer wave, under the beech,
    Looking through leaves with a far-darting eye,
Tossing those river-pearled locks about,
Throwing those delicate limbs straight out,
Chiding the clouds as they sailed out of reach,
    Murmured the swimmer, I wish I could fly.

Laugh, if you like, at the bold reply,
    Answer disdainfully, flouting my words;
How should a listener at simple sixteen
Guess what a foolish old rhymer could mean
Calmly predicting "you will surely fly,"—
    Fish one might vie with, but how be like birds?

Sweet maiden-fancies, at present they range
    Close to a sister's engarlanded brows,
Over the diamonds a mother will wear,
In the false flowers to be shaped for her hair—
Slow glide the hours to thee, late be the change,
    Long be thy rest 'neath the cool beechen boughs!

Genius and love will uplift thee: not yet.
    Walk through some passionless years by my side,
Chasing the silly sheep, snapping the lily stalk,
Drawing my secrets forth, witching my soul with talk.
When the sap stays, and the blossom is set,
    Others will take the fruit, I shall have died.

W. Johnson Cory.

CXXV

PEACE, PEACE

Ye have not sowed in vain!
    Though the heavens seem as brass,
And piercing the crust of the burning plain
    Ye scan not a blade of grass;

Yet there is life within,
    And waters of life on high;
One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
    O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Lyra Anglicana.

CXXIV

τέως δὲ κούφοις πνεύμασιν βόσκου νέαν
ψυχὴν ἀτάλλων, μητρὶ τῇδε χαρμονήν.

Suspiciens fagi contento lumine frondes
  aestiva reficit membra natator aqua ;
quam facili motu lucentes porrigit artus,
  dumque coruscantem discutit ore comam,
murmurat haec secum, fallentia nubila visum
  increpitans—a ! quam dulce volare foret !
aspernare senem, si vis : audacia ride
  verba—leves levibus risibus adde iocos.
quid voluit vates fatuus sibi ? quid velit, immo
  nesciat ingenua simplicitate puer.
dum ventura videns clamo, "mihi crede, volabis" ;
  nare homini fas est : quis tamen esset avis ?
nil hodie curas, nisi qua redimita corolla
  sit soror ; integrum pectus amore vacat.
qui matrem deceant lapides, quae serta capillos
  cingant artificum fraude polita, rogas.
tardius accedant lentis ingressibus horae ;
  sub fago gelida sit tibi longa quies.
ingenium pennas et amor dabit ; at breve mecum,
  me duce securum tende parumper iter.
fac pateant dulci mentis secreta loquella,
  pelle vagas pecudes, lilia frange manu.
sucus ubi sistet, fient ubi germina flores,
  fructum alii carpent :—a ! miser occidero.

E. D. S.

CXXV

GRATA SUPERVENIET QUAE NON SPERABITUR HORA

Non vana tellus semina condidit !
ardore Titan ferveat aereo,
  glebamque vertenti calentem
    non tenuis caput herba tollat ;

vitale semper germen humo viget ;
fons dius edit nectareas opes ;
  mox vernus umentes harenas
    cinget honor viridi corona.

H. C.

CXXVI

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
  Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,
  Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why should it sleep not? Why should it stir?
  When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirr'd?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
  Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes
  And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea dozes,
  And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?
  Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferr'd?
What bids the lids of thy sleep depart?
  Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm encloses,
  It never was writ in the traveller's chart,
And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is,
  It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
  And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops heard;
No hound's note wakens the wildwood hart,
  Only the song of a secret bird.

Envoi

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
  To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of light love's art,
  Only the song of a secret bird.

Swinburne

CXXVI

PERVIGILIUM SOMNIORUM

Cor latet mi; quis latebris? in rosarum nidulo
devio latet, vias qui solis ultra delitet.
in cubili molliore candida et molli nive
sub rosetis, ut quiescat, seposivi cor meum.
cor negat dormire velle? qualis occupat tremor?
mota nulla frons tremebat, aura nulla inhorruit;
excitata est sed tremente pennula quies. quid est?
  vox canit, vias latentis vox avis per avias.

cor quiesce! ventus alas ecce componit suas,
et sagittas solis acres arcet umbra frondium.
cor quiesce! nam quiescit aequore aestivo super
te, meum cor, inquieto ventus inquietior,
aibam; an est quod usque sentis, vulnus ut sentis, malum?
mordet importunus usque dens inexpletae spei?
quis iubet quietem ocellos ut resignans avolet?
  vox iubet, vias latentis vox avis per avias.

terra mira, quae magi vim passa quandam est carminis,
delitet; geographorum charta nomen haud refert.
dulcia arbustis videre poma ibi est crescentia,
dulcia in foro sed illa poma venum non eunt;
somnia errant, non chelidon, prata per sublustria;
arborum modis soporis mussitant cacumina;
non sonu rauco cietur cerva silvestris canum;
  vox ciet, vias latentis vox avis per avias.

certum ibi est in somniorum deviis mihi locis
paululum dormire, qua iam nec sonent per somnia
vera amoris verba veri, falsa verba nec vagi,
  sola sed vias latentis vox avis per avias.

J. B. B.

CXXVII

FROM 'THE RUBÂIYÂT OF OMAR KHAYYÂM'

But lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
  Bearing a vessel on his shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
  The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
  Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
  A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
  Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—This life flies;
  One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
  Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

CXXVII

Νῦν μὲν πίνοντες τερπώμεθα καλὰ λέγοντες·
ὅσσα δ' ἔπειτ' ἔσται ταῦτα θεοῖσι μέλει.

Limina mi nuper stanti ad reserata tabernae
per tenebras fulsit candida forma dei,
quamque humero vexit gustandam praebuit urnam,
en! liquor, arenti quem dedit, uva fuit.

agmina doctorum decies septena virorum
inter se certant; dixerit uva, silent;
plumbea materies, hominum genus unde creatum est,
aurea contactu, nec mora, vitis erit.

consulit haec nobis vates verissima, magni
quae mentem inspirat laetitiamque dei,
terroresque animi dubios curasque malignas
fulmineo victrix hinc procul ense fugat.

si deus ipse dedit, quis curvae vimina vitis
audeat imprudens insimulare doli?
si bona sunt, utenda negas? sin tristia, tales
dic mihi quem laqueos apposuisse putem?

quid? poenas, quarum auctor abest mihi certus, inanes
praemetuens, laeta vite carere velim?
divinive magis potus spe captus habendi,
ipse calix olim quum modo pulvis ero?

Tartareasque minas, sperataque gaudia caeli
non moror; hoc certum est, haec mea vita fugit.
caetera falsa ferunt; alios non noverit ortus
qui semel expansa flos tibi fronde perit.

hoc fueris mirata, hominum tot milia mortis
priscorum obscuras ante subisse fores,
nec quemquam rediisse viam qui panderet atram,
quam nisi calcatam noscere fata vetant.

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
  Are all but stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
  And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered "I myself am Heaven and Hell":

Heaven but the vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
  Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
  Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
  Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But here and there as strikes the Player goes;
  And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
  Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

FitzGerald.

quidquid enim docto cecinere pioque priores
  ore sacerdotes, novimus esse nihil.
somnia sic narrat paulum experrectus amicis,
  qui rursus somno mox redeunte silet.

misi animam vitae rerum per inane petentem
  visibus humanis signa negata novae;
it, redit, et narrat, "Caelestia gaudia, poenas
  Tartareas, alibi quas petis, intus habes."

illa exauditi tibi sunt imitamina voti,
  haec animam urentis sunt velut umbra metus,
quae tremula insignit tenebras, unde exitus olim,
  et quo mox nobis, crede, regressus erit.

ceu varias vitro tibi lux inclusa figuras
  ostendit, media quam maga nocte rotat,
non aliter domini nos fingimur arte potentis
  quos solis circum mota lucerna movet.

ponimur in mundo vitreorum more latronum,
  dant tabulae varias noxque diesque vices;
Ille movet, revocat, cohibet, mox mactat inertes,
  ordine quos, actis lusibus, arca teget.

ius habet in sese nullum pila, missa feretur
  huc illuc, domina quo iacis ipsa manu;
sic te qui quondam campum deiecit in istum,
  quid velit, huic soli, nec tibi, nosse datur.

fata notat non fessa manus, fatisque notatis
  pergit: quid pietas ingeniumque valent?
scripta manent, precibus non haec revocaveris ullis,
  nulla erit e lacrimis facta litura tuis.

H. W. G.

CXXVIII

APHRODITE

For against all men from of old
  Thou hast set thine hand as a curse,
    And cast out gods from their places ;
      These things are spoken of thee.
Strong kings and goodly with gold
  Thou hast found out arrows to pierce,
    And made their kingdoms and races
      As dust and surf of the sea.
All these, overburdened with woes
  And with length of their days waxen weak,
    Thou slewest ; and sentest moreover
      Upon Tyro an evil thing,
Rent hair and a fetter and blows
  Making bloody the flower of the cheek,
    Though she lay by a god as a lover,
      Though fair, and the seed of a king.

Swinburne.

CXXIX

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being :
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask, I never knew :
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

R. W. Emerson.

CXXVIII

Ἀφροδίτη

Nempe ex vetustis tu truce saeculis
mortale vexas pernicie genus,
turbasse, sic fama est, Olympi
ausa deos eadem potentes;
auroque reges conspicuos novis
sollers sagittis figere, tu decus
in pulverem et gentes superbas
laeta ruis pelagique rorem.
sera his gravatis sollicitudine
pressis vel aevi pondere tu necem
sortita; te Tyro fatetur
exitio male destinata.
scissique crines et fera vincula,
plagisque foedae sanguineis genae;
nec forma et amplexus deorum
regibus eripuit creatam.

J. R.

CXXIX

RHODORA

Maius erat: penetrant aurae loca sola marinae
oblata est oculis verna Rhodora meis.
explicat et madido gemmas sine fronde recessu
deserti stagnis ceu placitura soli.
nam quacunque cadunt, segnesque feruntur in undas.
ardet purpureis floribus atra palus.
rubraque te veneratur avis, dum temperat alam,
quae minimo constat murice victa tuo.
quod si forte roget sapiens, cur non nisi caelo
terrisque effundas tale, Rhodora, decus,
dic age; cernendi causa si lumina fiunt,
pulchra etiam fiunt, pulchra quod esse decet.
ignorabam equidem, neque enim mihi quaerere visum est,
cur ibi floreres aemula dicta rosae.
cor simplex et agreste mihi: me scilicet illuc
numen idem magnum teque tulisse reor.

E. D. S.

CXXX

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS

When Spring comes laughing by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking and daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,—and my Love's eyes!

When comes the Summer full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip the orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey that no bee sips,
Sing red, red roses,—and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers,—and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring and ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting,—and my Love's heart.

Austin Dobson.

CXXXI

ESSE QUID HOC DICAM

Looking on a page where stood
Graven of old on old-world wood
Death, and by the grave's edge grim
Pale the young man facing him,
Asked my well-beloved of me
Once what strange thing this might be
    Gaunt and great of limb.

Death, I told him; and, surprise
Deepening more his wild-wood eyes
(Like some sweet fleet thing's whose breath
Speaks all spring, though nought he saith)
Up he turned his rose-bright face
Glorious with its seven years' grace
Asking,—What is death?

Swinburne.

CXXX

IT VER ET VENUS

Inter narcissos inter graciles anemonas
  ver ubi subridens valle iugoque venit,
Luciferum primumque diem cantate, sodales,
  quique color violis est oculisque Chloes.

cum foliis redimita venit maturior aestas,
  hortorumque frequens incola garrit avis,
libatum nullis apibus mel dicite cantu,
  quique rosis color est, labraque rubra Chloes.

cum frondes rediens Autumno dissipat Auster,
  plaustrorumque rotas messis opima gravat,
tibia laetorum resonet clamorque virorum
  laetaque messoris carmina, voxque Chloes.

ut tamen horrescit nimbis et grandine bruma,
  et stridente calens angulus igne rubet,
seiunctos longe primum cantemus amicos,
  tum reditus dulces, cordaque fida Chloes.

E. D. S.

CXXXI

FELICES ERRORE SUO QUOS ILLE TIMORUM MAXIMUS HAUD URGET LETI METUS

Antiquis expressa typis Mors stabat hiantem
  ad tumulum: iuvenis pallebat adversam tuens.
adspicit, et monstrum deforme quod ossibus exstet
  grandibus, ille rogat dilectus ante omnes puer.
Mors, inquam: lucent penitus mirantis ocelli;
  ceu levis hinnuleus, ver omne qui spirat tacens,
tam silvestre decus septem collegerat annis,
  sustulit os roseum, et "quid vult sibi ista Mors?" ait.

E. D. S.

CXXXII

THE FUTURE

What may we take into the vast Forever?
    That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavour,
    No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
    No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
    No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling: in the life immortal
    No hoarded wealth remains,
    Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
    We entered here:
No word came with our coming, to remind us
    What wondrous world was near,
    No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,
    Naked we glide:
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
    No comrade at our side,
    No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
    Our footsteps fare:
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
    His love alone is there,
    No curse, no care.

E. R. Sill.

CXXXIII

LAUS DEO

Let praise devote thy work, and skill employ
Thy whole mind, and thy heart be lost in joy.
Well-doing bringeth pride, this constant thought
Humility, that thy best done is nought.
Man doeth nothing well, be it great or small,
Save to praise God: but that hath savèd all:
For God requires no more than thou hast done,
And takes thy work to bless it for his own.

R. Bridges.

CXXXII

NON OMNIS MORIAR

Quid sempiternam—quo meamus—in domum
auferre nobiscum licet?
non praemium istas irriti conaminis
adamantinas intrat fores.
non impedivit fama qua lauru comas
doctrina non recondita.
fructus laborum, Tulle, thesauros nefas
transire Cocyti vada.
aevum quod immortale degendumst tibi
ignorat aggestas opes.
abest quod aut fulgore praestringat suo
aut polluat robigine.
barathrum quod ultra terminos mundi patet
immane, nudi liquimus.
nec vox satelles praemonebat advenas,
quid immineret hic novi,
vel quanta natos cingerent miracula,
nec spes nec adstabat pavor.
carentis astro Noctis in silentium
ut ante nudi labimur,
nec sidus alto dextra descripsit polo;
deest charta, dux, comes viae.
atqui Parentis dextra praemonstrans iter
tenebricosum fortibus,
curis fugatis prosequente dissipat
amore Dirarum minas.

F. St. J. T.

CXXXIII

LAUS DEO

Laus tibi sacret opus; perfectam sedulus artem
tu cole; solve mera pectora laetitia.
deicieris humi, bene si fecisse iuvabit,
optima dum reputas facta valere nihil.
nil, homo, quicquid agis, factum bene et ipse fateris,
ni laudare Deum; sed tamen inde salus.
sat tibi erit fecisse; Deus non plura requirit,
quod facis, ipse libens signat, habetque suum.

E. D. S.

CXXXIV

I'M GROWING OLD

My days pass pleasantly away,
  My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
  I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
  My friends are neither false nor cold:
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
  "I'm growing old."

My growing talk of olden times,
  My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
  My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
  My growing fear of taking cold:
All whisper, in the plainest voice,—
  I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
  I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
  I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
  I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing,—yes!
  I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste,
  I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
  I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
  As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
  I'm growing old.

John Godfrey Saxe.

CXXXIV

NON SUM QUALIS ERAM

Gaudia nota dies vel adhuc sectantur euntes,
  nocte levis placida repit in ossa sopor.
nil crescente monet tabescere membra veterno;
  causa mihi fletus, causa doloris abest.
laedere cum nequeant, fugiunt qui laedere malint;
  si quis amat, perstat, nec male friget amor.
at mihi nescio cur nuper suspiria rumpunt,
  et vox nescio quae, "Vare, senescis" ait.
maiorum recino laudes et facta parentum;
  acta mihi primo nosse diurna libet.
carmina pangebam: nunc mens aversa Camenis;
  deterius, qui me calceus urit, obest.
detestor coetusque virum strepitusque viarum,
  incutit et plures tussis anhela metus.
certa quidem vox est, quamquam vix mussat in aurem,
  certa quidem mihi vox "Vare senescis," ait.
incedo quotiens, baculi mihi dulcior usus:
  et natat ante oculos crebrior umbra meos.
risus in ore nitet iam rarior: altior imo
  pectore abit gemitus flebiliusque sonat.
cura minor, quali sim conspiciendus amictu;
  parcior inclusas arca tuetur opes.
ut crescunt anni, crescit prudentia, meque
  vellicat, et plane, "Vare, senescis," ait.
omnia mutantur: cani subiere capilli:
  et mihi quae quondam displicuere, placent.
admoneor, pingui nimium distentus omaso,
  quodque meos heres grandior optat agros.
mille quidem me signa monent, nec planius unquam
  fluxit Apollineis nenia certa labris:
praesentem iacto; ridet fugitiva Iuventas,
  et mihi, "Vare, fui; Vare senescis," ait.

E. D. S.

CXXXV

FROM 'OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

O to be up and doing, O
Unfearing and unashamed to go
In all the uproar and the press
About my human business!
My undissuaded heart I hear
Whisper courage in my ear.
With voiceless calls, the ancient earth
Summons me to a daily birth.
Thou, O my love, ye, O my friends—
The gist of life, the end of ends—
To laugh, to love, to live, to die,
Ye call me by the ear and eye.

Forth from the casemate, on the plain
Where honour has the world to gain,
Pour forth, and bravely do your part,
O knights of the unshielded heart!
Forth and for ever forward!—out
From prudent turret and redoubt,
And in the mellay charge amain,
To fall, but yet to rise again!
Captive? ah, still, to honour bright,
A captive soldier of the right!
Or free and fighting, good with ill?
Unconquering, but unconquered still.

R. L. Stevenson.

CXXXVI

TO J. S.

Let Grief be her own mistress still.
    She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
    Be done—to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, "God's ordinance
    Of Death is blown in every wind";
For that is not a common chance
    That takes away a noble mind.

Tennyson.

CXXXV

RES AGE, TUTUS ERIS

Tumultuante cum strepit volgo forum
expers pudoris et metus
agenda agam beatus, impiger, vacans
mortalium negotiis.
quis alia suadet? monita respuens iubet
pectus malis resistere.
vocem silentis audio:—terra in dies
antiqua me nasci iubet.
et aure et oculo me vocas, O lux mea,
et quidquid est sodalium,
ridere, amare, vivere, emori: quid est
quod vita poscat amplius?
linquamus arcem:—non nisi in campo decus
opima tollit praemia.
procurrite, equites, nuda corda obtendite;
virtute non scutis opus.
prodite, pergite, exuite prudentiam,
exuite propugnacula.
invadite acies ense confertissimas,
lapsi simul resurgite.
captine? iustam militi ne sit pudor
causam tuentibus capi.
an liberi pugnatis? ut victoria
non detur, at vinci nefas.

E. D. S.

CXXXVI

FRATER ADEMTE VALE

Quid velit, ipse dolor iubeat:—tu cede iubenti:
indulget lacrimis luxuriatque suis.
gaudia prae fletu sordent:—edicta doloris
fiant, seu iubeat seu vetet ille queri.
non dicam:—"aeterna moriendum est lege deorum,
nulli non Zephyri semina mortis habent."
non ea communis sors est, quae misit ad umbras
pectora tam pura nobilitata fide.

E. D. S.

CXXXVII

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
  We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
Whose elements dissolve and verge afresh
  In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
  To other beings, with their own time-doom:
Infinite æons ere our kind began;
Infinite æons after the last man
  Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal laws,
Which never had for man a special clause
  Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate:
If toads and vultures are obscene to sight,
If tigers burn with beauty and with might,
  Is it by favour or by wrath of Fate?

All substance lives and struggles evermore
Through countless shapes continually at war,
  By countless interactions interknit:
If one is born a certain day on earth
All times and forces tended to that birth,
  Not all the world could change or hinder it.

James Thomson.

CXXXVII

ALID EX ALIO REFICIT NATURA

Nil igitur nobis brevis haec nisi vita ferendumst,
certaque pax manet et semper munita sepulcri,
sopitis quoniam expergiscendi haud venit hilum,
nec nostri quidquam super est nisi carni' solutum
quod putret ; quae si mutans elementa foras se
dididit, inde alio conclusa in corpore rerum
fit tellus aer aqua plantae saecla virorum.
  luminis haec finis nobis, haec pausa misellis
decurso vitae si unorsis orbe peractast,
cedimus, inque vicem nova crescit gens animantum
et fati privo defungens ordine et aevi.
namque erat infinita dies anteacta priusquam
saecla fuere hominum, nosque infinita sequentur
tempora, se supremus homo cum animalibu' primis
addiderit terrae gremiumque rogumque petessens.
  denique perpetua naturae lege tenemur
et vincimur ea ; quid enim iam singula nobis
excipiantur, amor propritim odiumve creatis
iracundiave aut rusum ut clementia detur ?
non mage quam in rana si volturiove repertast
deformis species, at tigribu' vividus ardet
cum virtute color, favor hoc facit irave fati.
  semper enim vivunt corpuscula materiai
innumerabilibus formis pugnantia secum,
innumerabiliterque in coetus indupetita.
nec, quem certa dies in luminis extulit oras,
aetas ulla fuit quae non intenderit illuc,
ullave iam vis est quae non hunc cirit in ortum,
nil adeo validumst quod rem mutetve vetetve.

R. E.

CXXXVIII

COLUMBUS

(12th October, 1492.)

From his adventurous prime
He dreamed the dream sublime:
  Over his wandering youth
    It hung, a beckoning star.
At last the vision fled,
And left him in its stead
  The scarce sublimer truth,
    The world he found afar.

The scattered isles that stand
Warding the mightier land
  Yielded their maidenhood
    To his imperious prow.
The mainland within call
Lay vast and virginal:
  In its blue porch he stood:
    No more did fate allow.

No more! but ah, how much,
To be the first to touch
  The veriest azure hem
    Of that majestic robe!
Lord of the lordly sea,
Earth's mightiest sailor he:
  Great Captain among them,
    The captors of the globe.

When shall the world forget
Thy glory and our debt,
  Indomitable soul,
    Immortal Genoese?
Not while the shrewd salt gale
Whines amid shroud and sail,
  Above the rhythmic roll
    And thunder of the seas.

W. Watson.

CXXXIX

BACH, IN THE FUGUES AND PRELUDES

Contentedly with strictest strands confined,
Sports in the sun that oceanic mind:
To leap their bourn these waves did never long,
Or roll against the stars their rockbound song.

W. Watson.

CXXXVIII

COLUMBUS

Non usitatis auguriis fidem
audax iuventus foverat unicam;
spes una direxit vagantem,
sidus uti, docuitque cursus.

disiecta tandem somnia;—quid viro
restat? fugacem mutat imaginem
tellure vix longe reperta,
spemque fere videt absolutam,

cum dissipatas per maria insulas,
praemunientes litora latius
extenta, et intactos recessus
attigit imperiosa prora,

et vasta tellus virgineos sinus
reclusit ultro:—caerula porticus
excepit adstantem, sed ultra
ferre pedem vetuere Parcae.

beatus, oram cui dedit ultimam
Fortuna pallae tangere regiae
primo, triumphatique rector
tu maris, et decus inter omnes

insigne nautas iure vocaberis:
quando silebit, quid tibi debeat
Orbis? quid aeternos honores
imminuet, Genuae potentis

invicta proles, dum Notus ingemet
inter rudentes velaque dissono
stridore, dum fluctus tonabunt
in numerum salis aestuosi?

E. D. S

CXXXIX

VIS TEMPERATA

Mens ampla angustas non indignata catenas
ludit ut Oceanus, sol ubi ridet aquis.
nec tamen hi fluctus cupient transcendere fines,
nec scopulo adstrictis astra ferire modis.

E. D. S.

CXL

FROM 'THE SHADOW-LAND'

Far, far aloof from Olympus and the thunder
Lost midway in the spaces of the night
Lies a dim wilderness of vanity and wonder
Half within darkness and half amid the light.
Stray suns find it: the callow moon has found it;
Sad seas circle it, a melancholy strand;
Dreams impeople it and shadows are around it;
And the gods know it as the distant Shadow-land.
All things there suffer death and alteration,
Fair flowers bloom for a season and are bright.
Songs over-sweet but outlive a generation,
Ring for a little and are gathered into night.
Cycles decay and their sepulchres have perished,
Kingdoms depart and their palaces are sand;
Names unchronicled and memories uncherished
Fill the lost annals of the Shadow-land.
What spirits there so forsaken and so jaded;
White plumes stained and apparel that is rent;
Wild eyes dim with ideals which have faded;
Weary feet wearily resting in ascent?
Heroes and patriots a company benighted,
Looking down drearily they see along the plain,
Many a bright beacon which Liberty had lighted
Dying out slowly in the wind and in the rain.
"Ah! sad realms where the ripest of the meadows
Bring bitter seeds to maturity." I cried:
"Ah, sweet life, who would change thee for the shadows!
Take me again to earth's summers, O my guide!"
Smiling he answered me, "Thy journey home is ended,
Raise up thine eyes, and behold on either hand";
Straightway lifting them, I saw and comprehended
Earth was herself the god's distant Shadow-land.

Lord Bowen.

CXL

UMBRARUM HIC LOCUS EST

Est locus, horret ubi mediis nox feta tenebris,
distat abhinc longe fulmen, Olympe, tuum.
mira loci species, vacuis obsessa figuris;
sublustrem variant lumen et umbra polum.
Soles invisunt rari, Lunaeque malignae,
et pulsant tristes flebile litus aquae.
somnia vana colunt; circumstant undique nimbi:
Umbrarumque vocant Di loca sola domum.
nil immortale est, nil non mutabile; pulchri
vere nitent flores, sed brevis ille nitor.
carmina reiciunt patrum praedulcia nati:
acre quidem resonant, mersaque nocte tacent.
secula vanescunt non commemorata sepulcris;
regna cadunt: regum condit harena domos.
perdita nil referunt populi monumenta remoti,
ni quod amor languet, ni quod inane decus.
defessae quales animae, luctuque gravatae!
en, lacerae vestes, laurus adesa situ!
marcescunt oculi, qui spes fovere caducas:
haerent in medio monte labantque pedes.
si quis amat patriam, si quem fovet ardua virtus,
respiciunt solas, nocte premente, plagas:
imbribus et ventis, quae libertate calebant,
paulatim exstingui flammea signa vident.
"tristia regna, quibus si quod praestantius arvum,
luxuriant pingui semina amara solo.
quis mutare velit vitam pallentibus umbris?
aestivum Terrae, dux, mihi redde iubar?"
sic ego; dux contra ridens: "haec meta viarum,
tolle oculos, domus est, quidquid utrinque vides."
vera fides patuit, dum circum lumina verto,
est domus Umbrarum iudice Terra Deo.

E. D. S.

CXLI

"THE HURT THAT HONOUR FEELS.

That man is surely in the wrong
  And lets his angry passions blind him,
Who, when a person comes along
            Behind him,

And hits him hard upon the cheek
  (One whom he took to be his brother)
Declines to turn and let him tweak
            The other.

It should be his immediate care
  By delicate and tactful dealings
To ease the striker's pain and spare
            His feelings ;

Nor should he, for his private ends,
  Make any personal allusion
Tending to aggravate his friend's
            Confusion.

For there are people built this way :—
  They may have scratched your face or bent it
Yet, if you reason with them, they
            Resent it!

Their honour, quickly rendered sore,
  Demands that you should suffer mutely
Lest they should feel it even more
            Acutely.

('*Punch*,' *Nov. 5th*, 1898.)

CXLII

A LITTLE ILIAD

There once was a lady of Troy
Whom sev'ral small flies did annoy
  Some she kill'd with a thump,
  Some she drown'd at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy.

E. Lear.

CXLI

DA LOCUM!

Ille delicti reus est aperte
impotens irae in vetitum ruentis,
si quis, antiqui prius obligatus
        foedere amoris,

de repentino male fert sodalem
clam sinistrorsum colapho ingruentem
rite maxillam neque iussit ultro
        vellere dextram.

nonne permulcere viri dolorem
verberaturi potius decebat,
improbus ne fors pudor impediret
        bella gerentem?

ne nimis rerum cupidus tuarum
corda conturbare aliena tentans
ingeras strictura hominem immerentem
        iurgia linguae,

sunt quibus nativa sit ista virtus,
tortili ut vultu tibi comminuto
increpent laesi vice deprecantem
        ne lanieris.

consciis recti probitas querellam,
crede, dedignata tuam gravatur;
hoc tibi restat; doleas, et almus
        ore faveto.

J. R.

CXLII

ΙΛΙΑΣ ΚΑΚΩΝ

Troada ne taceam praestantem Troasin: illa
forte lacessita heu! muscis et peste minuta
ingestis colaphis harum cere comminuit brum,
has autem ad puteum raptas absumpsit in undis,
at reliquas reduces cum virgine Troia recepit.

R. Y. T.

CXLIII

MARPESSA

How wonderful in a bereavèd ear
The Northern wind: how strange the summer night,
The exhaling earth to those that vainly love.
Out of our sadness have we made the world
So beautiful; the sea sighs in our brain,
And in our heart the yearning of the moon.
To all this sorrow was I born, and since
Out of a human womb I came, I am
Not eager to forego it: I would scorn
To elude the heaviness and take the joy.
For pain came with the sap, pangs with the bloom;
This is the sting, the wonder. Yet should I
Linger beside thee in felicity
Sliding with open eyes through liquid bliss
For ever, still I must grow old. Ah, I
Should ail beside thee, Apollo, and should note
With eyes that would not be, but yet are dim
Ever so slight a change from day to day
In thee, my husband; watch thee nudge thyself
To little offices that once were sweet,
Slow where thou once wert swift, remembering
To kiss those lips which once thou could'st not leave.
I should expect thee by the western bay
Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate smiles
And pitiful devices of my dress
Or fashion of my hair. Thou would'st grow kind,
Most bitter to a woman that was loved,
I must ensnare thee to my arms, and touch
Thy pity, to but hold thee to my heart.

Stephen Phillips.

CXLIII

MARPESSA

Mira sonat Boreas, orbi cum percutit aurem;
seu quis amat frustra, miranda silentia noctis
aestivae, quique halat odor tellure recenti.
si mare suspirat, si Luna cupidine vana
pallet, ficta vides nostri simulacra doloris.
tristitiae heredem tantae me mater ad auras
edidit, humanos nolentem evadere casus;
gaudia praeripere et curam evitare puderet.
angit enim adscendens sucus, flos angit in ortu;
attonitos iuvat ipse dolor: sin lumine aperto
carpere delicias irrupta pace beata
praetulerim, mergique mera dulcedine tecum
aeternum; prope te comitem tamen aegra senescam,
marcescant oculi invitae, sed cernere possint
mutari inque dies sensim decrescere amorem
coniugis: officiis fungi tam dulcibus olim
vix te ipsum accingas; videam te, Phoebe, morantem,
qui modo promptus eras: deberi basia labris
in mentem revoces, modo quae linquenda negabas.
Hesperios iuxta fines diffisa marito
exspectem, risu commendans ora coacto
pallentesque genas, cultu placitura comisque
dispositis ex arte nova—miserabilis,—at tu
mitescas—pro triste nefas,—qui nuper amasti.
men circumfusis captum irretire lacertis
pectus, ut amplexu foveam miserantis inan

E. D. S.

CXLIV

'CHORUS OF HOME-COMING SHIPS'

From the uttermost bound
  Of the wind and the foam,
From creek and from sound,
  We are hastening home.
We are laden with treasure
  From ransacked seas,
To charm your leisure,
  To grace your ease;
We have trodden the billows,
  And tracked the ford,
To soften your pillows
  To heap your board.
The hills have been shattered,
  The forest scattered,
Our white sails tattered
  To swell your hoard.
Is it blossom or fruit or
  Seed ye crave?
The land is your suitor,
  The sea your slave.
We have raced with the swallows,
  And threaded the floes
Where the walrus wallows
  Mid melting snows;
Sought regions torrid
  And realms of sleet,
To gem your forehead,
  To swathe your feet.
And behold now we tender
  With pennons unfurled,
For your comfort and splendour,
  The wealth of the world.

A. Austin.

CXLV

Man, thoughtless man, whose moments quickly fly,
Wakes but to sleep again, and lives to die.
But when this fleeting, mortal life is o'er
Man dies to live, and lives to die no more.

Sir A. Alison
(Epitaph on his father

CXLIV

QUI MARI POTITUR EUM RERUM POTIRI

Ultimus oceani qua terminus obstitit undis,
  candida qua Borea spuma furente salit,
eque sinu multo longisque recessibus omnes
  pandimus ad ventos vela reversa domum.
direpti pelagi spoliis oneramur et auro,
  sit tibi cessanti gratior unde quies.
aequoris extremi rostro sulcavimus undas,
  fecimus incertam per vada caeca viam,
ut positum mollis sternat tibi culcita lectum,
  et varias iactet mensa onerata dapes.
divitias montis penetralia rupta dederunt,
  eversum didicit munera ferre nemus.
candidaque immodici lacerarunt carbasa venti,
  quo tibi maiores accumulentur opes.
an flores segetesque novas an semina quaeris?
  unda tibi servit caerula—servit ager.
nos celeri cursu non exsuperavit hirundo,
  per glaciem nostrum se sinuavit iter.
volvere qua gaudet se vacca marina per aequor,
  exiguis qua nix solibus icta perit.
vidimus et positas Cancri sub sidere terras,
  vidimus aspersas grandinis imbre plagas,
ut tibi gemmatum frontem diadema coronet,
  ut foveat vinctos calceus iste pedes.
inque tuos ferimus signis volitantibus usus,
  luxuriae quidquid maximus orbis habet.

J. C.

CXLV

Stultus homo es, cui tempus abit breve: somnia pellis,
  ut repetas; vitam iam moriturus agis.
at tibi cum fugitiva cito pede fluxerit aetas,
  ut vivas moreris, vitaque morte caret.

E. D. S.

CXLVI

While she brooded thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, "The King." She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor;
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea."

Tennyson.

CXLVII

And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see his face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turn'd; and more and more
The moving vapour rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Tennyson.

CXLVI

GUINEVERA

Talia dum secum veluti per somnia volvit
inscia praeteritos renovans regina dolores,
iamque sibi priscum scelus instaurare videtur,
arma gerens invectus equo est ad limina miles.
virginei coetus summisso murmure mussant:
tum subito exoritur clamor: "rex adstat:" at illa
audiit obstupefacta metu, et cum longa sonabat
porticus armatis pedibus de limine primo
tendentis, delapsa solo se prona volutat,
ora pavimento turpans, ubi crine nigranti
et niveis umeris celantur lumina regem.
armatos adstare pedes caligine densa
audit, at ille nihil: perque alta silentia ut umbrae
vox it rauca tenore uno et denuntiat iras,
quae regem manifesta tamen mutata fatetur:
"sicine prona iaces, venerandi filia patris,
(felix qui periit cum filia labe carebat)?
di bene, progenies quod de te nulla creata est;
haec tua progenies, ferrum atque incendia lata,
diraque pernicies et legum infracta potestas,
et cognatorum insidiae, quique agmine facto
impius Arctoo descendit ab aequore miles."

J. C. M.

CXLVII

Has vero adfatus galea celaverat ora
cristata squamis galea fulvoque dracone;
nec faciem regina viri conspexit, et oris
non mortale decus: sed cristam vidit et alas
rorantes nebulis taedarumque ignibus ictas
ardere, et rutilo noctem suffundere fumo.
iamque avertebat sese, et circumflua regem
lurida caligo simulacri immanis ad instar
densius implicuit, donec canesceret umbra
pallidior sensim, et nebulae labentis imago
coniugis ante oculos iret sua fata secuti.

C. S.

CXLVIII

'Mr. W. H.'

To sing the nation's song or do the deed
That crowns with richer light the motherland,
Or lend her strength of arm in hour of need
When fangs of foes shine fierce on every hand,
Is joy to him whose joy is working well—
Is goal and guerdon too, though never fame
Should find a thrill of music in his name;
Yea, goal and guerdon too, though Scorn should aim
Her arrows at his soul's high citadel.
But if the fates withhold the joy from me
To do the deed that widens England's day,
Or join that song of Freedom's jubilee
Begun when England started on her way—
Withhold from me the hero's glorious power
To strike with song or sword for her, the mother,
And give that sacred guerdon to another,
Him will I hail as my more noble brother—
Him will I love for his diviner dower.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

CXLIX

THE THROSTLE

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again."
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble, unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

Tennyson.

CXLVIII

θεῖος ἀοιδός

Felix, qui potuit gentem illustrare canendo,
quique decus patriae claris virtutibus addit
succurritque laboranti, tutamque periclis
eruit, hostilesque minas avertit acerbo
dente lacessitae; bene, quicquid fecerit audax,
explevisse iuvat: metam tenet ille quadrigis,
praemia victor habet, quamvis tuba vivida famae
ignoret titulos, vel si flammante sagitta
oppugnet Livor quam mens sibi muniit arcem.
quod si fata mihi virtutis gaudia tantae
invideant, nec fas Anglorum extendere fines
latius, et nitidae primordia libertatis,
Anglia cui praecepit iter, cantare poetae;
si numeris laudare meam vel marte Parentem
non mihi contingat, nec Divom adsumere vires
atque inconcessos sibi vindicet alter honores,
dignior ille mihi frater, quem iure saluto—
illum divino praestantem numine amabo.

E. D. S.

CXLIX

RERUM NOVITAS

" Redit aestas, redit aestas, scio lucem redituram,
scio frondes et amorem, scio vitam." sapis aeque et
furis idem, bone vates.

nova narras; radiat ver: eadem te prior annus
nova vidit recinentem. "nova lux est, nova frons est,"
temere urges novitatem.

"mihi cantus, mihi nidi, mihi dulces Hymenaei."
furis, inquam, furis excors; an et unam latitantem
violam cernis in herba?

"age, felix, age portas aperi, Sol." sine culpa
cane, quiquid lubet, ales: redit aestas et iniquas
hiemes trudit in Orcum.

E. D. S.

CL

FROM 'LOVE AND SLEEP'

What sights were theirs in that blest wonder-land?
  See, the white mountain-summits, framed in cloud,
Redden with sunset; when below them stand
  The solemn pine-woods like a funeral crowd;
And lower still the vineyards twine, and make
A double vintage in the tranquil lake.

Or, after storm-tost nights, on some sea isle
  The sudden tropical morning bursts; and lo!
Bright birds and feathery palms, the green hills smile,
  Strange barks, with swarthy crews, dart to and fro;
And on the blue bay, glittering like a crown,
The white domes of some fair historic town.

All these they knew! and then a breeze of day
  Stirred the dark wood; and then they seemed to come
Forth with reluctant feet among the gray,
  Bare fields, unfanciful; and all the flame
Was burnt from out Love's eyes, and from his hair,
And his smooth cheek was marked with lines of care.

And paler showed the maid, more pure and white
  And holier than before. But when I said,
"Sweet eyes, be opened"; lo, the unveilèd sight
  Was as the awful vision of the dead!
Then knew I, breathing slow, with difficult breath,
That Love was one with Life, and Sleep with Death.

Sir Lewis Morris.

CLI

FROM 'SONGS OF TRAVEL'

He hears with gladdened heart the thunder
  Peal, and loves the falling dew;
He knows the earth above and under—
  Sits and is content to view.

He sits beside the dying ember,
  God for hope and man for friend,
Content to see, glad to remember,
  Expectant of the certain end.

R. L. Stevenson.

CL

AMOR ET SOMNUS

Musa refer magicis spectacula mille sub umbris:
en rubet occiduo lumine montis apex,
nubila quem cingunt niveum, tum tristia clivos
pineta, ut structo pompa propinqua rogo.
inferius vineta iacent, innexa racemis,
Bacchus et in placidis redditur alter aquis.

vexatove mari noctem quam longa, repente
mane novo visa est surgere Taprobane.
palmiferos inter colles, pictasque volucres
turba regit miras sole perusta rates.
urbis et antiquae, clari diadematis instar,
caeruleo impendent candida templa lacu.

talia senserunt.—Iam matutina diei
coeperat obscuras aura movere comas.
inde per expertes Cereris Musaeque novales
segniter invitam carpit uterque viam.
flamma viro est exstincta oculis, exstincta capillis,
marmoream frontem ruga senilis arat.

virgineus magis atque magis pallescere vultus,
sanctior est formae candidiorque nitor.
verum ubi caeruleos iussi se pandere ocellos,
livida Tartareus verterat ora color.
tum subit—at 'fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus'—
"par Amor est vitae, par tibi, Somne, mori."

F. St. J. T.

CLI

IN UTRUMQUE PARATUS

Audit ovans rutilo crepitare tonitrua caelo
aethere delapsi munera roris amat.
novit, quae celat tellus, quae prodit ad auras,
contentusque sedet,—posse videre sat est.

dumque sedet, languent ignes frigente favilla,
sed sperare Deus iussit, amicus homo est.
posse videre sat est: iuvat acta revolvere: certus
finis adest: meditans quid ferat ille manet.

E. D. S.

CLII

LAGRIMAS

God send me tears!
Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain,
Give me the melting heart of other years
And let me weep again!

Before me pass
The shapes of things inexorably true.
Gone is the sparkle of transforming dew
From every blade of grass.

In life's high noon
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,
And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun
That will go down too soon.

Turned into gall
Are the sweet joys of childhood's sunny reign;
And memory is a torture, love a chain
That binds my life in thrall.

And childhood's pain
Could to me now the purest rapture yield;
I pray for tears as in his parching field
The husbandman for rain.

We pray in vain!
The sullen sky flings down its blaze of brass,
The joys of life all scorched and withering pass;
I shall not weep again.

Col. John Hay.

CLIII

SONG

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

Tennyson.

CLII

O LACRIMARUM FONS!

Da tandem lacrimas, Deus.
tandem solve gravi tempora vinculo!
o si pectus aeneum
mollescat teneris, ut prius, imbribus!
me praesentia nil iuvant,
et fictas animus spernit imagines:
non Aurora liquoribus
pingit sicca mihi gramina roscidis:-
inclinante meridie
perfectum est operis nil mihi debiti:
mox cernam cadere ocius
exustis oculis praecipites rotas.
caligo violat dies
suffusas nitida luce puertiae,
quorum dum memini, Venus
torquet cor lacerum compede ferrea.
o si fas puerilibus
instaurare foret gaudia fletibus!
campo rusticus hispido
deposcit pluviam, sic lacrimas ego.
nil vanae efficiunt preces,
aeratoque minax sol rutilat polo,
torrens quidquid amabile est;
iamque in perpetuum flere negabitur.

E. D. S.

CLIII

ἵκετο φωνή

Voce tua resonant praenuntia tympana belli,
quo tuus accitu miles in arma ruit.
coniugis ante oculos dilectae surgit imago,
stringitur in Martem vincere certa manus.
paulisper dum signa novae dant classica pugnae
scandentes pueros in tua genua videt.
tum rapida velut ignis in hostem fulminat ira;—
sternit humi victor fretus amore tuo.

B. D.

CLIV

Come out to the meadows that glisten,
  The winter is over and gone:
There is music for all who will listen,
  And the earth will be dancing anon.
Come down to the banks of the river,
  Those waters as silver have shone,
Joy thrills in the ripples that shiver,
  And the waves wlll be dancing anon.
Spring whispers a word in the bushes,
  Her voice through the forest has gone,
Love wakes in the song of the thrushes,
  And the leaves will be dancing anon.
We have done with the winter of sadness,
  Ah! Friend, the year's birthday has shone:
Then welcome the message of gladness,
  And your heart will be dancing anon.

H. V. M.

CLV

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse—
A land of old up-heaven from the abyss
By fire, to fall into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the King;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.

Tennyson.

CLIV

PRID. KAL. MART.

Surge age, tempus erat lucentes quaerere campos,
bruma fuit: gelidi, crede, fuere dies.
carmina non desunt carmen sperantibus: ultro
mox dederit veris conscia terra choros.
surge age, flumineaeque volens advertere ripae,
cernis ut argento purior amnis eat?
quos horrere vides trepidant in gaudia fluctus,
iam iam Naiadum senseris ire choros.
excidit ore deae virgulta per omnia murmur,
audiit attonitum, vere vocante, nemus,
nascitur, et turdis amor implet amabile carmen,
iamque choros agmen ducit Hamadryadum.
bruma fuit, longi, mihi crede, fuere dolores,
prima dies anni fulsit, amice, novi.
venit laetitiae tibi nuntius: accipe vocem:
mens tua se vernis iunxerit ipsa choris.

H. V. M.

CLV

CONCURRITUR

Exsurgit simul et moto Rex agmine noctu
per spatia aequa viae sensim premit usque rebelles
Hesperium ad finem retro solemque cadentem.
mira fuit tellus, violentis ignibus olim
eiecta ad lucem rursum illapsura profundo;
hanc veterum populorum amisso nomine rarae
relliquiae incoluere, et culmina longa iugorum
claudit harenosum nunquam non mobile litus,
quod pallens velut umbra procul circumgemit aequor.
hic neutri locus est, qui prosequiturve sequendi,
qui refugitve fugae venturi Regis ab armis;
hic ergo oppositi, quo sese maxima caeli
flamma die minimum volvendo extollit in anno,
ad vastum in vasta concurrunt aequor harena.

C. W. M.

CLVI

DOUBT AND PRAYER

Tho' Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy rod,
Rail at "Blind Fate" with many a vain "Alas!"
From Sin thro' sorrow unto Thee we pass
By that same path our true forefathers trod;
And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
Draw from my death Thy living flower and grass,
Before I learn that Love, which is and was
My Father, and my Brother, and my God!
Steel me with patience! Soften me with grief!
Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray,
Till this embattled wall of unbelief
My prison, not my fortress, fall away!
Then if Thou willest, let my day be brief,
So Thou wilt strike Thy glory thro' the day.

Tennyson.

CLVII

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dew-drops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

C. G. Rossetti.

CLVI

ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον

Sectus flagello vir licet impius
"a! caeca," questu clamet inutili
  "Fortuna," nos patres secuti
    ingenuos veterumque normam
delicta flentes te petimus; mihi
ne sana desit mens, neque caespitem
  vel flore distinguat vel herba
    mors viridi mea, te priusquam
qui frater audis, qui pater et Deus,
sit nosse tandem, et quid sit amor tuus:
  da molle luctu, da doloris
    cor patiens; resonetque cornu
sublime, donec carcer aeneus,
arx visa quondam, dissiliat; brevis
  tum vita, si mavis, supersit,
    sis modo lux, abigasque noctem.

E. D. S.

CLVII

ID CINEREM AUT MANES CREDIS CURARE SEPULTOS?

Mortua quum fuero, ne me dignare querellis;
  desit in exsequias nenia vana meas!
neu rosa florescat capiti precor adsita nostro
  neu signet madidam nigra cupressus humum.
qua mea membra cubant, tantum pia germinet herba,
  quam largi rores et levis imber alat.
tu, si fert animus, modo me vixisse memento,
  ni potius mavis immemor esse mei.
non equidem cernam nutantes desuper umbras;
  securos cineres nulla lacesset hiemps.
non auscultanti mihi nocte videbitur aegro
  flebilius quiddam Daulias ore queri.
ludar imaginibus sublustri vesperis hora,
  quae neque fert noctem nec fugit ante diem;
forsan erit meminisse tui per somnia; forsan
  nulla mihi vitae cura prioris erit.

E. D. S.

CLVIII

THE PINNACE

On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro.
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep:
I, whose diminutive design
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch, a hand withhold:
I, rather, with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out;
I the unnamed, inviolate,
Green, rustic rivers, navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble-brakes;
Still forth on my green way I wend
Beside the cottage garden-end;
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.
By willow wood and water-wheel
Speedily fleets my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots,
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots.

R. L. Stevenson.

CLIX

DISCE PATI

A crowned Caprice is god of this world
On his stony breast are his white wings furled,
No ear to listen, no eye to see,
No heart to feel for a man hath he.

But his pitiless arm is swift to smite,
And his mute lips utter one word of might,
"'Mid the clash of gentler souls and rougher
Wrong must thou do, or wrong must suffer."
Then grant, O dumb blind god, at least that we
Rather the sufferers than the doers be.

Grant Allen.

CLVIII

EXIGUUS PULSA PER VADA LINTER AQUA

Fluenta magna navis huc et huc petat,
agatque res onusta merce gentium :
cavus nato phaselus otiosior
pedes ubi, ecce, vix tuos supervenit
corusca lympha : suaviore me cedro,
torosiore me creavit abiete
faber tulitque tam levi ex origine
opus tenellulum, ut vel impetu manus
morer retentus excitusve prodeam.
mihi choris inesse piscium lubet
et hinc et inde permeare lilia,
mihi secare ruris integri vada
harundinosa nominumque egentia :
sed ipsa mora, palmulas ubi imbui
in amne, vix moventur : hinc sub hortulos
vagor via virente, retia sciens
trahentis ire prae senis sedilibus,
amantiumve vota deprehendere.
fugax carina radit evolans iter
salicta praeter et molas volubiles
locosque silva quot reconditos habet,
ubi enitescit umbra flore caerulo.

A. B. R.

CLIX

IN ME CONVERTITE FERRUM

Res hominum diadema gerens Fortuna gubernat,
  marmorea algentes obtegit ala sinus ;
nil audit cernitve, aures et lumina desunt,
  pectoraque humanis mollia facta malis.
prompta ferire tamen sunt bracchia, nescia flecti,
  voxque potens mutis exsilit una labris.
"hic certamen agunt cum mitibus aspera corda,
  damna inferre times ? stat tibi damna pati."
hoc saltem, Dea voce carens et lumine, nobis
  annue, malle pati ; malle ferire veta.

E. D. S.

CLX

AN ELEGY

Sweet mistress of the ivory keys,
  That ope the gates where Music dwells,
    What sighs, what tears are these,
    Wrung from the heart's torn cells
    Of those who round thee wait
      All desolate?

How oft thy hands awoke with power
  Each master from his mighty rest!
    Alas, in this sad hour
    The blossom lies unpressed
    Which thy pale fingers hold
      Senseless and cold.

How oft erewhile, thy spirit meeting,
  Beethoven swept in flight of fire
    Downwards; or Handel beating
    Time for the angels' choir
    Grafted his strong and free
      Utterance in thee;

Or Schubert breathed on thee his spell,
  And taught thee so the luring lay,
    It seemed our footsteps fell
    On an enchanted way,
    And very Paradise
      Before our eyes

Trembled, as thou didst softly close;
  And heaven and earth together blent
    In one divine repose,
    Which now is rudely rent,
    And our glad vision flown,
      Since thou art gone.

CLX

MUSAEA MELE, PER CHORDAS ORGANICI QUAE MOBILIBUS DIGITIS EXPERGEFACTA FIGURANT

Claves eburnos te modo callidam
tractare, Phoebi qui reserant fores,
  lugemus orbati peremptam;
    corda pio lacerante questu
desideramus, relliquias tui
maestum intuentes: a! quotiens manu
  pollente sublimes magistros
    artis Apollineae Sibylla
somno excitabas! hei mihi tristior
successit hora, et nunc gremio iacet
  adfixus, algentique inhaerens
    flos digito male continetur.
quam saepe consors parsque animae tuae
descendit Orpheus aliger igneo
  praeceps volatu: vel sonorum
    te docuit melos aemulari
Musaeus, altos caelicolum choro
cantus ministrans, vel Thamyris tibi
  mellitus inspiravit artem et
    deliciis catus erudivit.
nos fabuloso in tramite ponimus
vestigia, et magnum ante oculos repens,
  claudente te blandi tenorem
    carminis, Elysium patescit,
caelumque terramque una quies habet
divina: quae nunc vis adamantina
  discrevit, et iucunda nobis
    somnia te fugiunt adempta.

Farewell, farewell, whate'er of thee
  The kindly sacred soil may claim!
    The hand, in giving free;
    And ah, thy tender frame;
    Pure lip, and patient brow,
      Farewell—not thou;

For where the holy fount is set,
  That eye of flesh did never see,
    From fears delivered, yet
    May we rejoice with thee!
    With pulses thrilling far
      Past sun and star.

J. R. Mozley.

CLXI

A REPLY

Voltaire, O Christian souls! for this was sent,
To break the slumber of our vain content.
Whate'er his faults in conduct or in creed,
He taught a truth whereof the world had need;
That cruelty, howe'er begirt with awe
By conqueror's pride or customary law,
Or by religion's sacred seeming name,
Affixes on its doer guilt and shame;
And that howe'er the crown of endless life
Excels the baubles of our earthly strife,
Yet plain and visible experience still
Must be to us the test of good or ill;
We may be doubtful of the seed when sown;
The fruit's true flavour surely shall be known.
He erred, opposing error; deep disguise
Had veiled the true from truth-pursuing eyes.
He erred against the strong; the weak oppressed
Found him a helper, and their wrongs redressed.

J. R. Mozley.

ergo iubemus, quod sibi vindicat
sacrata de te terra, novissimum
  valere: largiri valeto
    prompta manus, tenera ista forma
labrumque castum et frons patiens mali:
tu tu superstes: namque oculos ubi
  celata mortales origo
    fallit, alens elementa vitae,
speramus et nos deposito metu
gaudere tecum, sanguine plenius
  fervente vena, Solis ultra
    limina sidereosque tractus.

E. D. S.

CLXI

NON SORDIDUS AUCTOR NATURAE VERIQUE

Missus ad hoc Voltur, qui vanae insomnia mentis—
credite Christicolae—securaque rumperet oti
vincula; iudicia et mores culpaveris: esto:
verum illud tamen edocuit, quod oportuit omnes
discere, saevitiam, quam majestate superbus
munierit victor, lex sanciat, ipsaque honesto
nomine Relligio perversa sacraverit, ingens
flagitium sonti, causamque pudoris habendam.
sit potior nugis quas nos sectamur avari
immortalis honos aeternaque gloria palmae,
quid noceat tamen et prosit, nos edocet usus
communis iudex: semen commiseris arvo
quale sit ignorans, maturos poma sapores
monstrabunt satis; erravit, dum erroribus obstat
noster, et offusa est oculis qui vera petebant
caligo vera involvens; erravit, in hostes
arma gerens validos: at si quem iniuria laesit
oppressum, vindex acerrimus exstitit idem.

E. D. S.

CLXII

I

Go away, Death!
You have come too soon.
To sunshine and song I but just awaken
And the dew on my heart is undried and unshaken;
Come back at noon.

II

Go away, Death!
What a short reprieve!
The mists of the morning have vanished, I roam
Through a world bright with wonder, and feel it my home;
Come back at eve.

III

Go away, Death!
See, it still is light.
Over earth broods a quiet more blissful than glee,
And the beauty of sadness lies low on the sea;
Come back at night.

IV

Come to me, Death!
I no more would stay.
The night-owl hath silenced the linnet and lark,
And the wailing of wisdom sounds sad in the dark;
Take me away.

A. Austin.

CLXIII

The sun is not abed when I
At night upon my pillow lie,
Still round the earth his way he takes
And morning after morning wakes.
While here at home in shining day
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.
And when at eve I rise from tea
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea,
And all the children in the west
Are getting up and being dressed.

R. L. Stevenson.

CLXII

REPETIT QUOD NUPER OMISIT

Hinc, hinc abi Mors! cur properas nimis?
vixdum sopores carmine sol novus
  dissolvit, intactique rores
    corda lavunt: medio reverti

aestu licebit: quid? spatium breve
concedis: hinc te corripe; vanuit
  qui rura matutinus umor
    condiderat; nitidum pererro

miratus orbem: dat propriam domum
tellus; reversam vespere nil moror:—
  nunquamne, Mors, absistis? almam
    cernis adhuc superesse lucem;

porrecta terris laetitiam quies
evincit, undas dulce crepusculum
  tristes serenat: tu redibis
    nocte:—veni! reducem saluto:

nam strix alaudae strix acalanthidis
pressit querellas; et monitus gemens
  instillat horrendos per umbram;
    ire volo: capias volentem.

E. D. S.

CLXIII

τοῖσι λάμπει μὲν μένος ἀελίου

  Sol non dormit, ubi meum
pulvinar tacita nocte levat caput.
  circum orbem ruit impiger
aurorasque facit perpetuum novas.
  claro dum fruimur die
apricoque domi ludimus hortulo,
  nutrix sedula languidis
Indorum pueris oscula dividit.
  mensam ut vespere desero,
lucet prima dies trans mare Atlanticum, et
  quicunque Hesperiam colit,
tum surgit tunicamque induitur puer.

E. D. S.

CLXIV

DICKENS RETURNS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

[A ragged girl in Drury Lane was heard to exclaim, "Dickens dead? Then will Father Christmas die too?" June 9th, 1870.]

"Dickens is dead!" Beneath that grievous cry
London seemed shivering in the summer heat;
Strangers took up the tale like friends that meet,
"Dickens is dead," said they, and hurried by;
Street children stopped their games—they knew not why,
But some new night seemed darkening down the street.
A girl in rags, staying her way-worn feet,
Cried "Dickens dead? Will Father Christmas die?"

City he loved, take courage on thy way!
He loves thee still, in all thy joys and fears.
Though he whose smile made bright thine eyes of grey—
Though he whose voice, uttering thy burthened years,
Made laughter bubble through thy sea of tears—
Is gone, Dickens returns on Christmas Day!

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

CLXV

SONG

Oh, like a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen her golden head!
But oh, at last, when all is said,
  Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
  So proud, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
  The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy queenly tread,
And oh, her queenly golden head!
But oh, her heart, when all is said,
  Her woman's heart for me!

W. Watson.

CLXIV

ERGO QUINTILIUM PERPETUUS SOPOR URGET?

"Flaccus mortuus est" dolore tanto
aestivam it gelidus tremor per Urbem:
cives civibus obvii salutant,
hospes excipit, invicemque tradit,
"Flaccus mortuus est," iterque pergit.
ludos in triviis puer relinquit,
causae nescius. at magis magisque
nigrescit nova nox, tegitque vicos.
pannis obsita fessa dum moratur,
"Flaccus mortuus est," puella clamat
"Saturnaliane excident et ipsa?"
Urbs, quam foverat ille, vivere aude,
te laetam fovet usque, te paventem.
si risus, hilarare qui solebant
tuae seria frontis a! fuerunt,
si vox sollicitos referre callens
annales, lacrimantiumque ab ipsis
educens oculis leves cachinnos,
aeternum tacet—ille noster Urbem
Saturnalibus annuis revisit.

F. St. J. T.

CLXV

HAEC NOSTRI PARS OPTIMA SENSUS

Incessu regina patet, regina comarum
    splendore praestat aureo;—
pluribus illa quidem memorabilis, at muliebri
    nil corde dulcius mihi.
ad liquidos amnes erravimus, alta ubi pinus
    admurmurabat ilici,
ipsa feri nemoris pars verior, ipsa propago
    silvae pudica liberae.
carmina, quis animam prodebant labra beatam,
    captabat imminens polus;
oblitae pinus, memori quod corde fovebant,
    quod somniabant, ilices.
a! vera incessu praestans regina superbo!
    a! splendor aureus comae!
multa quidem de te fari licet, at muliebri
    nil corde pluris aestimo.

E. D. S.

CLXVI

TO N. V. DE G. S.

The unfathomable sea, and time, and tears,
The deeds of heroes and the crimes of kings
Dispart us; and the river of events
Has, for an age of years, to east and west
More widely borne our cradles. Thou to me
Art foreign, as when seamen at the dawn
Descry a land far off and know not which.
So I approach uncertain; so I cruise
Round thy mysterious islet, and behold
Surf and great mountains and loud river-bars,
And from the shore hear inland voices call.
Strange is the seaman's heart; he hopes, he fears;
Draws closer and sweeps wider from that coast;
Last, his rent sail refits, and to the deep
His shattered prow uncomforted puts back.
Yet as he goes he ponders at the helm
Of that bright island; where he feared to touch,
His spirit readventures; and for years,
Where by his wife he slumbers safe at home,
Thoughts of that land revisit him; he sees
The eternal mountains beckon, and awakes
Yearning for that far home that might have been.

R. L. Stevenson.

CLXVII

You'll carry the flag, the old torn flag,
  You'll carry the flag to the fore,
Through the press and the strain and the deadly rain
  Where the fathers passed of yore.
And you'll stand by the flag, when the faint hearts fly,
  And the best that you have, you'll give;
For the men who have learnt for a cause to die
  Are the men who learn to live.

Auberon Herbert.

CLXVI

AD AMICVM ABSENTEM

Nos barathrum Oceani immensum, seriesque dierum,
nos lacrimae, laudes heroum et crimina regum
dissociant: rerum multos revoluta per annos
fata, velut flumen, rapiunt cunabula nostra
diversos magis atque magis seiuncta per orbes.
ac veluti nautis primo cum litus Eoo
apparet, neque quale fuat dignoscere possunt,
tu mihi sic novus es, sic anceps deferor hospes:
circumagi videor Circaeum ut navita litus,
spumea saxa procul, montes, fluvialia claustra
prospicere, e terraque sonos audire vocantum.
multa movens nova mente inter spes atque timores,
nunc adit observans, refugit nunc avius oram
navita; tum demum velis petit alta refectis,
et quassam avertit proram, solaminis expers.
sed terrae radians abeunti occurrit imago,
dum clavum regit, et quo dudum appellere pavit,
mens iterum explorare audet; longosque per annos
sub lare dum tuto fruitur cum coniuge somnis,
pulchra redit menti species, montesque vocare
aeternos putat, et studio experrectus inani
"illa" inquit "longinqua domus si nostra fuisset."

L. E. U.

CLXVII

γῆς περὶ τῆσδε μαχώμεθα

Vexillum, quamquam laceris hiat undique pannis
  in primas acies armaque prima feres,
qua stipata cohors, qua ferreus ingruit imber
  quam sibi maiores instituere viam.
vexillo adstabis, dum mollia corda fugantur,
  optima pars illi est nempe dicanda tui.
qui didicere bona pro causa occumbere morte,
  nimirum hi discunt, quid sibi vita velit.

E. D. S.

CLXVIII

THE DAY AFTER THE STORM

Who has not walked upon the shore,
And who does not the morning know,
The day the angry gale is o'er,
The hour the wind has ceased to blow?

The horses of the strong south-west
Are pastured round his tropic tent,
Careless how long the ocean's breast
Sob on and sigh for passion spent.

The frightened birds, that fled inland
To house in rock and tower and tree,
Are gathering on the peaceful strand,
To tempt again the sunny sea;

Whereon the timid ships steal out
And laugh to find their foe asleep
That lately scattered them about,
And drave them to the fold like sheep.

The snow-white clouds he northward chased
Break into phalanx, line, and band:
All one way to the south they haste,
The south, their pleasant fatherland.

From distant hills their shadows creep
Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
And flit across the downs, and leap
Sheer off the cliff upon the sea;

And sail and sail far out of sight.
But still I watch their fleecy trains,
That piling all the south with light,
Dapple in France the fertile plains.

R. Bridges.

CLXIX

SHELLEY AND HARRIET

A star look'd down from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour.
Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears.

W. Watson.

CLXVIII

δεινῶν τ' ἄημα πνευμάτων ἐκοίμισε
στένοντα πόντον

Quis non Oceani est uda spatiatus in ora
  quis nescit primo gaudia nata die,
desiit ut cladem tempestas atra minari,
  pressaque sopiti flaminis ira tacet?
qua torrente procul tentoria fixit harena,
  immunes pascit turbidus Auster equos,
securus quamvis post tantos aegra furores
  suspiret crebris questibus unda maris.
quae modo terrarum petierunt intima, si qua
  saxa dabant nidos, porticus, arbor, aves,
pacato celeres glomerant in litore passus,
  aestivis ausae credere rursus aquis.
nec mora: prorepunt posita formidine puppes,
  quas iuvat infestum conticuisse salum,
quod pepulit modo dispersas, egitque trementes,
  pastor ut in tutum cogit ovile pecus.
ordinibus niveis vel spissae more phalangis
  nubila, sub gelidum nuper abacta polum,
certatim incedunt pariter, cursuque citato
  Australes repetunt, litora nota, domos.
proiciunt ortas longinquis montibus umbras,
  sufficiuntque acies, prataque summa legunt,
mox simul invadunt campum, et de rupibus altis
  in pelagi vastas praecipitantur aquas,
aeraque immensum tranant, falluntque tuentem :—
  me spectare tamen vellera cana iuvat,
quae caelum adgestis cumulis Australe coronant,
  et variant segetes, Gallia culta, tuas.

E. D. S.

CLXIX

Terrestri nascentem horto breve tempus amavit
  caelo despiciens stella corusca rosam.
quisquis es, o sublime volans qui suspicis astrum,
  debita pro spreto lacrima flore cadat.

E. D. S.

CLXX

FROM AN ELEGY ON R. L. STEVENSON.

Strange Isle of Voices! must we ask in vain,
In vain beseech and win no answering word,
Save mocking echoes of our lonely pain
From lonely hill and bird?
Island beneath whose unrelenting coast,
As though it never in the sun had been,
The whole world's treasure lieth sunk and lost,
Unsunned, unseen.
For, either sunk beyond the diver's skill,
There, fathoms deep, our gold is all arust,
Or in that island it is hoarded still.
Yea, some have said, within thy dreadful wall
There is a folk that know not death at all,
The loved we lost, the lost we love, are there.
Will no kind voice make answer to our cry,
Give to our aching hearts some little trust,
Show how 'tis good to live, but best to die?
Some voice that knows
Whither the dead man goes:
We hear his music from the other side,
Maybe a little tapping on the door,
A something called, a something sighed—
No more.
O for some voice to valiantly declare
The best news true!
Then, Happy Island of the Happy Dead,
How gladly would we spread
Impatient sail for you.

Richard Le Gallienne.

CLXX

EXTREMI SINUS ORBIS

Mysticas adsueta sonare voces
insula, an vana prece te rogamus?
sola nos solos fulicae et iugorum
ludit imago,

mergitur saevam prope cuius oram
maximi thesaurus opertus orbis,
ceu prius nunquam nituisset almi
luce diei?

forsan exedit situs in barathro,
quo maris scrutator adire nescit,
forsan et nostram vel adhuc recondit
insula gazam.

prisca (sic narrant) ibi gens superstes,
quos amor raptos memorat fovetque,
fertur horrendum superasse limen
funeris expers.

nulla vox responsa dabit querenti et
cordis angorem minuens docebit,
vita sit quamvis pretiosa, quantum
praestet obire?

ede quo ducat via mortuorum;
longius fractum melos auguramur;
ianuam pulsat digitus, monemur
voce gementis.

summa quis demum bona prodet audax
nuntius? sic te studio petendi
vela solvamus cupidi, beatorum
insula felix!

F. St. J. T.

CLXXI

Should fickle hands in far-off days
No longer stroke thy hair
And lips that once were proud to praise
Forget to call thee fair,
Sigh but my name, and though I be
Mute in the church-yard mould,
I will arise and come to thee
And worship as of old.

And should I meet the wrinkled brow
Or find the silvered tress,
What wer't to me? it would be thou,
I could not love thee less.
'Gainst love time wages bootless strife,
What now is, would be then;
The cry that brought me back to life
Would make thee young again.

A. Austin.

CLXXII

THE OUT-DOOR CHURCH

The carven pillars of the trees,
The flowered mosaic of the grass,
The green transparent traceries
Of leaf on leaf that lightly lies,
And lightly moves, when breezes pass.
The anthem of the waterfall,
My chorister the black-bird's lay;
And mingling with, suffusing all,
Borne by the wind, and still let fall,
The incense of the new-made hay.
This is my Church, my altar here,
Here Earth, the kindly mother kneels,
Her mighty hands outspread in prayer,
While o'er her brows the sunny air
A south wind full of blessings steals
She wraps me in her mantle fold;
I kneel and pray beside her knee,
As children do whom mothers hold,
And living air and sunlight gold,
And wood and meadow pray with me.

D. Owen.

CLXXI

AD CELIAM

Si tempore effluente, perfidae manus
mulcere desinant comas,
nec labra curent te vocare candidam,
quis laus erat laudi tua,
suspirio me, vel iacentem gramine,
mutum sepulcrali cie,
surgam, tuosque provolutus ad pedes
votis, ut ante, prosequar.
quod si severis aridam rugis cutem,
canamque praetendas comam,
nil me morentur ista, te visam semel
amare nesciam minus.
infestum Amori Tempus incassum furit:
quod est, in aeternum manet;
querella, vitam quae redonabat mihi,
reddat iuventam Celiae.

E. D. S.

CLXXII

NON SUMPTUOSA BLANDIOR HOSTIA

Surgit pro sectis incaedua silva columnis,
picta pavimentum floribus herba facit.
et variant teretes folia in se texta fenestras,
quae vento leviter praetereunte tremunt.
sacra canit mihi lympha cadens: intercinit acris
vox merulae: desunt nec sua tura loco.
nam bene mista solo, Zephyroque adflata tepenti,
quae modo succidit gramina messor, olent.
hic aedes, hic ara mea est: hic Terra videtur
magna Parens flexo fundere vota genu;
hic passas, frontem placidam dum blanda serenat
aura Noti donis feta, levare manus.
mater uti puerum patulo me involvit amictu,
hanc prope summisso flector et ipse genu;
spirantesque austri, sol aureus, et nemus atrum
addunt se precibus ruraque laeta meis.

E. D. S.

CLXXIII

IF SHE BUT KNEW

If she but knew that I am weeping
Still for her sake,
That love or sorrow grow with keeping
Till they must break,
My heart that breaking will adore her,
Be hers and die:
If she might hear me once implore her,
Would she not sigh?

If she but knew that it would save me
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear?
If she were told that I were dying,
Would she be dumb?
Could she content herself with sighing?
Would she not come?

A. O'Shaughnessy.

CLXXIV

SPIRIT OF SADNESS

She loved the Autumn, I the Spring,
Sad all the songs she loved to sing;
And in her face was strangely set
Some great inherited regret.

Some look in all things made her sigh,
Yea! sad to her the morning sky;
"So sad! so sad its beauty seems"—
I hear her say it still in dreams.

But when the day grew grey and old,
And rising stars shone strange and cold,
Then only in her face I saw
A mystic glee, a joyous awe.

Spirit of Sadness, in the spheres
Is there an end of mortal tears?
Or is there still in those great eyes
That look of lonely hills and skies?

Richard Le Gallienne.

CLXXIII

PAULUM QUIDLIBET ADLOCUTIONIS

A! modo me norit miserum, quae macerat absens,
    nunc quoque flere opera, sed sine fine, sua:
et desiderio qui sic foveatur amorem
    sumere maiores in mea corda faces:
sic tamen ut quae me cruciatibus urat adorem,
    voce "meam" moriens deficiente vocem:
si tantum audierit quae vota miserrima fundo,
    non semel ad gemitus ingemat ipsa meos?
huic aliquis dicat "spes una salutis amanti,
    si vocem audierit Cynthia dura, tuam:
si dare te veniam, miserescere sortis iniquae
    senserit": an tangi sic quoque corda nefas?
seu me cognoscat media iam in morte teneri,
    me moriente tamen clausa labella premat?
a! mihi quo gemitus? plus quam suspiria poscit
    hic dolor: ipsa oculos pascet ut ante meos.

H. C. F. M.

CLXXIV

SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID

Autumnus placuit meae puellae,
ver ridens mihi:—nenias canebat,
et desiderio notata frontem est,
tanquam heres veterum aegrimoniarum.
nil non causam aliquam dabat gemendi.
Aurorae quoque displicebat ortus:
"quam tristis rubor ille" murmurantis
in somnis mihi vox adhuc recurrit.
at cum pallidulo die occidente
stellae lumine frigido micabant,
tum demum radiare luce sacra
tum vidi insolitum nitere voltus.
dic tandem, Dea, cui dolor satelles,
an cessant lacrimae, simul meatum est
arces sidereas? patentne, ut olim,
lucentes oculi, velut superne
penderent iuga sola, nudus aether.

E. D. S.

CLXXV

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER

The little summer of St. Luke
    Brings back the summer left behind,
No saint that's in the Heavenly book
    Is surely quite so mild, so kind.

Gold mists upon the sea and sky,
    The hills are wrapped in silver veils,
The fishing-boats at anchor lie,
    Nor flap their idle orange sails.

A world half azure, and half gold,
    The gulls in silver flash and scream,
Who talks of winter and the cold?
    Yester-week's storms are but a dream.

The blessed doctor-saint hath set
    A truce of God upon the earth,
Bids winter that he come not yet
    With his long nights of chill and dearth.

All shivering folk with ache and rheum,
    Come and be mended, all ye sick;
For now the doctor's day is come,
    His smile is warm on old and weak.

Pale Summer on the purple hill,
    Pale Summer on the dreaming sea;
Come, folk, of healing have your fill!
    St. Luke, the doctor, asks no fee.

Pall Mall Gazette, Oct. 24th, 1899.
(Unsigned.)

CLXXVI

SONG FROM 'QUEEN MARY'

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing:
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken;
Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!

Tennyson.

CLXXV

ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων

Quae Lucam referens anno brevis additur aestas,
aestatem exactam nos renovare iubet:
auspicio fidas; vatum clementior illo
quot sacra commemorat pagina, nullus adest.

desuper auratis vapor innatat aureus undis;
aemulus argento nunc iuga fulgor obit.
immemor aequoreae cessat ratis ipsa rapinae,
flamine nec minimo carbasa flava tremunt.

caeruleus radians patet orbis an aureus anceps;
fit canor, et mergus fax velut alba micat.
abstulit hesternas minitans modo Parca procellas:
absit hiemps! hiemis vaticinator abest.

qui dedit alcyonum caelesti foedere soles,
credite sanctorum est flos medicusque simul.
brumam infecundas vetat hic producere noctes,
intempestivam nec sinit ire nivem.

quos pituita premit, quibus ossa dolentibus algent,
huc agite! hic aegros spesque salusque manet.
arripienda dies: divinitus ipse medetur
invalidum risu, sole tepente senem.

alba freto, veluti per somnos, incubat aestas:
aestas purpureis incubat alba iugis;
cuilibet en! ultro profert medicamina Lucas;
Paeoniam nulla dat stipe noster opem.

J. R.

CLXXVI

αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπέ

Heu sors infelix! felix modo pacta quae fovetur!
fugax venustas; quique amabat, odit:
barbite, femineum plora decus; ilicet—nec ultra
demissiora murmurans doceto.

ardet amor florem circumvolitare pullulantem,
caduco amoris quis tenebit alas?
nos marcere brevi tu barbite care deserique
demissiore nenia doceto!

J. R.

CLXXVII

THE TWO ARMIES

As life's unending column pours,
  Two marshalled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
  That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
  The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
  "Our glory is to slay!"

One moves in silence by the stream,
  With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
  That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
  No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banners bear the single line,
  "Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
  At Honour's trumpet-call
With knitted brow and lifted blade
  In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
  No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night,—
  Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
  The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
  Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
  That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
  In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
  And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
  Each falling tear of Love.

CLXXVII

BINI EXERCITUS

Effundit dum vita suas sine fine cohortes
  diducunt varias agmina bina manus.
discolor hinc illinc celebres exercitus oras,
  livida quas leti separat unda, terit.
hic incedit, ubi reboant cava tympana bello,
  et rauco patulae ducitur aere tubae.
at titulo fucata rubent vexilla cruento :—
  "nobis effusa gloria caede datur."
altera turba silet, dum propter fluminis oram
  it vigil, et tristi lumine cuncta notat.
sidere tranquillo sic dissipat obvius umbras
  Iuppiter, obscurum nube tegente polum.
non gladio micat illa cohors, non agmine primo
  illita puniceo signa colore fluunt.
hoc tantum vexilla brevi sua carmine signant
  "debitus a nobis vita redempta labor."
non mortis lentas arcere cubilibus umbras
  his opus, at lituo bella ciente sequi,
ensibus arrectis et torva fronte cadentes
  hos capit amplexu Fama, vetatque mori.
illos non clangor gladiorum et aeneus ordo,
  non belli strepitus armaque pulsa iuvant.
at si nocte latro sine sanguine volnera figens
  excierit, clamat quisque : "paratus eo."
his ope Phidiaca lauru redimitur imago,
  insculptoque nitet marmore facta domus,
his cineres longi spatiosa per atria fani
  prosequitur querulis nenia iusta modis.
illis implicito est distinctus germine caespes,
  veris ubi iussu sola sepulcra virent,
aequoris in morem virides ubi crescere fluctus
  conspicias, candens flore imitante salum.
itur in aetherias non uno tramite sedes,
  agmen caelicolum servat utramque viam.
stillantes numerant animoso e pectore guttas,
  quotque silens pietas fletibus ora riget.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
  Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
  Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

While Valour's haughty champions wait
  Till all their scars are shewn,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
  To sit beside the Throne!

O. W. Holmes.

CLXXVIII

HERMOTIMUS

Vainly were the words of parting spoken;
  Ever more must Charon turn from me.
Still my thread of life remains unbroken,
  And unbroken it must ever be;
    Only they may rest
    Whom the Fates' behest
  From their mortal mansion setteth free.

I have seen the robes of Hermes glisten—
  Seen him wave afar his serpent wand;
But to me the Herald would not listen—
  When the dead swept by at his command;
    Not with that pale crew
    Durst I venture too—
  Ever shut for me the quiet land.

Day and night before the dreary portal
  Phantom-shapes, the guards of Hades, lie;
None of heavenly kind nor yet of mortal,
  May unchallenged pass the warders by.
    None that path may go,
    If he cannot show
  His last passport to eternity.

Aytoun.

sanguine nempe virum Libertas fervet, at illo
  vena Deae quamquam fonte repleta salit,
quamquam puniceo crescunt ea lilia rore
  candida, quae prima casside Nympha gerit,
ante fores, donec monstrarint vulnera, restant
  militiae tumidi nobilitate duces:
traicit interea nullo prohibente supernum
  limen Amor, solio iussus adesse Dei.

E. D. S.

CLXXVIII

HERMOTIMUS

Frustra sonabant verba novissima;
aversus unum me prohibet Charon;
  stant fila non rumpenda vitae,
    nec requies datur alma cuiquam,
ni lex Sororum ponere iusserit
mortale corpus. nos quoque Mercuri
  vestem coruscare et colubris
    implicitam trepidare virgam
longe remoti vidimus; at preces
non ille nostras nuntius audiit;
  utcumque praelabente cogit
    pallida dux simulacra turba,
me terror una ferre pedem vetat;
semper quietis finibus exsulo:
  nam nocte custodes dieque
    monstra iacent ad inane limen
Plutonis; illuc non homini patet
occlusa divis ianua, non Deo,
  ni summa fatales aventi
    tessera det penetrare lucos.

E. D. S.

CLXXIX

ACADEMUS

Perhaps there's neither tear nor smile,
  When once beyond the grave,
Woe's me: but let me live meanwhile
  Amongst the bright and brave;

My summers lapse away beneath
  Their cool Athenian shade:
And I a string for myrtle-wreath,
  A whetstone unto blade;

I cheer the games I cannot play;
  As stands a crippled squire
To watch his master through the fray,
  Uplifted by desire.

I roam, where little pleasures fall,
  As morn to morn succeeds,
To melt, or ere the sweetness pall,
  Like glittering manna-beads.

The wishes dawning in the eyes,
  The softly murmured thanks;
The zeal of those that miss the prize
  On clamorous river-banks;

The quenchless hope, the honest choice,
  The self-reliant pride,
The music of the pleading voice
  That will not be denied;

The wonder flushing in the cheek,
  The questions many a score,
When I grow eloquent, and speak
  Of England, and of war—

Oh, better than the world of dress
  And pompous dining out,
Better than simpering and finesse
  Is all this stir and rout.

CLXXIX

ACADEMUS

Forsan post Stygios lacus
nec risus faciles nec lacrimae manent;
at cum fortibus et bonis
dum me fata sinent, vivere sit meum.
labuntur nitidi dies,
qua friget Zephyris Cecropium nemus;
myrtus me pueri duce
nectant, et gladios cote acuant mea;
ludis non sat idoneo
at plausisse licet, Martis ut impotens
inter tela tamen comes
ardens ipse equitem prosequitur suum.
me trudente diem die
non quaesita iuvat carpere gaudia,
quae Sol hauserit, antequam
victus aetherii desierit sapor.
hoc non Parca negaverit,
nascentes oculis nosse cupidines,
grati munera pectoris
et, qua ripa fremit, murmur ovantium,
quis non laurea contigit:
me spes indomitae, candida me fides
securusque sui pudor,
me voces tremulae blanditiis colent,
voces cedere nesciae:
vel sublime sonans, multa rogantium
dum fervet gena dum stupet
pectus, bella meae prosequar Angliae.
quis laeto strepitu velit
permutare epulas pontificum et sales
comptos oraque risibus
fucata et nitidae munditias domus?

I'll borrow life, and not grow old;
  And nightingales and trees
Shall keep me, though the veins be cold,
  As young as Sophocles.

And when I may no longer live,
  They'll say, who know the truth,
He gave whate'er he had to give
  To freedom and to youth.

W. Johnson Cory.

CLXXX

TO A FLY

Fly! thy brisk unmeaning buzz
Would have roused the man of Uz;
And, besides thy buzzing, I
Fancy thou'rt a stinging fly.
Fly—who'rt peering, I am certain,
At me now from yonder curtain;
Busy, curious, thirsty fly
(As thou'rt clept, I well know why)—
Cease, if only for a single
Hour, to make my being tingle!
Flee to some loved haunt of thine;
To the valleys where the kine,
Udder-deep in grasses cool,
Or the rushy-margined pool,
Strive to lash thy murmurous kin
(Vainly) from their dappled skin!
Round the steed's broad nostrils flit,
Till he foams and champs the bit,
And reluctant to be bled
Tosses high his lordly head.
Lithe o'er moor and marish hie,
Like thy king, the Dragon-fly;
With the burnished bee skim over
Sunlit uplands white with clover;
Or, low-brooding on the lea,
Warn the swain of storms to be!

Calverle

vitae pars ego floridae
vitabo senium: me Sophocli parem
canescente coma tamen
praestabit iuvenem Daulias et nemus.
et cum vivere desinam,
dicent vera mei: quod potuit dare
ille ultro dedit, unice
libertatis amans, ille puertiae.

E. D. S.

CLXXX

AD MUSCAM

Istos, Musca, reor sonitus rationis egentes
non bene Chaldaeum sustinuisse senem;
nec sonitu solum terres;—inamabile vulnus
cuspidis in morsu suspicor esse tuo.
at latebris ne crede tuis te fallere;—vel nunc
quidquid agam, velo semiadoperta, vides.
et sitiens audis, et sedula, teque procacem
quis neget? a! nosco quid tria verba velint.
parce precor,—requies unam modo detur in horam,—
parce precor sensus sollicitare meos!
quin age dilectos potius tibi quaere recessus;
valle sub umbrosa quaere, molesta, boves;
has, vel harundinea stagni sub margine, vel qua
ubera permulcet frigore gramen, adi,
dum cognatorum morsus et murmura frustra
distincta maculis pelle fugare volunt.
fas et equi patulas nares tibi pungere, donec
candida per frenum spuma furentis eat;
scilicet indignans tali se vulnere victum
argutum rabie iactat agente caput.
hinc procul i facilis per clivos perque paludes,
purpureus populi rex velut ille tui,
collis apricus ubi cytisis florentibus albet,
et ferrugineae te comitantur apes;
aut gyro volitans humili per prata colono,
nuntia venturi certior imbris, ades.

A. C. A.

CLXXXI

FROM 'THE REVENGE'

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Tennyson.

CLXXXII

Love, strong as Death, is dead,
Come, let us make his bed
Among the dying flowers;
A green turf at his head
And a stone at his feet
Whereon we may sit
In the quiet evening hours.
He was born in the Spring
And died before the harvesting,
On the last warm summer day
He left us: he would not stay
For Autumn twilight cold and grey
Sit we by his grave, and sing,
He is gone away.
To few chords, and sad and low
Sing we so:
Be our eyes fixed on the grass
Shadow-veiled as the years pass,
While we think of all that was
In the long ago.

C. G. Rossetti.

CLXXXI

PAUCI CONTRA TOT MILIA FORTES

Exanimum stupuere diu, quod pectus in illo
quae fueritque fides, quantum et despexerit ipsos.
scilicet Hispanorum opibus famaeque Britannos
opposuisse ducem paucos unumque phaselum!
num genere humano an Furiis Ereboque creatum?
dicere quis posset? sed iustis rite peractis
divi sive hominis demittunt corpus in undas;
deinde Ultrix genti male tradita sole perustae
it gravior damno super alta suosque requirit.
mox terra genitus, quae pestem senserat hostes,
se levat ex somno ventus; freta crescere, et aer
audiri usque gemens; necdum nox venit, et ingens
saevit hiemps, quantumque tument cum terra movetur,
vasta magis magis unda tumens aplustria malos
vela feritque trabes, omne ut mare desuper actum
quassas tormentis naves demergat Hiberas;
parvaque cum magnis, qua proicit insula cautes,
Ultrix obruitur nunquam eventura profundo.

C. W. M.

CLXXXII

σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων

Eheu! mortuus est Amor,
Leto par habitus; sternite marcidis
lectum sternite floribus.
circa molle caput ponite caespitem,
sed plantis lapis additus
det sedem placido tempore vesperis.
natus vere prius, tamen
maturis obiit frugibus, ultimo
aestatis calidae die:
autumni metuens glauca crepuscula et
frigus fugit inhospitum.
abrepti ad tumulum dicite neniam.
maestae, sic decuit, fides
languescant: oculos gramine pallido
tristes figite, dum fugax
annorum series mente revolvitur.

E. D. S.

CLXXXIII

'THE SEVEN SEAS.'

Fair is our lot:—O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth:)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth:

Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from righteousness
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garment's hem.
Oh be ye not dismayed
Though we stumbled and we strayed
We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal with them!

Hold ye the Faith, the Faith our Fathers sealed us:
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale:
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale!

Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road, and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own,
That he reap where he hath sown:
By the peace among our people let men know we serve the Lord.

Rudyard Kipling.

CLXXXIII

IMPERIUM OCEANO, FAMAM QUI TERMINAT ASTRIS

Heredes sumus imperi
fausta sorte dati: deicias humi
celsum, gens mea, verticem, et
misce, namque sapis, laetitia metum:
en! vasta Omnipotens Deus
siccavit maria, et perpetuam viam
terrae excudit ad ultimos
fines: tetra lues nos licet imbuat
maiorumque protervitas,
et vestes maculosum inficiat nefas,
absit sollicitus timor.
si decepta vagos planta fefellerit,
numen supplicia exiget
terrarum dominis prava monentibus.
constet relligio vetus,
quam sanxere patres; vos neque futiles
corrumpant sapientiae
informi senio turpis imagines:—
ni cordis Deus intimi
bellorumque potens unus habebitur,
servilis patiens iugi
poenas progenies tergeminas dabit.
sacris legibus impigri
parete, et nocuas pellite finibus
pestes: omne solum viis
explorate: iugum imponite flumini;
vestra certa opera fides
gnavo ruricolae sit segetis suae:
pax late populis favens
vos servire Deo gentibus indicet.

E. D. S

CLXXXIV

A GOLFER'S INVITATION

Your fogs hang black on the chimney-stack,
  Your sky is a murky tent,
Come down from the smoke of the town-bred folk
  And "drive" to your heart's content,
Where the white balls flee from the sanded "tee"
  On the pleasant shores of Kent.

The horse-hoof flops by your flaring shops,
  The omnibus-cargoes reel,
The mud-swill spits on the portly cits
  From the spin of the roaring wheel,
Come down where the breeze from the Channel Seas
  Blows fresh o'er the dunes of Deal!

The curtain drops as the old year stops
  At the door of the opening year,
Come hither and greet his bright young feet
  By the marge of the Ocean here,
Where the white waves ride on the racing tide
  And the face of Heaven is clear!

E. W. Howson.

CLXXXV

FROM 'ACHILLES IN SCYROS'

The Sun shall prosper the seasons' yield
With fuller crops for the wains to bear,
And feed our flocks in fold and field
With wholesome water and sweetest air.
Plenty shall empty her golden horn,
And grace shall dwell on the brows of youth,
And love shall come as the joy of morn
To waken the eyes of pride and truth.

R. Bridges.

CLXXXIV

PARTEM SOLIDO DEMERE DE DIE

Te circumfluitant foeda inter tecta vapores,
  subtexuntque cava nube serena poli.
eia age! linque fori fumum vacuumque Libonem;
  hic satius tereti fuste ferire pilam:
te maris ora vocat, candens ubi saepe per auras
  stridet harenoso sphaera fugata toro.

ungula tundit humum, rutilat qua nocte Subura,
  et biiugis moles addita nutat equis.
imbre suo adspergunt spectandos ventre Quirites
  compita, qua torquet raeda sonora lutum.
quid dubitas? hic parta salus; freta longa renident
  Campanumque vigens ventilat aura iugum.

fabula habet finem: limen novus occupat Annus,
  confecit senior iam moribundus iter.
nonne salutandi tibi mecum ad litora ponti
  candentesque pedes et iuvenilis honor?
hic tibi namque refert innubila templa diei
  aequor ovans late laetificante salo.

E. L.

CLXXXV

CHORUS

Ditante nobis sole feracior
proventus anni et liberior seges
  plaustra ingravabit, perque caulas
    pascet oves laticum inque campis

salubris umor, cum zephyro integrum
spirante: cornu dives ibi aureum
  deplebit ubertas, decorque
    fronte super iuvenum tenebit

sedem verendam:—mox hilarans viros,
fastidientum, ceu rediens dies,
  exorta recludet voluptas
    ingenuos oculos amori.

R. E.

CLXXXVI

HEINE'S GRAVE

I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country; for we,
Fearful and sad, for her sons,
Long since, deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags;
We, too, say that she now,
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
Of a former age any more,
Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, and genius, and joy.

So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
So we arraign her, her sons.

Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlanteän, the load,
Wellnigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.
But was it thou—I think
Surely it was—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss?

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine;
Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?

CLXXXVI

SECUIT LUCILIUS URBEM

Non quod petisti saepius Angliam
iniuriosis opprobriis queror,
  nam corde iamdudum sub imo,
    quidquid atrox maledicit hostis,
tristes fatemur promeritam; vetus
languere robur, nec vegeta capi
  iam mente, quod vatum disertis
    aurea vox numeris canebat
saeclo priori, segniter impotens
negotiorum dum terit orbitam;
  sed fama, sed sensim Camenae,
    marcet honos hilaresque risus.
infensus haec tu, nos eadem Angliae
consentientes obicimus; tamen
  defessa Titanum propago
    aure viam facit obserata,
metamque cursus, quamquam oculis labor
offundit umbras, instabili petit
  gressu vacillans, nec sinistra
    flectit iter neque versa dextra.
orbemque vastum et vix tolerabilem,
fatale pondus, fert umeris Dea
  nitens giganteis: sed illo
    te reor insimulasse probro,
quamquam silebat nomen, Olympium
vatem, "vir omni munere praeditus,
  expers amoris." num placerent
    caelicolum sine amore cantus?
carmen poetae tum decus adroget
insigne, cum se miscuerit lepor
  divinus, at sacri leporis
    fons amor est: quid agis, poeta

Not by the lightnings of wit!
Not by the thunder of scorn!
These to the world, too, are given;
Wit it possesses, and scorn—
Charm is the poet's alone.
Hollow and dull are the great,
And artists envious, and the mob profane.
We know all this, we know!
Cam'st thou from heaven, O child
Of light! but this to declare?
Alas! to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile,
God gave the poet his song.

M. Arnold.

CLXXXVII

PSALM FOR NEW YEAR

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs,
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That whereso'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back.

That care and trial seem at last
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

Whittier.

hac arte demta pelliciens viros
plectri sequaces? fulmina nil valent
facunda, nil fastu superbo
vox reboans: habet ista vulgus
communia; acres ingeminat minas,
fastidit: una clarior emicas
tu dote: quid culpare regum
stultitiam invidiamque vatum,
volgus profanum dicere quid valet?
quis nescit? omnes novimus; an domos
ergo reliquisti beatas,
progenies et alumne caeli
ineptiarum nuntius? hei mihi!
nil profuturae ut mentibus excidant
paulisper hae nugae, poetas
edocuit Deus ipse carmen.

E. D. S.

CLXXXVII

NUNC DICENDA BONO SUNT BONA VERBA DIE

Fiant iussa Dei, qui dirigit omnia certo
numine, seu dederit sive negarit opem;
rectius Ille mihi vitanda petendaque novit,
quam possint omnes enumerare preces:
hoc satis indicio est: errantem tramite recto
immeritis donat me cumulatque bonis:
et vaga si quando demens vestigia flexi,
elicuit dubios in loca tuta pedes.
occiduo claros intermiscente colores
sole, trahunt speciem cura dolorque novam;
mane labore gravi superata cacumina, quae nunc
purpurea late luce remota natant;
"scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum";
pro Borea Zephyri mitior aura tepet:
torpebatne situ pectus? reserare fenestras
nunc iuvat, ut totum lustret amoena dies.

E. D. S.

CLXXXVIII

THE MOON TO THE SUN

As the full moon shining there
To the sun that lighteth her
Am I unto thee for ever,
O thy secret glory-giver!
O my light, I am dark but fair,
Black but fair.

Shine, Earth loves thee! And then shine
And be loved through thoughts of mine.
All thy secrets that I treasure
I translate them at my pleasure.
I am crowned with glory of thine,
Thine, not thine.

I make pensive thy delight,
And thy strong gold silver-white.
Though all beauty of mine thou makest,
Yet to earth which thou forsakest
I have made thee fair all night,
Day all night.

Alice Meynell.

CLXXXIX

TO NELLIE

I ask thee for a kiss no more,
As once I asked (and not in vain);
For now thy spirit I adore,
To wed thy spirit I am fain.

Thy face is fair, thine eyes are fond,
Thy form was cast in beauty's mould;
But far beneath, or far beyond,
Dwells she, whom I would fain enfold!

She tends a shrine of vestal fire,
A fount of virgin fancy sips;
Immured from intimate desire,
She hides her heart and locks her lips.

Mock me no more, but let us wed!
Come forth, come forth, secluded bride!
No other way, when we are dead,
Shall we rejoice that we have died.

Money-Coutts.

CLXXXVIII

FRATRIS RADIIS OBNOXIA LUNA

Ut plena soli luna suae nitet
lucis datori, sic tibi, qui decus
  clam dulce largiris, redono
    ipsa nigrans, mea lux, nitorem;
sic pulchra fio: da iubar aureum,
tellus amat te: mox et imagine
  nostra bis augescant amores:
    namque tibi famulata gazas
trado latentes, ut libet; et tua
quae me coronat, fit mea gloria,
  pallescit argento retusum, et
    tristitia violatur aurum,
quo comptus ardes: si placeo tuum est,
terrena sed cum litora deseris,
  auctore me, spectandus umbris
    nocte diem referente luces.

E. D. S.

CLXXXIX

AD CHLOEN.

Quaerebam oscula nec petita frustra
quondam, nunc tamen ista non requiro.
immo sanctam animam tuam excolendam,
posco des mihi iure nuptiali.
os pulchrum tibi, languidos ocellos
et formam Cytherea finxit ipsa,
sed longe interius viget vel ultra
illa, quam cupidi petunt lacerti,
quae Vestalibus adsidet ministra
flammis, virgineosque libat ore
securo latices, Cupidinemque
scit defendere fervidum: obserata
cordis limina; clausa sunt labella.
quid cessas? agedum faces paremus.
prodeas thalamo pudica nupta,
sic nos ultima cum resolverit mors,
sic demum periisse non pigebit.

E. D. S.

CXC

TIRESIAS

He will achieve his greatness.
                                        But for me,
I would that I were gathered to my rest,
And mingled with the famous kings of old,
On whom about their ocean islands flash
The faces of the Gods—the wise man's word,
Here trampled by the populace underfoot,
There crown'd with worship—and these eyes will find
The men I knew, and watch the chariot whirl
About the goal again, and hunters race
The shadowy lion, and the warrior-kings,
In height and prowess more than human, strive
Again for glory, while the golden lyre
Is ever sounding in heroic ears
Heroic hymns, and every way the vales
Wind, clouded with the grateful incense-fume
Of those who mix all odour to the Gods
On one far height in one far-shining fire.

Tennyson.

CXCI

A DEDICATION

O sweetest face of all the faces
    about my way,
A light for night and lonely places,
    a day in day;

If you will touch and take and pardon
    what I can give,
Take this a flower into your garden
    and bid it live.

It is not worth your love or praises
    for aught its own;
Yet Proserpine would smile on daisies
    Sicilian-grown:

And so beneath your smile a minute
    may this rest too,
Although the only virtue in it
    be love of you.

J. W. Mackail.

CXC

TIRESIAS

Ille sua spe dignus erit. me sera quietas
fata sinant utinam sedes intrare piorum,
et veterum magnis regum immiscerier umbris,
oceano quibus arva vago circumdata nactis
offulgent divom facies, et vera locutos
frustra olim vates, volgo insultante profano,
nunc sacer auget honos. tenebris mea lumina pulsis
quos noram agnoscent: metam evitare volantes
cernam iterum currus, cernam simulacra leonum
venantes agitare viros, et proelia regum,
quis forma ac virtus humana maior, amore
laudis, ut ante, geri; tactu dum pectinis aurei
barbiton heroum decus immortale sonantem
heroes mirantur, et undique tura vapore
grata replent flexas sinuoso tramite valles,
dona pii coetus, ubi dis mons unus odorum
omne genus spirans uno procul igne relucet.

R. C. J.

CXCI

AD GLYCERAM

O facies cunctis rident mihi quotquot eunti
dulcior una mihi:
cui nox et loca sola nitent obnoxia, debet
sol iubar ipse novum:
si dare quae possum non dedignabere clemens
tangere, et accipies:
hunc in parte tui florem, mea dona, roseti
pone, morique veta.
nil habet in sese tibi quod laudabile, dignum
quod sit amore tuo;
crinibus ipsa tamen Siculas Proserpina ridens
implicuit violas.
tuque igitur musae paulisper fronte serena
respice dona meae,
sint quamvis placitura nihil mea carmina, si non
his tuus insit amor.

H. C. F. M.

CXCII

REWARD

What shall the brave in soul attain
  Who shape a thought in act and life,
What guerdon to redeem the pain,
  What victor palm beyond the strife,
When the worn spirits pass to wait
In silence with the silent great?

Men say "It were reward for all—
  For hours of strife an age of fame!"
Ah! faint, methinks, the echoes fall
  Of mortals' praise or mortals' blame,
When breaks upon the widening soul
The deep archangel trumpet-roll.

Nay, brothers, 'neath the Eternal Eyes
  One human joy shall touch the just,—
To know their spirit's heirs arise
  And lift their purpose from the dust,
The father's passion arms the son,
And the great deed goes on, goes on.

John Huntley Skrine.

CXCIII

SEA WRACK

The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.
    The wet wrack, the sea wrack,
    The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from Cushendun?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.
    The dry wrack, the sea wrack,
    The wrack was dead so soon.

There' a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp,
There' a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one
  to help!
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.
    The dark wrack, the sea wrack,
    The wrack may drift ashore.

'*Songs of the Glens of Antrim*,'
Moira O'Neill.

CXCII

EST IN IUVENCIS EST IN EQUIS PATRUM VIRTUS.

Quam palmam accipiet constanti pectore victor,
    qui, quod agat, cernit, quod meditatur, agit,
praemia quae tanto sunt responsura labori,
    post grave certamen qualia dona feret,
cum sese agminibus, qui multa tulere, silentum
    ipsa silens magni iunxerit umbra viri?
an satis est dixisse "breves luctamur in horas:—
    traditur ad longos fama colenda dies?"
at mihi, seu culpent homines, seu laudibus ornent,
    quid valet exili vox tenuata sono,
percipere aeriam cum mens magis ampla videtur
    principe caelicolum dira canente, tubam?
non ita: nam tanget iustos humana voluptas
    credo equidem, o fratres, una, probante Deo,
heredes novisse sibi non defore, ab ipso
    qui levia ad stellas pulvere coepta ferant.
armat enim natos patriae pietatis imago,
    inque dies ingens continuatur opus.

E. D. S.

CXCIII

NUDUS IN IGNOTA PALINURE IACEBIS HARENA

Nigricans lucebat alga, qua natabat in mari:
nigricabat et phaselus: solus ille mi comes:
ipsa curavi phaselum; messis alga coniugi:
et tacebamus per horas fluctuante in alveo,
dum resistit alga falci, messis umidi maris.
alga per rupes marinas condienda solibus
sternitur:—quid evocavit tum Columbari solo
coniugem patente velo? paene tingitur mari
turgidum aestuante Luna; vetere fertur in scapha:
me sopor tenebat altus; sicca languebat procul,
ilico tabebat alga, messis umidi maris.
flamma per rupes renidet, alga quo fiat cinis;
fluctus, adiuvante nullo, mersit improbus scapham;
litus aridum tenet me: salsa coniugem aequora:
sole nec luna favente messis umidi maris
iam trahenda:—quin sua unda litori affligat suo.

E. D. S.

CXCIV

GILDED GOLD

Thou dost to rich attire a grace,
To let it deck itself with thee,
And teachest pomp strange cunning ways
To be thought simplicity.

For outward robes in their ostents
Should show the soul's habiliments.
Therefore I say, Thou'rt fair even so,
But better Fair I use to know.

The violet would thy dusk hair deck
With graces like their own unsought.
Ah! but such place would daze and wreck
Its simple, lowly rustic thought.

For so advanced, dear, to thee,
It would unlearn humility!
Yet do not, with an altered look,
In these weak numbers read rebuke;

Which are but jealous lest too much
God's Master-piece thou shouldst retouch.
Where a sweetness is complete,
Add not sweets unto the sweet!

Or, as thou wilt, for others so
In unfamiliar richness go;
But keep for mine acquainted eyes
The fashions of thy Paradise.

F. Thompson.

CXCV

JOHN RUSKIN

Quenched is the lamp, ev'n in its flickering dear;
We miss the light: we would not have him here;
No carping littlenesses lift their head
Where he is, 'mid the great unjealous dead.

He thirsted—as a thirsty land for rain—
For Beauty, and for Good as men for gain;
Now may he drink of the immortal tide,
Ever athirst, and ever satisfied.

F. W. Bourdillon.

CXCIV

UNI SI QUA PLACET, CULTA PUELLA SAT EST

Lautis gerendo vestibus faves, tua
    splendere passa gratia :
simplex haberi vult dolo mirabili,
    docente te, superbia.
adscita sed cum decora mentis intimae
    exemplar esse debeant,
vel sic venusta es, sic colenda, sed tamen
    olim colenti pulchrior.
ultro volebat viola gloria pari
    nigris inesse crinibus
sed rusticae virtutis oblitus, Chloe,
    flos humilis obstupesceret.
tantoque dignus si videretur loco,
    dedisceret modestiam.
neu forte vultu tristis averso, levi
    te nenia stringi putes,
illud cavendum est ne refingens inquines
    quod integrum fecit Deus.
nam si tibi infinita suavitas inest,
    cur suavia addas suavibus ?
vel ceteros converte fucata nitens
    si placeat, insolentia,
uni, figurae membra qui novi tuae,
    caeleste conservans decus.

E. D. S.

CXCV

ἐν οὐρανῷ ἴσως παράδειγμα ἀνάκειται

Lampada languentem dileximus : obruta lampas.
    lux desiderio est, sed revocare nefas.
nil parvum, nil turpe viget, nil invida carpit
    lingua, ubi fit magnis Manibus ille comes.
lucrum alii quaerunt, pulchrum ille bonumque petebat,
    quo pluvias inhiat more perustus ager.
ducere nunc gaudet latices de fonte perenni
    perpetuum sitiens perpetuumque satur.

E. D. S.

CXCVI

W. J. T.

From strength to strength, from love to love
Our scholar yesterday:
We could not fail to prize
The clear strong face, the cloudless eyes
That had so much to say:
And dreaming of bright years
For him secure of fears,
"He will be first in all our play,"
We said, "and just and wise":
We loved the gracious brow,
But that was yesterday
When he was ours: and now?

Many who loved him had no time to pray
That God would spare:
Suddenly snatched away
He lives we know not where:
Only we know him fearless still,
Still with the dear strong face, the thoughtful brow,
The loyal eyes, the loving will,
Ours only yesterday,
God's scholar now.

H. V. M.

CXCVII

ATLAS

Of old betwixt the Gods and Earth
High-headed, girt with cloud
Dividing misery and mirth
Old Atlas stood and bowed.
Close to the high celestial gate
He bent a drowsy brain
While far below his feet set weight
On furrowed fields of pain.
The earth's far cry sang faint, and dim
Her face towards him grew,
His head was crowned with light, and round
The immortal laughter flew.
And yet he tired of that high place
And thrust away the prize,
Lifting a dead indignant face
Of stone towards the skies.

Laurence Houssman, '*Spectator*.'

CXCVI

AST HIC, QUEM GEMIMUS, FELIX

Scholaris ille noster, admirabilis
  vultus pudore candidi,
oculisque tot venusta nuntiantibus,
  tam lucidis, heri fuit.
illi beatos ominabamur dies,
  pallentis expertes metus.
ludis futurum principem, integrum simul
  iustumque praedicavimus.
amabile illud frontis intactae iubar
  nunc nunc peremptum quaeritur.
quis non amavit? tempus invidit Deus,
  quo fata votis flecterent:
repente raptum scimus, at superstitem:
  nescimus exsili locum.
hoc constat, os timoris usque nescium
  restare, consili tenax,
frontem serenam mentis indicem piae,
  benignitate lumina
fideque plena:—nos docebamus modo,
  nunc magnus educat Deus.

E. L S

CXCVII

ATLAS

Constitit terrae medius polique
dividens luctus hilaremque risum
nube curvatos umeros amictus
                maximus Atlas.
porta caelestis gravidae sopore
adiacet fronti propior, sed infra
opprimunt sulcata dolore saevo
                iugera plantae.
longius terrae species recedit
caeca, rarescunt sonitus; coronat
lux caput, Divomque fremunt perenn
                limina risu.
sed, loci taedebat enim beati
abnuit divina, lapisque factus
vertit indignatus ad astra vultus
                morte rigentes.

E. D. S.

CXCVIII

T. S. K.

Obiit March 4th, 1864

Came the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No, nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? there's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but above the thicket
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Bret Harte.

CXCIX

BY THE GRAVES ON THE VELDT

Spare them your pity; 'tis unmeet:
  O deem not that they died in vain,
Who in the hour of dark defeat
  With fruitless valour strewed the plain!

Life freely given, and duty done—
  Whate'er the hours shall mar or make,
The sum of all beneath the sun
  Henceforth is nobler for their sake.

Spare them your honours; let them rest,
  Let earthly fame forget them now;
No need of cross upon the breast,
  Or laurel to renown the brow.

Though the bare veldt around them spread,
  Not all un-noted of the skies,
There springs above each hero-head
  The snow-white flower of Sacrifice.

James Rhoades.

CXCVIII

DEUS EVOCAT

Excubiae subeunt grata vice: "dic age" clamant
"num quid nox tulerit, te vigilante, novi;"
"horrendo tenebrae mordebant frigore, qualis
esse solet primum quae vehit hora diem."
"nil audire fuit, nil cernere?" "nil nisi solis
sola locis querula voce gemebat avis.
hora quidem vix una intervenit, ac mihi visum
praeceps Hesperio sidus ab axe trahi."—
"stella polo lapsa est: quid tam mirabile narras?"
"nil ego, sed mediis me latitante rubis,
nescio qua, functum officiis, ni lusit imago,
abduxit vigilem de statione Deus."

E. D. S.

CXCIX

MITTE SUPERVACUOS HONORES

Parcite flere viros: non est satis apta dolori
causa, neque incassum deperiisse reor,
fracti Marte fero qui consevere cruentum
nil profectura nobilitate solum.
munere quisque suo functus se dedidit ultro,
quidquid diffinget perficietve dies,
Phoebeo subiecta globo quaecunque vigebunt,
hos propter cinget clarius usque decus.
parcite sic meritos titulis cumulare, quiescant;
non est cur memoret mox periturus honos.
nil opus est illis valido cruce pectore fixa,
nil opus est lauru quae tegat ora virum.
quid licet immensi se pandant aequora campi
hinc illinc, memorem se negat esse polus.
quotque iacent tumulo fortes, tot tempora virtus
cinget ut aeterna germina tincta nive.

F. St. J. T.

CC

CLIFTON CHAPEL

This is the Chapel: here, my son,
  Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
  The touch of Life has turned to truth.
Here in a day that is not far
  You too may speak with noble ghosts,
Of manhood and the vows of war
  You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown,
  To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour while you strike him down
  The foe that comes with fearless eyes:
To count the life of battle good,
  And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
  That binds the brave of all the earth.—

My son, the oath is yours: the end
  Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
  And Death for surest hope of life.
To-day and here the fight's begun,
  Of the great fellowship you're free;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
  And what you are the race shall be.

God send you fortune, yet be sure
  Among the lights that gleam and pass
You'll live to follow none more pure
  Than that which glows on yonder brass:
"Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ—
  The frontier-grave is far away—
"Qui ante diem periit:
  Sed miles, sed pro patria."

Henry Newbolt.

CC

δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι παῖδ' ἐμόν

Ecce aedes, mi nate, pater qua corde movebat,
  quidquid amat tenero corde movere puer;
audiit hic voces, quas vita magistra probavit,
  et docuit praesens usus habere fidem:
hic tibi nobilium, nec iam mora longa, licebit
  umbrarum monitu colloquioque frui;
quae sint digna viro disces, quae rite dicato
  milite divini bella gerente Ducis.
disces et famae causam praeponere iustam;
  ludere, sed ludi praemia nolle sequi:
obvius impavidis oculis si venerit hostis,
  sternere, dum strato debitus adsit honor:
exsultare, simul certamen iniveris, et, te
  quae genuit, patriae nomen amare tuae;
sed colere imprimis quovis de sanguine fratres,
  quos virtus stabili iunxit amicitia.
nate, tuum est iurare: Deus finem ille gubernat,
  qui voluit mundum non sine lite regi;
quo mandante, suos Dolor adiuvat, ipsaque vitae
  spem, modo ne timeant, ostia mortis habent.
hic tibi pugnandum est: hodie primordia pugnae:
  fortibus adscribi nobilibusque potes.
tempore ab hoc iubet esse sui Schola te quoque partem:
  postera, vos pueri, saecla, quod estis, erunt.
perge, favente Deo: tamen hoc sub corde reponas,
  dum miscent dubiae se variantque faces;
candidior lux nulla viam praemonstrat eunti,
  quam quae vicino mittit ab aere iubar.
"Qui procul hinc periit" (longinquis finibus illud
  stare procul bustum scripta tabella refert.)
"occidit ante diem": sed perlege cetera: "miles
  mortem pro patria iussus obire sua."

E. D. S.

CCI

IN THE TIME OF THE FIRST RAILWAYS

Now first we stand and understand
  And sunder false from true,
And handle boldly with the hand,
  And see and shape and do.

Dash back that ocean with a pier,
  Strow yonder mountain flat,
A railway there, a tunnel here,
  Mix me this Zone with that!

Bring me my horse—my horse? my wings
  That I may soar the sky,
For thought into the outward springs,
  I find her with the eye.

O will she, moonlike, sway the main,
  And bring or chase the storm,
Who was a shadow in the brain,
  And is a living form?

Far as the Future vaults her skies,
  From this my vantage ground,
To those still-working energies
  I spy nor term nor bound.

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
  Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still
  And not a hundred known.

And had some prophet spoken true
  Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new
  That no man would believe.

Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield
  The forces of to-day,
And plow the Present like a field,
  And garner all you may!

You, what the cultured surface grows,
  Dispense with careful hands:
Deep under deep for ever goes,
  Heaven over Heaven expands.

Tennyson.

CCI

MECHANOPHILUS

Iam tandem quod abest, cernere possumus,
veris falsa sagax ingenium eruit,
nil non tractat agens, ut sibi convenit,
audax et facilis manus.

iactis Oceanum molibus obstruit,
montem sternit humi: fit via ferrea:
tellus subruitur; vis religat nova
zonas dissociabiles.

ecquis poscit equum? da potius leves
pennas: ire lubet per liquidum aethera;
secum, quo saliens nubila longius
tranet, mens oculum rapit.

an Lunae similis frena maris reget,
nimbos disiciet, seu lubet, attrahet?
quae mersa in cerebro delituit modo,
nunc vitae speciem induit.

quae distantis enim sit species poli,
si tanquam e specula praescius auguror,
nullum usquam validis viribus ingeni
cerno obsistere terminum.

aetas praestat uti nostra parentibus,
sic nos posteritas nobilior premet,
res quamvis alacrem mille oculum latent,
vix centum bene novimus.

si vincenda meis monstra nepotibus
divinarem aliquo numine praeditus,
tam maiora fide mox fore crederet
nemo:—vos tamen interim

o fratres, manibus carpite fortibus,
quas vobis hodie mundus opes parit,
glebas indociles vertite, quod licet,
plenis exstruite horreis!

mox quae contulerit cultus ager, manu
dispensate, viri, munera provida!
tellus usque ferax inferius patet,
caeli largior ambitus.

E. D. S.

CCII

LAST POST

The day's high work is over and done,
And these no more will need the sun:
Blow, you bugles of England, blow!
These are gone whither all must go,
Mightily gone from the field they won;
So in the work-a-day wear of battle,
Touched to glory with God's own red,
Bear we His chosen to their bed!
Settle them lovingly where they fell,
In that good lap they loved so well;
And so, their envoy to the dear Lord said,
And the last desperate volleys loosed and sped,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Over the camps of her beaten foe,
Stern in the thought of the victor Mother,
Sad, O sad, in her dear and beautiful dead!

Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,
They gave their part in this kindly earth—
Blow, you bugles of England, blow!
That her Name like a sun among stars might glow
Till the dusk of time, with honour and worth:
That, stung by the lust and the pain of battle,
The One Race ever might starkly spread,
And the One Flag eagle it overhead!
In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride,
Thus they felt it, and thus they died;
So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread,
For whom they rushed their dearest drops to shed,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,
Glory and peace to her triumphing dead!

W. E. Henley.

CCII

VOCAT LABOR ULTIMUS

Egregium claudit Vesper cum luce laborem,
nec superest caesis Solem iam cura videndi:
(aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia, Martem)
cesserunt calcantque viam quo cogimur omnes
fortiter abrepti fausto certamine fortes:
nos igitur, quos Martis adhuc labor improbus urget,
occiduo tacti divinitus ora rubore,
sanctos ad requiem sanctam gremiumque feramus
dilectae Matris: sic componamus amanter
quo cecidere solo, et missis suprema precati
ignea supremo iaculemur vulnera nisu.
(aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia, Martem)
castra super fusasque acies inimicaque terga,
victricem torvo referentes pectore Matrem,
dum subolis carae raptum maeremus honorem.

inter amorem et opus, risusque et iurgia, agebant
quisque suas partes, dulcis dum vita iuvabat,
(aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia, Martem)
ut patriae illustri, velut inter sidera Phoebus,
saeclorum ad tenebras splenderet nomine virtus;
ut pugnae lymphata siti, lymphata dolore,
Gens una imperium valide proferret, et unum
more aquilae signum sublimes panderet alas!
mens fuit haec nostris: rapuit quos fastus et ira,
afflavitque fides: petiere hoc omine mortem.
excipit hos pro qua raptim fudere cruorem,
quae stabilit pietate domos panemque ministrat:
(aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia, Martem)
quid si fracta iacet virtus hostilis et exspes,
sit decus altrici, sit laus per saecula Matri!
sit decus occisis, sit pax, qui morte triumphant!

H. K.

CCIII

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

CCIII

τίκτει τοι κόρος ὕβριν

Deus, parentes quem bene noverant
nostri secutum praelia in ultimos
orbis recessus, quo minores,
quem veriti, moderamur amplo
pinusque palmasque imperio, Deus
nobis adesto bellipotens adhuc
adiutor, oblitis Tuorum
gratia ne pereat bonorum!
dormit tumultus, clamor; abit ducum
regumque coetus: stant tamen haec Tibi
accepta, quae semper, colentum
fassa suam pia corda culpam.
tutela praesens, nos memores Tui
serva! coactarum undique classium
cedunt relabentes carinae,
colle super scopuloque pressi
conduntur ignes: vanuit, occidit
hesterna pompae lux, veluti Tyros
iam nulla, deletaeque turres
Assyriae. metuende Iudex,
o parce genti huic parce superstiti!
et forte tanti si quibus imperi
spectata maiestas solutam
moverit ebrietate linguam
nec Te verentem vanius eloqui—
qualis profani dicta superbiae
spargunt et insani profundunt,
vile genus, sine lege vulgus,
adsiste bellorum arbiter, et potens
audaciorum pectora corrigas
vi freta ballistae minacis
fumivoma, teretique ferro.
pulvis caduco in pulvere quid struit?
custode custos quid sine Te, Deus?
Tu, stulta si iactarit amens,
Alme, Tuae miserere gentis!

W. C. G.

CCIV

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

. . . "and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge."
District Orders—Lines of Communication.

Sudden the desert changes—
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel
Of fence by the ganger's shed—
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead:

We stumble on refuse of rations—
The beef and the biscuit tins—
We take our appointed stations
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

CCIV

NOS NUMERUS SUMUS

En! subito speciem loca mutant arida; crudum
  mitescit nebula dissoluente iubar.
tosta rigent fervore cacumina; quisque sub auras
  ceu solium sternat regibus, exstat apex.
an rubet hic caedes? an dira pericula clivos
  saxaque puniceo tacta colore notant?
hinc quasi beryllo montes praetexuit aether,
  hinc vino tingi subdita rura putes.
regia iamque trahit supremos pompa nitores,
  extremas Phoebo sufficiente faces.
en! ferrugineo sublucent cinnama fuco;
  dixeris in cineres hic abiisse rosas.
involvunt tenebris offusa crepuscula dumos,
  ostentant rigidum sidera clara iugum.
invocat excubias arguto fistula cantu;
  pons aliis aequa sorte tenendus erit.
quis meminit, si parva cohors sit iussa relinqui,
  qua vacua lucet ferrea lamna via?
qui sumus? anne rogas? non bella capessimus: unus
  hic labor, ut tutum constituamus iter.
deferimur lento per hiantes agmine palos,
  principis hic tectum squalet inane fabrum;
his trames super impositus datur, alveus illis
  cura; caret trames frugibus, amnis aqua.
offendunt late proiecta cibaria plantas;
  carne boum nuper plena canistra iacent.
cuique sua est statio: cuique in statione parata
  incipit aeternas nox trahere aegra moras.
pastores audimus ubi labor occupat Afros,
  dum crepitu adsiduo grex in ovile redit.
nec minus adsiduo crepitu via ferrea plangit,
  iuncturas ferri corripiente gelu.

Voices of jackals calling
  And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
  From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches
  And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
  Banded and barred by the ties.

Till we hear the far track humming,
  And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
  The wonderful north-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely
  Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
  Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us,
  Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
  And a mouthful of human speech!

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
  And the earth allows again,
Meetings, greetings, and voices
  Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,
  As out on the bridge she rolls;
And the darkness covers our faces,
  And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely
  Where the lessening tail-lights shine.
No—not combatants—only
  Details guarding the line!

Rudyard Kipling.

alternis vulpes respondent vulpibus :—audin !
  qui tacitae noctis rumpit opaca fragor ?
particulam glebae frigus deiecerat :—illa
  praecipitans scabrae vallis ad ima cadit.
interea caeli incedit mirabilis ordo,
  surgunt aetherii milia multa chori.
prospicimus, pontis quantum intervalla, trabesque
  connexae trabibus, crebra fenestra, sinunt.
attentas donec fertur grave murmur ad aures,
  atque oculis rerum nuntia flamma micat.
erigimur : Boreae partes longo ordine raedae
  quippe petunt : trepidum volgus hiansque coit.
parva manus deserta suis et cognita nulli
  adstat, ubi clara luce fenestra nitet.
qui sumus ? arma quidem tractantibus additur unus
  hic labor, ut tutum constituamus iter.
ilicet e tenebris, careant ne munere raro,
  porrigimus cupidas, anxia turba, manus.
arripimus chartas, olim quibus acta legamus,
  humanae vocis quod licet arripimus.
sed spatia immensi gaudent horrentia caeli,
  laetitiaeque parum prodiga terra sinit
complexus iunctasque manus, et murmura vocis
  femineae duris consociata viris.
inde vale dicto quisque in loca iussa revertit,
  dum presso instantes pons capit orbe rotas.
nox iterum vultus operit caligine, mentes
  nox desolatas non minus atra subit.
dumque recedentes vix monstrant ultima currus
  lumina, pectoribus frigidus horror inest.
nam numerus sumus : arma licet tractare, sed unus
  hic labor, ut tutum constituamus iter.

E. D. S.

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